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HENRY II.

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THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT & CO., LUDGATE STREET.

1845.

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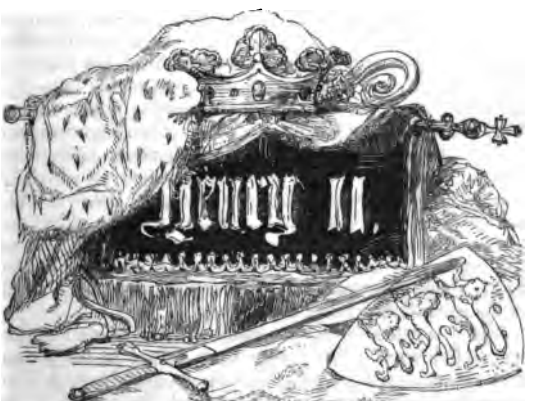
CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.



AMONG the histories of eminent kings, that of our Henry II. is one of the most remarkable both in its beginning and its end, both in the character of the man and in his fortunes; and, mostly tragic as the annals of human ambition are, there are few such histories that exemplify more impressively the instability and vanity of all earthly greatness.

Nature and fortune joined to make him great. The son of Matilda, daughter of the English king Henry I., he was through that descent, after the death of his grandfather, the undoubted male representative of Wil-

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liam the Conqueror, the founder of the reigning English dynasty, and as such the legitimate heir, at least after his mother, both of the crown of England and of the dukedom of Normandy, the older acquisition of his heroic race. His grandmother, the wife of Henry I., was Matilda, daughter of Queen Margaret of Scotland, herself the daughter of Edward the Outlaw, in the veins of whose descendants now flowed the main stream of the blood of Egbert and Alfred and the old Saxon royal line. His father, whom his mother had married in 1127, two years after the death of her first husband, the Emperor Henry V., by whom she had no issue, was Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, surnamed Plantagenet, from his assuming as his ensign, and wearing on the crest of his helmet, a sprig of broom (in French *plante genêt*); whose father, Earl Fulk, had immediately before this marriage resigned to him all his French possessions and honours, upon being himself elected to the throne of Jerusalem, in which he was succeeded, on his death in 1143, by Baldwin III., his son by a second marriage. Henry was the eldest son of Geoffrey and the empress, and was born at Le Mans, the capital of his father's county of Maine, in March 1133, about two years and nine months before the death of his grandfather King Henry.

Yet it is remarkable that each of these several advantages of descent which were thus united in his person was accompanied by some defect or drawback, as if in order that there might remain as much for him to do for himself as had been done for him by the accident of his birth. His Saxon lineage gave him no claim to call himself the heir of the old race of English kings while there existed male descendants of his great-grandmother, Queen Margaret of Scotland, whose son David the First was now seated on the throne of that country, and was undoubtedly the true representative of King Edmund Ironside and the Saxon royal line. Even between him and his legal right by inheritance to the English sceptre of the Conqueror there stood his mother, to whom and not to her son it was that Henry I. had made his barons swear fealty as his successor. Nor did he on the death

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of his father obtain more than a qualified right to the earldom of Anjou, Geoffrey having directed in his will that he should resign it to his next brother Geoffrey if he should ever come into the possession of the English crown, and having also made his bishops and barons take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried till Henry should have sworn to perform whatever the will might be found to enjoin; which, accordingly, though with much reluctance, he did. Geoffrey died on the 10th of September, 1151, in his forty-first year, being younger than his wife the empress, who had long ceased to be an object of his affections, by seven or eight years.

Ere this, however, his son, styled by the French, Henry Fitz-Empress (that is, son of the empress), had passed through other changes of position and fortune. On the death of his grandfather, in December 1135, the English throne had been usurped by Stephen of Blois, whose mother Adela was a daughter of the Conqueror: she had been married to the Earl of Blois, by whom she had four sons, of whom Stephen was the third. In the course of the contest that ensued between Stephen and Matilda, young Henry was in the latter part of the year 1142 entrusted by his father to Robert, Earl of Glocester, his mother's illegitimate brother and faithful partisan, and was by him brought over to England. They landed, the boy and his uncle, about the middle of November, at Wareham in Dorsetshire, a town and castle belonging to the earl, but now held by the king's troops. The garrison, however, agreed to surrender to Glocester, who had brought with him from the continent a force of three or four hundred knights, if they should not be relieved within three weeks; and soon after, upon being informed from Stephen that he had no intention of relieving them, they gave up the place. Matilda had never, since she landed in England three years before, been in such peril as she was in at this moment—not even when, in the summer of the preceding year, she was surprised in London by Stephen's queen, and only saved herself by springing into her saddle from the table at which she was dining—nor a few weeks after when flying from Win-

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chester, early on a Sunday morning, she and her escort were overtaken by the enemy at Stourbridge, and, while the Earl of Glocester and all the rest were either taken prisoners or slain, she made her way, attended by a single follower, to Luggershall, and thence, after a rest of a few hours, by getting again upon horseback and continuing her rapid flight, to the castle of Devizes. She was now shut up in the castle of Oxford, which Stephen besieged with his whole army, disregarding in the meantime every other object, and determined to effect its reduction either by force or famine. All hope seemed to be gone; but, after she had endured the greatest privations, on the night of the 20th of December, she left the castle by a postern gate, with four knights, crossed the Thames, which was frozen over, and reached Abingdon on foot, having walked all the way through a deep snow, and having been enabled to escape the notice of the enemy, some accounts say, in part by herself and her attendants having clothed themselves in white linen. At Abingdon she took horse, and rode to Wallingford Castle. Hither a few days after the Earl of Glocester, having started as soon as he heard the news, brought her her son. The sight of the boy, says an old chronicler, made her forget all her toils and dangers, and think all she had suffered nothing. Matilda, with all her haughtiness of temper, was not without other good qualities, besides her share in the intrepidity and tough invincible spirit of her race; if prosperity made her insolent and tyrannical, she bore adversity admirably; and to her son she was from the first to the last the best of mothers, not only in the affection she bore him, but in all other respects. Henry was soon after this carried to Bristol, and "continued there four years," says Lord Lyttelton, "under the care of his uncle, who trained him up in such exercises as were most proper to form his body for war, and in those studies which might embellish and strengthen his mind. The Earl of Glocester himself had no inconsiderable tincture of learning, and was the patron of all who excelled in it; qualities rare at all times in a nobleman of his high rank, but particularly in an age when

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knowledge and valour were thought incompatible, and not to be able to read was a mark of nobility. This truly great man broke through that cloud of barbarous ignorance, and, after the example of his father King Henry, enlarged his understanding and humanized his mind by a commerce with the muses, which he assiduously cultivated, even in courts and camps, showing by his conduct how useful it was both to the statesman and general. The same love of science and literature he likewise infused into his nephew, who under his influence began to acquire what he never afterwards lost, an ardour for study and a knowledge of books not to be found in any other prince of those times. Indeed the four years he now passed in England laid the foundation of all that was afterwards most excellent in him; for his earliest impressions were taken from his uncle, who, not only in learning but in all other perfections—in magnanimity, valour, prudence, and all moral virtues,—was the best example that could be proposed to his imitation."* Henry's father, who after a long contest had now acquired complete possession of Normandy, recalled his son from England in the latter part of the year 1146; and in the beginning of November of that year, very soon after he had parted with his nephew, the Earl of Glocester was carried off by a

* 'History of the Life of King Henry II.' i. 281.—Henry, when he first made his appearance in England, attracted observation, among other things, by being dressed, after the manner of boys in his native country, in a coat or jacket with short skirts, or perhaps without any skirts at all; whence they gave him the sobriquet of *curt-mantle*. This we learn from the writer of 'Brompton's Chronicle,' who, in giving an account of Henry's death, after telling us that those present, in their rapacity, stripped the royal corpse, and that it lay for a long time naked, till a boy threw over the lower part of it a short cloak, absurdly observes that thus was fulfilled the surname which the king had borne from his infancy, originally given to him because he had first brought the fashion of the short coat from Anjou into England.—Twisden, *Scriptores* x. 1150.

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fever. This was to his sister the empress the loss of her right hand. "Courage and resentment," we quote again Lord Lyttelton's account, "still combated in her heart with despair; nor was it without the greatest and most painful reluctance that she gave way to the necessity of leaving a country over which she had so long expected to reign. But, in less than four months after the death of her brother, seeing no possibility of supporting her party, and fearing to fall into the hands of her enemy, she was constrained to abandon England and go into Normandy, to live with a husband whom she never had loved, and who did not love her, but was generous or prudent enough to receive her with kindness in this decline of her fortune, when her pride was humbled by her sorrow. Nevertheless, he retained to himself the dominion of that duchy, as he had held it in her absence; that is, without any dependence upon her. Instead of submitting to this, she would perhaps have stayed in England, and buried herself under the ruins of her own greatness, if the anguish of her mind had not been soothed by the hope that Prince Henry, her son, might, when he should attain to an age of maturity, be able to revenge her on Stephen, and recover the crown which she had lost. Her whole care was therefore employed upon his education. She laboured to inspire him with thoughts as high as her own; to give him an ardour for glory, an ambition for empire, and a spirit of conquest. His genius was very suitable for such instructions; but the fire he drew from her was happily tempered with the lessons of prudence and humanity which he had been taught in England by his uncle; and which his father, a prince of great discretion and judgment, continued to fix in his mind."*

Henry remained in Normandy till the year 1149. Meanwhile his friends in England had been gradually recovering heart and strength; and it was arranged that the young prince, whom, although as yet only sixteen. they now looked to as their head, should show himself among them. From this time his mother may be

* Twisden, Scriptores, p. 346.

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regarded as having withdrawn her pretensions in his favour; no express act of resignation ever took place, but both she and her husband (for Geoffrey also gave up something in abandoning the hope of a crown for his wife) were too much attached to their son, and too sensible, besides, of the present state of circumstances, and of what the exigency demanded, to stand in his way. He landed early in the year at the head of a considerable force, probably at Wareham, marched through the western counties, where he was joined by the Earl of Chester, the Earl of Hereford, and other barons; and made his way to his great-uncle King David of Scotland, who had been for some time in possession of the three northern counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and whom he found at the head of an army in the town of Carlisle. During the festivities of Whitsuntide, which were distinguished on this occasion by extraordinary magnificence, Henry received the honour of knighthood from his uncle; but he had no opportunity of gaining his spurs, a disappointment which vexed him the more that Stephen's son Eustace, who had been knighted about the same time, had been already put by his father in command of a military force, with which he was ravaging the lands of some of the very barons who were now lying in idleness with their retainers at Carlisle.

It must apparently have been during this visit that Henry met with his first mistress, so famous in song and story, the beautiful Rosamund de Clifford. Of the two sons which she bore to him it is known that the younger, Geoffrey, was older than Henry, his first-born by his queen, and also that he was nearly twenty when he was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1173; he was therefore probably born in 1153; and his elder brother William, surnamed Long-sword, who, having married the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Salisbury, succeeded to the estates and title of his father-in-law, may have been born in 1150. Both of them were educated along with Henry's legitimate sons: William survived till 1226; and Geoffrey, who resigned his bishopric in

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1162, and was then made Lord Chancellor by his father, to whom he steadily adhered in all fortunes, became in the next reign Archbishop of York, but resigned that see also in 1207, after holding it for about six years, and died in 1212. As for their mother, who was daughter of Walter de Clifford, a baron of Herefordshire, it is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation for the story of the labyrinth in which she was concealed by her royal lover at Woodstock, and of her being discovered and forced to drink poison by Queen Eleanor, which has made her so renowned in popular romance. It is known that she spent her last years in the nunnery of Godstow, near Oxford, which she was probably induced to select for her retreat from her father having been a benefactor to that house: there she is said to have lived a life of devotion and penitence; but all that is known as to the time of her death is, that it took place before that of her father, and he was still alive in 1165.

Henry, finding that nothing could be done at present in England, returned, in the beginning of the year 1150, to Normandy; and soon after that duchy was resigned to him by his father, the French king Louis VII. (Le Jeune) having come thither in the autumn of this year, according to an agreement among all the parties concerned, and as feudal sovereign formally delivered it up to the young prince, reserving to himself, as the price of his compliance, the border district called the Vexin, which had always been a subject of contention between the dukes of Normandy and the kings of France. Some months afterwards, indeed, Louis, repenting of what he had thus done, made an attempt to wrest the fief again out of the hands of the Angevin prince, with the view of transferring it to Stephen's son, Eustace; but upon Henry showing a bold front, and a determination to defend his own, he soon desisted, and the quarrel was settled by his abandoning Eustace, and by Henry coming to Paris and renewing his homage there. This then was Henry's first acquisition. His next was that of the three earldoms of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, into which he came into possession by the death of his father

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about a year after. This was not long in being followed by another, for which he was still more directly or materially indebted to King Louis than he had been for his duchy of Normandy. That well-meaning but somewhat weak monarch had long been dissatisfied with his queen, Eleanor, or, as she is more commonly called in the chronicles of the time, Alienor or Aanor, daughter and heiress of William, Duke of Guienne or Aquitaine and Earl of Poitou, countries extending along the whole of the western coast of France, from the Loire to the Pyrenees, which her marriage, celebrated immediately after her father's death, in the year 1137, when she was only sixteen, had annexed to the French crown. It seems amazing that any considerations should have blinded Louis to the impolicy of allowing possessions of such extent and importance, constituting more than a third of his kingdom, to pass out of his hands after he had once got hold of them; yet so it was; he had been tormented by feelings of jealousy ever since Eleanor had been with him, in the year 1148, in the Holy Land, where he imagined she had had a variety of intrigues both with Christian and infidel lovers; she on her part had come to look with contempt upon her husband, the character of whose mind seemed in her eyes to make him fitter for being a monk than a king; and the end was that in the beginning of the year 1152 she submitted to a divorce, or rather their marriage was dissolved by mutual consent; for, although at the council of bishops which assembled at Beaujency-sur-Loire to take the matter into consideration, and before which Eleanor made her appearance, Louis asked for a divorce on the plea of his suspicions of her fidelity, the council pronounced no opinion upon that point, but simply declared the marriage to have been null from the beginning, on the common and convenient ground of the consanguinity of the parties, who were fourth cousins, the canons of the Church forbidding marriage, without a previous dispensation from the pope, even between persons related within the seventh degree. The scandalous chronicles of the time affirm that Eleanor had already, before her separation from her husband,

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given way to a passion for young Henry Plantagenet, whom indeed she had seen at the French court on two recent occasions; first when he came, as just related, to renew his homage for the duchy of Normandy, and again when he returned soon after to receive investiture of the earldoms he inherited from his father. They at least were not long in finding out one another after she was at liberty to dispose of herself. The nullification of Eleanor's marriage with Louis immediately produced two consequences; it bastardized two daughters that she had borne to him, and, as we have already intimated, it severed from the French crown the extensive dominions forming her inheritance. It was natural that she should now return to her own country, and accordingly she set out for Poitou as soon as the council had pronounced its sentence. But there were several aspirants to the rich prize which Louis had resigned or cast away, notwithstanding that he is said to have assured himself that she would never get another husband, declaring that her behaviour had made her too infamous for the poorest gentleman in his dominions to be willing to marry her. When she reached Blois, she received proposals from the young Thibaud, Earl of Blois, who had just succeeded to that fief on the death of his father, the elder brother of King Stephen; and, when she declined his suit, it is affirmed that he formed a design of detaining her, and compelling her to marry him by force, which she only escaped by being warned of it and taking her departure in the middle of the night for Tours. Here another danger of the same kind met her. Henry Plantagenet's younger brother Geoffrey had been left by his father only the castles of Chinon and Loudon in Touraine, and that of Mirabeau in Anjou, with their dependencies, and he could hardly therefore, even with his dubious prospect of succeeding at some future time to the chief possessions of his family, flatter himself that if he should set about wooing the Duchess of Aquitaine in the common fashion he would, in present circumstances, have much chance of success. But either not being aware of or disregarding is brother's pretensions, and thinking that such an op-

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portunity of making his fortune was not likely again to present itself, he also, like Thibaud of Blois, resolved to try force, and posted himself at a port on the Loire, called Le Port de Piles, by which he supposed that Eleanor would pass, for the purpose of waylaying her and carrying her off. She received intelligence of his scheme, however, and, changing her route, got safe to her own town of Poitiers. From this she sent to Henry, then in Normandy, to tell him of her arrival, and of the perils through which she had made her way. He instantly set out to join her, taking with him only a few attendants, and travelling so as to attract as little observation as possible; and they were married on Whit-Sunday (May the 18th), not quite six weeks after Eleanor's separation from Louis. Henry was not yet twenty years of age, and his bride was full thirty; "but with a good share of beauty," observes Lord Lyttelton, "and more of vivacity, she had still youth enough to gain the heart of a young man, though not to preserve it very long." His lordship nevertheless declines affirming that Henry was really in love,—that his acceptance of Eleanor's offer of her hand was prompted by any other passion than his ambition. There were certainly some strong considerations to be got over, apart altogether from their difference in age.

Thus was Henry already lord of nearly the half of France. From the situation of his previous possessions, he was of all the vassals of the French crown the one whom a union with Eleanor was fitted the most to aggrandize. As the duchy of Normandy, which he derived from or through his mother, was conterminous on the south with his three paternal earldoms of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, so his wife's states of Poitou and Guienne lay immediately to the south of these last, the whole forming an unbroken continuation of territory extending from the English Channel to the Pyrenees. To these acquisitions, maternal, paternal, and matrimonial, he soon added another much more splendid than any or all of them, which he may be said to have mainly won for himself by his own right hand. For a brief space

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he was detained on the continent by having to take arms against a formidable confederacy organized by King Louis, who had now at length opened his eyes, and turned them with amazement and consternation upon his youthful vassal, suddenly become his rival and almost his equal, and had got his own brother the Earl of Dreux, Henry's brother Geoffrey, Eleanor's other disappointed suitor the Earl of Blois, and King Stephen's son Eustace, to join him in an invasion of Normandy. But this attack was repulsed in a campaign of less than six weeks' duration; not only were the invaders driven out of the country to the last man, and an insurrection which they had excited of some of the Anjevin barons effectually crushed, but Henry, pursuing his enemies into France, laid waste a part of that country without Louis daring to turn round and give him battle. This work done, and a peace arranged with the French king, he lost no time in setting about the great enterprise to which all things now seemed to concur in calling him. He landed in England on the 6th of January, 1153, at the head of a force of three thousand foot and a hundred and forty knights. There was some fighting, but no considerable action; and, after the principal impediment in the way of an accommodation had been removed by the death of Stephen's son Eustace by a fever, the effect in all probability of the agitation and rage into which he was thrown by the pending negotiation in which he was about to be sacrificed, an agreement was made on the 7th of November, by which Stephen adopted Henry for his son and successor, giving the kingdom of England, as it was expressed, after his own death, to him and his heirs for ever. Stephen did not survive this treaty quite a year; he died at Canterbury on the 25th of October, 1154; and Henry became king. He was in Normandy when Stephen's death occurred; and he was detained at Barfleur for some weeks by adverse weather; but he set sail at last while the storm still raged with little abatement, and after a dangerous passage he landed in the New Forest, not far from Hurst Castle, on the 7th of December. He was crowned, with his queen, at Westminster, on Sunday

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the 19th; and the commencement of his reign, according to what was then the custom, is reckoned from that day.

Of course, in the circumstances, Henry did not now think of resigning Anjou to his brother Geoffrey, whose late confederacy with the French king and attack upon Normandy, an act amounting to rebellion in him, could not but be considered as depriving him of any claim he might have under his father's will and Henry's forced engagement to fulfil its provisions. To obviate all objections, however, Henry obtained from the pope a dispensation releasing him from that compulsory oath. A few years after this he recovered the ceded district of the Vexin for Normandy by the arrangement of marriage between his eldest son and a daughter of King Louis; and he subsequently acquired what amounted to the actual possession of Bretagne by the negotiation of another marriage between his third son, Geoffrey, and the Lady Constantia, or Constance, daughter and heiress of Conan, prince of that country. The extent of territory subject to the English king even in France was now greater than that which acknowledged the sway of Louis. If a line had been drawn from north to south only a few miles to the west of Paris, or nearly about the meridian of Boulogne, all to west of it would have been found to belong to Henry, from the English sea to the Spanish mountains; while the dominion of Louis on the other side of Gaul scarcely extended farther south than to the Loire, all the region beyond that river being in possession of the Earls of Toulouse. Henry, besides, almost as soon as he came to the throne, had recovered the three northern counties of England from the Scottish king, and even compelled him to do homage for the whole of Scotland to the south of the Forth; he soon after reduced Wales; and finally, in 1172, he effected the conquest of Ireland. The details of the valour and policy by which all this was done, of the patience, the foresight, the vigilance, the incessant exertion, the utter disregard of toil and danger, by which so many additions to his original inheritance were won and preserved, and by which all his states, old and new, were governed,

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and the authority of law and order maintained in them, must be sought for in the records of history. Those were the days in which a king of England, to hold his place, really required to be, in all senses, about the ablest man in his dominions; if he was not of such heroic mould, he was almost sure to be thrown down, in that convulsive and stormy condition of things which had not yet subsided since the breaking up of the Roman empire had thrown Europe into a state of social chaos. Nothing, in fact, was fixed and stable; nowhere was the ground firm beneath men's feet; hardly any political arrangement or part of the mechanism of government was brought to such working order as to go on in any degree of itself or as a matter of course; all rights and claims were disputed and in conflict with one another; the boundaries of states, public and private inheritances, the provinces of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, the positions and privileges of the different classes of the community, all remained as yet in many respects unsettled and the subject of fierce contention both by argument and occasionally by force. Of all this confusion the king had to be, as far as possible, the ruler or moderator; and to hold his own besides, often in harness and the battle-field, and when nothing would stand him in much stead if he had not a strong arm and a stout heart. Let us now see how Henry was furnished in body and mind, in capacity and moral disposition, for this post in the front and at the head of the community, according to the testimony of those who knew him best and were the best qualified to understand and describe him.

He has been drawn at full length, and with much elaboration, by the famous letter-writer of the twelfth century, Peter of Blois (so styled from the place of his birth), who appears to have come over to England about 1169 or 1170, and was afterwards for many years in habits of daily and intimate intercourse with the king as his private secretary. The account occurs in a letter from Peter to his friend Walter, Archbishop of Palermo, who had requested from him a complete and exact picture of the great English king, both in his outer and

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inner man, a theme which his correspondent declares would, in his opinion, overtask the powers of the Mantuan (that is, Virgil) himself, or, as he afterwards still more strongly puts it, would be too much for either Maro or Tully. So far, however, he adds, as the subject is within his capacity, he will speak without envy or detraction. The letter has no date, but appears to have been written about the year 1180. He begins by remarking that, as it is related to the commendation of David that he was ruddy, so it might still be seen that King Henry had in earlier life been in a moderate degree of that complexion, although his colour was now somewhat gone, and his hair also touched with grey, from his advanced years.* His head was compact and

* The original is, "De David legitur, ad commendationem decoris ejus, quoniam rufus erat. Vos autem dominum regem subrufum hactenus extitisse noveritis, nisi quia colorem hunc venerabilis senectus et superveniens canities aliquantulum alteravit." The writer of an amusing article on 'Ancient Collections of Private Letters,' in the 'Quarterly Review' for April, 1837 (vol. lviii., pp. 414-464), renders the latter of these sentences thus:—"You are aware that his complexion and hair were a little red, but the approach of old age has altered this somewhat, and the hair is turning grey." Peter of Blois's Latin is not purer than that of the generality of the writers of his age; but he would not have used *noveritis* for *novistis*, as this translation would imply that he did. As to the sense in which he uses *rufus* and *subrufus*, there may be more doubt. In our English version of the Bible, David is described as ruddy, or of a florid complexion; but the word in the Vulgate is *rufus*, which, at least in middle-age Latin, may signify either red-faced or red-haired. King William II., however, was certainly called Rufus from the redness of his complexion—either because it was excessive, or perhaps to distinguish him from his father of the same name, who may have been a man of a dark complexion. On the other hand, the immediately subsequent mention of the beginning greyness (*superveniens canities*) may seem to favour the notion that Peter of Blois means here to speak of David as having been red-haired, and of Henry as having also had originally hair of a reddish colour. Dr. Lingard, however, we observe, un-

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round-shaped—"spherical" is the rhetorical secretary's term—of fitting form and dimensions, according to the craniological philosophy of that day, "to be the seat of great wisdom, and the special sanctuary of deep counsel." Yet its size was perfectly proportioned to that of the sustaining neck and the general frame. The eyes also were round, and of soft expression—"dove-like and simple, or single" (in the Scriptural sense), are the terms employed—while he was unexcited; but under the emotion of anger or any other disturbing passion they flashed fire, and, as it were, lightened. His hair as yet showed no signs of becoming bald, but he prevented it from growing long by clipping. The general form of the face was quadrangular, like that of a lion. His nose was handsome and of suitable size, his chest broad, his arms muscular, his legs of the proper shape for a good rider,* his instep arched and high. Some deformity, however, had been produced in one of his feet by the nail of a toe having grown into the flesh; and his hands also, upon which he never wore a glove, except when he carried a falcon, gave token of his neglect of them by a certain clumsiness or grossness of appearance. He discarded all ornament alike in boots and bonnet, and all his clothes were disencumbered of everything superfluous.†

derstands, as we have done, that what is indicated is Henry's florid complexion. (*Hist. Eng.*, ii. 194, edit. of 1837.) We may notice, by the bye, that the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' has throughout his article inadvertently designated Henry II. as Henry Beauclerc, whereas it was his grandfather, the first Henry, who was known by that name.

* The Latin is "equestres tibiæ," which the writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' amusingly enough, translates, "his shins like a horse's." We presume there can be no doubt that what we have given in the text is the true meaning. At any rate, the *tibiæ* described as *equestres* must be equestrian, not equine, shins or shanks—those of a horseman, not of a horse.

† The original is "Vestibus utitur expeditis;" and the Quarterly Reviewer's translation is, "He uses—a tight dress." *Vestis expedita* is not, we believe, a classical Latin phrase, and its signification may perhaps admit of some doubt; but it ought to mean rather a light than a tight dress.

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A characteristic of his mother's race that he inherited was a strong tendency to corpulency; but he appears to have succeeded in keeping it down much more than his great-grandfather, the Conqueror, both by frequent fastings and by a life of movement and activity almost without example. His habit was scarcely ever to sit down, except while he was upon horseback or at his meals. Whether at mass or at council, or in whatever business he had to transact, he kept upon his feet from morning to night. When engaged in war, he would, if necessary, get over as much ground in one day as would take an ordinary commander four or five; and in this way he often got the better of his enemies by coming upon them when they did not look for him. Both in mounting his horse and in riding he had still preserved to this, the latter part of his life, all the alacrity of youth. During peace his favourite recreation was hunting or hawking; and bows, swords, arrows, and hunting tackle were almost constantly in his hands, except when he was reading and when he was at council, or occupied with affairs of state. But both business and books had their full share of his time. "For he does not," says his secretary, "lie still, like other kings, in his palace, but, journeying rapidly from province to province, inquires into the conduct of all his officers, especially judging those whom he has constituted the judges of others. No man is more sagacious in counsel, gifted with a greater flow and rush of elocution, more firm in dangers, less confident in prosperity, in adversity more constant. . . . As often as he can obtain a breathing time from the cares and anxieties of state, he spends it either in reading by himself, or in labouring to untie the knot of some difficult question in converse with a circle of learned clerks." Such literary assemblages and discussions, it is added, were held in the palace every day. In the rest of the letter Henry is warmly praised, though in general terms, for his moderation both in eating and drinking, his liberality and charity, his magnificence in the construction, on the one hand, of warlike defences and strongholds, on the other of palaces, lakes for fish,

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and enclosures for wild animals, his kindness to the afflicted and affability to the poor, although he bore himself with a more lordly mien, it is subjoined, to the high and proud—always, with a certain resemblance to the divinity, endeavouring to depress the haughty and to raise up the depressed. A remarkable sentence follows, to the effect that, although in conformity with the custom of his kingdom, Henry exercised the most potent and effectual influence in elections (*in electionibus faciendis potissimas et potentissimas habeat partes*), yet he ever kept his hands pure and free from all venality. The elections here referred to are of course elections to bishoprics and other dignities or benefices in the church; for there were as yet no elections to civil offices in England. The steadiness of the king both in his likings and dislikings is also noted: if he had once loved any one, we are assured, he scarcely ever withdrew his regard; but he was as rarely known to admit to his familiarity or favour any one to whom he had once conceived an aversion.

Peter of Blois was an ecclesiastic; he held, among other preferments both in England and abroad, the archdeaconries both of London and Bath; and he was, like the generality of his profession, firmly attached to the great cause of the independence of the church, and the supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power. It might, and probably would, have been different a few years before; but at the time when this letter was written he had no quarrel with the English king even on such questions; on the contrary, he lauds him warmly for his piety, and his zealous maintenance of the rights of the clergy, and especially for the reverence in which he held the memory of the blessed and glorious martyr—the murdered and since canonized Becket, or St. Thomas—whom, says the archdeacon, in all straits he looks up to as his chief patron. In the position he occupied at court, also, he would of course be disposed to take a favourable view of the character of his royal master. The picture he has drawn, indeed, may be admitted to be somewhat sparingly shaded; some features may be softened down, and others may be altogether concealed. But, so far at

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least as his evidence is positive, it may be safely received; and, in fact, it is confirmed in all the main particulars by other contemporary testimony, or by what Henry's history and conduct throughout his life show him to have been. It is true that other writers of his own age,—Giraldus Cambrensis, for instance, and Radulphus Niger—have delineated him in much darker colours; but their animosity is at least as evident and as strong as Peter of Blois's partiality; and they, and others who join them in the same strain, had individually as much reason to dislike Henry, as the archdeacon had to feel grateful and attached to him. His chief habitual defect appears to have been a tendency to violent explosions of rage. It is several times alluded to in the letters of Peter of Blois, from whose notices we learn that there were times when his majesty was not to be spoken to without considerable risk or great caution; but some of the exhibitions of his fury, as reported by other authorities, almost go beyond credibility. "When his wrath is fairly kindled," says Peter in one place, "he is a lion, or something yet more truculent." Giraldus Cambrensis tells us, that in the paroxysms of his passion, to quote his description as translated by Lingard, "his eyes were spotted with blood, his countenance seemed of flame, his tongue poured a torrent of abuse and imprecation, and his hands were employed to inflict vengeance on whatever came within his reach." On one occasion, we are told, the learned modern historian proceeds, referring to a letter of Thomas of Becket's, "When Humet, a favourite minister, had ventured to offer a plea in justification of the king of Scots, Henry, in a burst of passion, called Humet a traitor, threw down his cap, ungirt his sword, tore off his clothes, pulled the silk coverlet from his couch, and, unable to do more mischief, sate down, and gnawed the straw on the floor." Another time, it is added, on the same authority, "when a page presented a letter, the king attempted to tear out his eyes, nor did the boy escape without severe scars." These were doubtless demonstrations, supposing them not exaggerated in the recital, that had better have been

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avoided; but Henry had often that to contend with which was enough to make the wisest mad; such outbreaks do not appear to have been frequent; and, if the storm was sufficiently terrific while it lasted, it never lasted long. Nor were the rash and furious words usually followed by any corresponding ferocity of action. If Henry was passionate, he was certainly neither vindictive nor cruel. He may have put little restraint upon his passions in other respects as well as in giving way to excesses of rage, and he had probably his share in the general licentiousness of his time; but he nowhere revolts us by showing either want of heart or any thing of coarseness or baseness of nature. It is probable, from all that history and tradition tell us of him, that there was always as much of sentiment as of sensuality in his licentiousness. His affection for his children, so long as they would suffer him to love them, seems to have been only too tender and indulgent; and even after their repeated ingratitude he was always to the last ready to forgive them and to take them again to his heart. Ambitious he was, indisputably, and fond of power; and as such, he was necessarily unscrupulous, and in pursuing his great and aspiring schemes, would at times break his way in a somewhat reckless and startling fashion through restraints that checked more timid spirits. Having also frequently to act by policy as well as by force, and to contend with the one as much as with the other—for it was an age of overreaching and trickery—he may have sometimes gone farther in the way of artifice and deception than would now be thought correct. But a fair consideration of his conduct as recorded does not at all bear out the charge made against him by some hostile declaimers—principally or exclusively ecclesiastics—during his contest with the church, that he was a shameless and systematic liar, that he never pledged his word except with the intention of breaking it at the first opportunity. This is the mere extravagance of party malice or passion. When Cardinal Viviani, after conversing with Henry, declared that he had never known his equal in lying, we can only conclude that the churchman found

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himself no match in diplomatic subtlety and stratagem for the king.

Henry's course of prosperity and success encountered no check, scarcely anything to disturb for a moment its even and onward flow, till after he had been between seven and eight years King of England. The portion of his reign from the middle of the year 1162 till the end of 1170 was mostly spent in a contest with one of his own subjects. The famous Thomas-à-Becket is said to have been born in London in 1117, and his legendary history, which may have some foundation in fact, makes him to have been the son of a citizen of English race, Gilbert Beck, Beckie, or Becket, by the daughter of a Saracen chief, who, when he had been taken prisoner in the east, whither he had followed his Norman lord to the holy wars, had fallen in love with him, contrived to release him from his captivity, and afterwards followed him to England, and found him out by inquiring wherever she went for London and Gilbert, the only two English words she knew. Thomas-à-Becket, like his father, attached himself to the Norman conquerors of his native land; his accomplishments and his obsequiousness had before the end of the reign of Stephen raised him to high favour with Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who induced him to take deacon's orders, and made him archdeacon of his metropolitan church; he was presented to Henry soon after his accession, and he was almost immediately appointed to the high office of chancellor of the kingdom, to which were speedily added the custody of the castle of Berkhampstead, the government of the Tower of London, and other preferments. He was now the most powerful subject in England, the man whom the king most delighted to honour, the familiar friend of his sovereign, and his constant and intimate associate in his private life, in his amusements and pleasures, as well as in the government of the realm. One of Becket's biographers tells us that after they had finished their serious affairs they would often play together like two boys of the same age. This continued till Henry crowned his long unvarying favour by making

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Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, in May, 1162. From that moment his former friend, who had been indebted to him for so much, for all that he had and all that he was, became his rival and his enemy. Becket, indeed, was now in every respect a changed man. The gay, careless, luxurious layman (for as such he had been hitherto considered, notwithstanding his deacon's orders), the man of gallantry in every sense of the term (for he had also borne arms with distinguished reputation), was transformed at once into a cold, rigid, ascetic priest, hard and unimpressible as a man of stone. All that he had hitherto appeared, all that had seemed his nature and very self, was thrown off as if it had been a masque or disguise. It is unnecessary, however, to assume that Becket was insincere or dishonest either in the part he had made a show of sustaining till now, or in this sudden metamorphosis. It is rather proof of his inherent honesty, as well as of his force of character, that he would not seem to be what he was not, that he would not become a churchman in name without becoming one in reality. But, with this spirit, his new position brought him immediately into collision with Henry. A contest for supremacy between the church and the state was not a new thing in England. Ever since the Conquest the subjugation of the spiritual to the temporal power had been a prominent and steadily pursued part of the policy of the crown. The Conqueror had placed the Archbishop of Canterbury upon an eminence of rank and political position, such as was scarcely occupied by any other subject in Christendom; but in doing this he had strenuously aimed at the same time at making the church part and parcel of the state; so that the primate, with all the splendour of his station, and the other bishops, should in fact form rather a baronage or nobility, the supporters and servants of the crown, than a separate power. This system, however, was entirely opposed to the pretensions and aims of the court of Rome, and to the notions generally entertained by all orders of ecclesiastics in that age. The papal power, professing to consider all legitimate royalty and other civil authority

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to be derived from itself, and even to be resumable at its will and pleasure, and maintaining the state to be everywhere thus the creation of the church, always resolutely refused to acquiesce, except occasionally in the way of compromise, in any arrangements which seemed to proceed upon an opposite idea or principle. Hence in the time of Rufus and Henry I. the contest between these kings and Archbishop Anselm about investitures, or the right of nominating to offices in the church, which the archbishop and the clergy held to be in the pope, but which the crown insisted upon retaining in its own hands. The first Henry had made good his claims in regard to this matter, and the other subjects of difference between the two interests had not since occasioned any serious disagreement. It is probable, however, that during the weak irregular government of Stephen the spiritual power had made some encroachments, if not in regard to investitures, in another direction. It was a still more important question upon which Henry now found himself opposed by Becket. This king was as little likely as any one of his predecessors to tolerate such of the pretensions of the clergy as would have either allied them as a body with a foreign power, or withdrawn them as individuals from subjection to the ordinary laws of the realm. It can hardly be doubted that so long as Becket held the office of chancellor (which he threw up as soon as he obtained the primacy) he had gone vigorously along with his royal master in discountenancing, and, where necessary, resisting, all such pretensions. Now, however, when Henry insisted that clerks, or ecclesiastical persons, when charged criminally, should be tried in the king's courts, and punished, if found guilty, in the same way with other subjects, the archbishop declared this to be a violation of the rights of the church, and set himself to oppose what he denounced as a sacrilegious innovation with all the powers of his office. Whether the system which Henry wished to enforce was in conformity with the ancient customs of the kingdom, as he maintained that it was, may indeed be disputed. It was manifestly, at any

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rate, the only system compatible with the good government of the kingdom. The highest punishments that the ecclesiastical courts could inflict were flagellation, fine, imprisonment, and degradation; and the crime of murder itself, when committed by a clergyman, was usually expiated by a whipping when the case was left in their hands. On the other hand the archbishop probably also conceived himself to be bound in duty to make the stand he did for the claims set up by the church. There is no difficulty in understanding how the two parties should see the question differently from their opposite points of view; and they both gave by the whole course of their conduct all possible evidence of their sincerity. After other proceedings, Henry assembled a great council at Clarendon, in Wiltshire, at Christmas, 1163, and there demanded the assent of Becket and the other prelates to sixteen constitutions or articles, embodying what he maintained to be the ancient law or custom of the realm upon the matters in dispute. Becket, who had before refused to promise obedience to a much less comprehensive enactment, was now prevailed upon by the entreaties of his brethren to sign these constitutions; but he would not affix his seal to them. Even his signature, which had been wrung from him by importunity, was no sooner given than it was bitterly repented of, and he made no scruple openly to accuse himself of the most criminal weakness in doing what he had done. The contest was now renewed with greater animosity on both sides than ever, and before the end of the year Becket had clandestinely withdrawn himself from England, and taken refuge in France, under the protection of King Louis. He remained abroad, firmly refusing to make any concession; but at last, in July, 1170, he and Henry held a conference in a meadow near Freitville, or Freteval, on the borders of Touraine, when the form of a reconciliation was gone through, and the archbishop soon after set out on his return to England. He reached Canterbury on the 3rd of December, and with the exception of making a visit to London, remained there in quiet for the next three

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weeks. Meanwhile, however, accounts had been brought to Henry in Normandy, that before he had embarked at Wissant, he had sent forward letters of excommunication or suspension against the archbishop of York, the bishop of London, and others of the prelates who had stood by the king in the late controversy. Several of these prelates instantly came themselves over to Rouen, and informed the king of this extraordinary proceeding. Furious with indignation Henry hastily exclaimed, "Of the dastards who eat my bread is there no one who will deliver me from this ungrateful, turbulent, incorrigible priest?" Four knights who heard the words, soon after suddenly and secretly started for England. On that same day, Saturday the 25th, the archbishop was present in his cathedral, at the performance of the solemnities of Christmas, and preached to a crowded auditory from the words "I am come unto you to die in the midst of you." After his sermon he excommunicated some individuals who, he said, had for the last seven years been busy in wronging and insulting himself and the church. On the Tuesday following, being the 28th, the four knights arrived from Normandy. On the afternoon of the next day, accompanied by twelve others, they made their way into the archbishop's house; he was prevailed upon by his friends to proceed to the church; thither, however, the conspirators followed him; they demanded that he should absolve the excommunicated bishops, but, unbending to the last, he bid defiance to their menaces; upon which he was struck down by repeated blows at the foot of the altar. Henry was still keeping his Christmas festival at Bure, in Normandy, when tidings of the event were brought to him. There can be no reasonable doubt that he was profoundly affected with horror at the crime that had been committed almost in his name, as well as alarmed for the consequences. He shut himself up in his closet for three days, admitting no one and refusing all nourishment. It was not till after a negociation of two years that he obtained from the Court of Rome, a full absolution, on his appearing in the cathedral of Avranches, and there pub-

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licly taking his solemn oath on the Gospels, that he was innocent of the murder of the archbishop both in word and deed. Meanwhile, he had acquired new power and glory by the conquest of Ireland; circumstances were also changed in other respects; new objects had in part withdrawn him from the controversy with the church which had occupied him almost to the exclusion of everything else, for the preceding six or seven years; and now that Becket was removed the pretensions of the clergy, although they may have remained the same in words, had actually become something very different and much less formidable. Henry therefore now also engaged, that if any customs hostile to the liberties of the ecclesiastical order had been introduced into his kingdom since his accession, they should be abolished. And four years after, in a great council held at Northampton, the constitutions of Claremdon were so far repealed as that, among other concessions of less moment, clergymen were exempted from being personally arraigned before a secular judge for any crime, unless it were against the forest laws, or regarded a lay fee for which they owed service to a lay lord. But, although we learn this from a letter written by the king to the pope, Alexander III., which is preserved by the contemporary Latin annalist Ralph de Diceto (himself a churchman), it may be doubted if the satisfaction thus given to the clergy proved, after all, much more than a form of words.

Before this, however, Henry had become involved in new troubles, and had encountered the first gust of the storm that was to wrap the afternoon of his reign and his life in darkness and ruin. In the year 1170, in the midst of his contest with Becket, he had had his eldest son Henry consecrated and crowned as conjoint king with himself. The ceremony was performed in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of York; and a theory that has satisfied some modern historians is, that Henry's object in this proceeding was simply to spite Becket and to diminish the authority he derived from his station, by showing that a King of England could be crowned without

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the assistance of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is certain, indeed, that Becket resented what had been done as an invasion of the privileges of his see, and this was the principal ground on which he had applied for, and obtained from the pope, the letters of excommunication against the Archbishop of York and the other prelates who had assisted him at the coronation, his display and threatened employment of which had probably been the occasion of his murder. But all the circumstances seem to show that Henry was principally actuated by affection for his son, and a desire to place him in a position of honour and of splendour, although his age, only fourteen, of course precluded him from being as yet entrusted with any share in the government. The young prince, however, or, as he was now called, the young king, or sometimes Henry III., made no creditable return, whether it was fondness or policy that had chiefly moved his father thus to advance him. He appears to have been rather weak than ill-disposed; his new title probably made him giddy; and, easily led in any direction, he was much more likely, in his position, to be led wrong than right. All cordiality between Henry and Queen Eleanor had long been at an end; his infidelities and her jealous temper had completely divided and alienated them; and Eleanor's natural resource was to endeavour to gain over her sons to make common cause with her against their father. About the end of the year 1172, the young king Henry, who was married to the daughter of the French king, Louis VII., and had just been crowned a second time along with his wife, startled his father by a sudden demand, that he should immediately resign to him either the dukedom of Normandy or the sovereignty of England. At this time the boy was not yet sixteen, and his father was himself still under forty. The preposterous proposal is believed to have been prompted by Queen Eleanor and King Louis; from the day on which it was made, and of course instantly rejected, the young king, we are told, spoke not one word more of peace to his father; a few months after, while he was with his father at Chinon, on their way

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back to Normandy from Limoges, he arose during the night and secretly withdrew himself to the court of his father-in-law; his flight was speedily followed by that of his two younger brothers Richard and Geoffrey, upon the former of whom their father had conferred the earldom of Poictiers, upon the latter the dukedom of Bretagne, and who had been left with their mother in Guienne; and lastly their mother set out to join her sons, but, being caught as she travelled in man's attire, was by her husband's orders put into immediate confinement, nor was she afterwards released, except once for a short space, while Henry lived.

The war that followed between Henry and his sons, aided by King Louis, did not last long. Attacked as he was on every side at once—in Brittany, in Normandy, in Anjou, in Guienne, in England; from France, from Toulouse, from Scotland—the vigour of the old king, as he was called, carried everything before it; and a peace and reconciliation were arranged after a few months. It was during this contest that Henry performed his famous penance at the tomb of Becket. The desire to see, in the quarrel between Becket and Henry, a struggle between the old Anglo-Saxon population and their Norman conquerors has probably been carried much too far by the eminent living French historian Augustin Thierry: the controversy was in the main and essentially, there can be no doubt, a trial of strength between the church and the state, between the temporal and the spiritual powers, between the crown and the pope, between the laity and the clergy; nor do we believe that the accident of Becket being of Anglo-Saxon lineage went for anything in the case. There is no good evidence that the circumstance ever was appealed to or taken notice of either on the one side or the other. It may be conceded, however, that both parties would naturally wish to secure whatever support could be derived from the sympathy of the great body of the people, and that in this way the native English, who had been already for some time rising again from the state of prostration to which they were struck down by the

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Conquest, would both be led to take the greater interest in the dispute, and may have been benefited by it. Their devotional and superstitious feelings also were, no doubt, strongly excited by many of the proceedings to which the clergy resorted; and we may well conceive that they would be transported to a state of the highest enthusiasm, first, by horror at the barbarous and sacrilegious murder of Becket, and afterwards, by the miracles with which the kingdom resounded as having been performed at his tomb. But these were feelings which there is every reason to believe were shared in an equal degree by the generality of their Norman masters. The king himself was probably by no means exempt from them. With all the licence that he allowed himself in some respects, he was neither without the piety nor above the superstition of his age; and the circumstances in which he now stood, with troubles gathering around him, and the consciousness pressing upon him that he had, by his hasty and passionate words, materially contributed to Becket's death, were very likely to awaken his devotion and penitence. It seems impossible to regard him as merely acting a part, assuming the outward appearance of a reverence and contrition which he did not feel, in this penitential pilgrimage, when the whole proceeding and his demeanour throughout are fairly considered. He set sail from Barfleur early on the morning of the 8th of July, 1174. It blew fresh at the time, and, the gale increasing after the ship had got under way, some apprehension began to be felt, upon which Henry, coming forward so as to be seen by all, exclaimed, with eyes uplifted to heaven, "If what I have in my mind be for the peace of my clergy and my people, if God have determined to restore such peace by my arrival, then may he in his mercy bring me safe into port; but, if he have resolved still further to scourge my kingdom in his wrath, may it never be given me again to set my foot on land." He landed at Southampton on the morning of the 10th, and instantly getting on horseback, set out for Canterbury, pursuing his journey all night, and taking no other sustenance than a little bread and water. He

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came within sight of the metropolitan church at the dawn of the next day, Friday the 11th, and then dismounting, and throwing off both his silk apparel and his boots, he walked in the garb of a pilgrim, and barefoot, over the flinty road for the three remaining miles of the way. When he entered the city, his footsteps were observed to leave their marks in blood upon the pavement. Proceeding forthwith to the cathedral, he entered it along with the thronging inhabitants of the city, collected by the ringing of the bells, and, prostrating himself with his face to the ground, wept and sobbed aloud, while the Bishop of London announced from the pulpit that Henry King of England was here come to invoke God and the holy martyr for the salvation of his soul; to protest that he never either ordered or desired the death of the martyr; and to submit his naked flesh to be scourged for the hasty and imprudent words uttered by him, by which the murderers might pretend that they had been excited to the act. After this the king descended to the crypt where the archbishop's body was interred, and there, stripping off his clothes and kneeling down on the tomb-stone, he submitted his bare back to be scourged with a knotted cord by all the bishops and monks that were present, each giving him three, four, or five strokes, while he pronounced the words, "As the Redeemer was scourged for the sins of men, so be thou for thy own sin." He spent all the rest of the day and the following night in the crypt in prayer and fasting; and the next morning, after hearing mass, he left Canterbury without tasting anything save a draught of the holy water kept at the martyr's tomb. He rode to London; but when he had finished his journey he was taken ill, and he was confined for some days by fever. On the fifth night of his illness a messenger arrived at the palace and insisted upon instant admission to the king. He brought the news of the capture of the king of Scotland at Alnwick, by Ranulf de Glanville. And it turned out that this great event had taken place on the very Saturday on the morning of which Henry had risen an absolved and reconciled man from the shrine of the martyr.

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For some years from this time Henry was left at peace, although in 1179 his two eldest sons, Henry and Richard, took arms against each other, and Poitou and Guienne were for a time disturbed and devastated by their dissension. But in 1183 war again broke out between the sons and the father. Sometimes he was opposed to one, sometimes to two of them; sometimes to Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, all at once. Both the two elder were soon cut off; Henry, by fever, on the 11th of June, at Chateau Martel, near Limoges; Geoffrey, early in 1185, by being thrown from his horse and trampled to death, in a tournament at the court of the new French king Philip II. (Augustus), whose aid he had sought against his father. Richard, however, continued in rebellion, or rather, repeatedly defeated and forgiven, still again and again took up arms, whenever a favourable moment seemed to present itself. He had a story that he was fond of relating, about a countess of Anjou, one of his ancestry, who never went to church, and at last, on being taken there one day by force, flew out of the window, on the elevation of the host, and was never more seen; and he used to ask if it was to be wondered at that, sprung from such a stock, the household to which he belonged should be divided against itself. "What comes from the devil," said he, "to the devil must return." Mutual hatred, he professed to believe, was the doom of his family—the fatal inheritance which none of them would ever renounce. At last, at a conference held at La Ferté Bernard, in Maine, on the 18th of November, 1188, Richard, on his father's refusal to comply with his demands, turned round in indignation to the French king, who stood by, and, having ungirt his sword and fallen upon his knees, offered his homage to Philip, in Henry's presence, for all the territories that the latter held in France. Philip accepted his allegiance, and the war was renewed as soon as the term of the truce expired. By this time Henry's spirits, as well as his health, seem to have been broken; his operations in the field were languid and ineffective, and he was soon reduced to the necessity of suing for peace. The matter

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in regard to which Richard and Philip had pretended to feel most keenly was Henry's detention of Alice, the sister of the French king, who many years before had been affianced to Richard, and his refusal to allow their marriage to take place. He professed to wish to marry her to his youngest son John; but it was suspected that he loved the young and beautiful princess himself, and that her heart, too, was his. Now, however, he offered to resign everything, Alice included: he proposed that she should, in the meantime, be placed in such custody as might be thought fittest, and delivered either to Richard or Philip, on their return from their projected expedition to the Holy Land. The French princess, we may mention, after all was not married to Richard. Though he had demanded her so clamorously before, when he became king he refused to have her; and she eventually became the wife of William Earl of Aumale and Ponthieu, by whom she had a daughter, who married Ferdinand III. King of Castile, and was the mother of Eleanor, the queen of our Edward I. Henry and Philip met to arrange a peace on the 28th of June, 1189, on a plain between Tours and Azay-sur-Cher. Henry agreed to everything that was demanded of him. He became very ill before the conference closed, and was carried from the place in a litter to his quarters, where a few days after the articles of the treaty were sent to him for his ratification. They were read to him one by one as he lay on his bed; and when he had heard the one which secured from punishment all who had been engaged on the side of Richard in the late war, either openly or secretly, and allowed them, although they had hitherto been his own subjects, liberty to continue the vassals of his son, he asked how many and who were the persons whose faith and allegiance he would thus have to lose. The first that was named to him was his youngest son John, his favourite son, of whose affection and fidelity he had never had a doubt, for whose sake, in great part, it had been that he had resisted the demands of Richard, and brought himself to the state in which he was. When he heard it pronounced he raised himself

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convulsively half up in the bed, and, with a wild look, asked if it was true that this son, whom he had so loved and trusted, for whom he had done and suffered so much, had actually deserted him. He was assured that so it was. He then fell back, and, turning his face to the wall, said, "Well, then! henceforth let all things go as they may; I care nothing more about myself or the world." A few days after he was removed to the Castle of Chinon, and there, on the 6th of July, he breathed his last. Geoffrey, his son by Rosamund Clifford, was with him to the end.

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Some part of this biography will make the rest more intelligible if made a preliminary explanation. Before the appearance of Wood's History of Oxford (1674), no one had added anything to the summaries of Leland, Bale, and Pits, which are little more than ill-understood lists of works. The name of Bacon was known far and wide as a magician; and the better informed could only judge from such fragments as had been published, and from the traditional reputation of what remained in manuscript, that he was a philosopher of the highest genius. These printed fragments are as follows, so far as we can collect them, being all that was published down to the appearance of Dr. Jebb's edition of the 'Opus Majus:' which closes the list—

1. 'De mirabili Potestate Artis et Naturæ et Nullitate Magiæ,' Paris, 1542, 4to.; Basil., 1593, 8vo.; in English,* Lond., 1597, 4to.; Hamb., 1608 and 1618, 8vo.;

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ROGER BACON.

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in French, Par., 1612, 8vo.; also in French, by Girard, Par., 1557 and 1629; in vol. v. of Zetzner's 'Theatrum Chemicum,' Argent., 1622, 8vo., and 1659 (?); in English, by T. M., Lond., 1659, 12mo.

2. 'Perspectiva,' 'Specula Mathematica,' and 'De Speculis Ustoriis,' Francof., 1614, 4to., whether as one book or three we do not know; the 'Perspectiva' was reprinted in 1671, also at Frankfort.

3. 'De Retardatione Senectutis,' Oxon., 1590, 8vo.; translated, 'The Cure of Old Age,' by R. Browne, M.D., Lond., 1683, 12mo.

4. 'De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ,' Hamb., 1618, 8vo., edited by John Dee.

5. The 'Thesaurus Chemicus,' Franckfort, 1603 and 1620, 8vo. (?) contains the 'Specula Mathematica,' the 'Speculum Alchymiæ,' and some other tracts, which Tanner puts down altogether as 'Scripta sanioris medecinæ in arte chemiæ.'

6. 'Speculum Alchymiæ,' Norimb., 1581, 4to.; Basil., 1561, 4to.; Ursellis, 1602, 8vo.; in English, in 'Collectanea Chymica,' Lond., 1684, 8vo.; also* in English, Lond., 1597, 4to.

7. 'Practica Magistri Rogerii,' Venet., 1513 and 1519.

8. 'Epistolas Notis illustratas' (we take the title from Tanner), Hamb., 1616, 8vo.

9. 'Fratris Rogeri Bacon, Ordinis Minorum, Opus Majus, ad Clementem IV. Pontif. Rom.,' Londini, 1733, fol. By Dr. Jebb.

The little that is known of the greatest of English philosophers before the time of his celebrated namesake, shows how long the effects of contemporary malice might last, before the invention of printing had made an appeal to posterity easy. His writings, destroyed or overlooked, only existed in manuscript or mutilated printed versions, till nearly the middle of the last century. In the mean time tradition framed his character on the vulgar notions entertained in his day of the results of experimental

* These two are in the same book.

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science; and the learned monk, searching for the philosopher's stone in his laboratory, aided only by infernal spirits, was substituted for the sagacious advocate of reform in education, reading, and reasoning; and—what was equally rare—the real inquirer into the phenomena of nature.

Roger Bacon died in 1292, in about the seventy-eighth year of his age, which places his birth near the year 1214; roughly speaking, he lived from the time of the Interdict in the reign of John, to the beginning of the interference with Scotland in that of Edward I. His age is that of Cardinal Cusa, Thomas à Kempis, Matthew Paris, Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lully, Sacrobosco, &c., to whom we add, as they are sometimes confounded with him, and not for their own note, two theologians, Robert Bacon and John Bacon (died about 1346.) The former was a priest of the thirteenth century, whom it would be hardly necessary to notice but for the fact that some of our historians have made him the brother of Roger Bacon, and the two have been often confounded. He is stated to have studied successively at Oxford and Paris; and in 1233, when his friend and teacher, Edmund Rich, was removed from the treasurership of Salisbury Cathedral to the archbishopric of Canterbury, Robert Bacon was his successor. The archbishop was canonized by the title of St. Edmund; and Bacon wrote his life. Matthew Paris states that in 1233 Robert Bacon preached before Henry III. at Oxford, and spoke openly against the favourite, Peter des Roches (or De Rupibus), of Poitou, Bishop of Winchester, who had given great offence by the introduction and promotion of many of his countrymen. Serious disturbance was apprehended, and the king appeared to waver; on which, says the historian, a witty court chaplain, called *Roger* Bacon, asked his Majesty what was most dangerous to seamen. The king answered that seamen best knew, on which the chaplain rejoined, "Petræ et Rupes; ac diceretur, Petrus de Rupibus." This story is the likely origin of the connexion between Robert and Roger, and also of the account which states that Roger Bacon, the

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subject of this article, preached before the king on the same occasion. Robert Bacon joined the order of preaching friars in his old age, and died in 1248, whence the story (certainly false) that Roger died in that year. ('Biogr. Britann.;' Tanner, 'Biblioth. Britan. Hibern.;' Wood, 'Hist. et Ant. Oxon.')

Roger Bacon was born near Ilchester, in Somersetshire, of a respectable family. He was educated at Oxford, and, according to the usual custom of his day, proceeded to Paris, which was then the first university in the world. The course of study in vogue, however unfavourable to independence of thought, did not give so great a preponderance to the works of Aristotle as was afterwards the case. The theology of the day had set strongly against philosophy of every species. In 1209 a council at Paris condemned and burnt, if not the works of Aristotle, at least the mutilated and interpolated translations from the Arabic which then existed. But when, towards the middle of the century, Latin versions from the Greek began to appear, and the philosophy contained in them to be warmly advocated by the new orders of Franciscans and Dominicans, and particularly by Albertus Magnus (died 1282), the reputation of Aristotle advanced so rapidly, that he had gained the exclusive title of "the Philosopher" by the time Roger Bacon wrote his 'Opus Majus.' But Bacon in no sense became an Aristotelian, except in that which comprehends all who are acquainted with the opinions and methods of the Greek philosopher. Better versed in the original than most of his contemporaries, he freely criticises all he meets with (especially the merit of the translations, which he says he would burn, if he could), and is himself an early and sufficient proof that the absurdities of his successors ought not to be called "Aristotelian," any more than Aristotle himself "the Philosopher." Bacon could read Aristotle without danger of falling into idolatry: his antagonists could have erected a system of verbal disputes upon the Principia of Newton, if they had possessed it.

After his return to Oxford, with a doctor's degree

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granted at Paris, which was immediately also confirmed by the former university, he took the vows of a Franciscan in a convent possessed by that order at Oxford, on the persuasion, it is said, of Robert Greathead or Grostête, bishop of Lincoln, of whom we shall presently speak. It has been conjectured that he had already done so before his return to Oxford, but this appears to have arisen from his having been known to have resided in a Franciscan convent while at Paris. From the time of his return, which is stated to have been A.D. 1240, he applied himself closely to the study of languages, as well as to experimental philosophy. In spite of the vow of poverty, he does not appear to have wanted means, for he says himself that in twenty years he spent 2000 livres (French) in books and instruments; a very large sum in those days.

The vow of the Franciscans was poverty, manual labour, and study; but the first two were soon abandoned. On this subject we notice a writing of Bacon, of which (except in Dr. Jebb's list) we can find only one casual notice (in Vossius, 'De Hist. Lat.' art. "Bacon.") It is said that he answered a work of St. Bonaventure, general of his order, which treated of the above-mentioned vow; but which side either party adopted is not stated.

The enmity of his brethren soon began to show itself: the lectures which he gave in the University were prohibited, as well as the transmission of any of his writings beyond the walls of his convent. The charge made against him was that of magic, which was then frequently brought against those who studied the sciences, and particularly chemistry. The ignorance of the clergy of that time as to mathematics or physics was afterwards described by Anthony-a-Wood, who says that they knew no property of the circle except that of keeping out the devil, and thought the points of a triangle would wound religion. Brought up to consider philosophy as nearly allied to, if not identical with, heresy itself, many of them might perhaps be honest believers in its magical power; but we can hardly doubt that there were a few

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more acute minds, who saw that Roger Bacon was in reality endeavouring to evoke a spirit whose influence would upset the power they had acquired over the thoughts of men, and allow them to read and reflect, without fear of excommunication, or the necessity of inquiring what Council had authorized the book. Not that we mean to charge those minds in every instance with desiring such power for their own private ends: there has always been honest belief in the wickedness of knowledge, and it is not extinct in our own day. The following detached passages of the 'Opus Majus' no doubt contain opinions which its author was in the habit of expressing:—

"Most students have no worthy exercise for their heads, and therefore languish and stupefy upon bad translations, which lose them both time and money. Appearances alone rule them, and they care not what they know, but what they are thought to know by a senseless multitude.—There are four principal stumbling-blocks in the way of arriving at knowledge—authority, habit, appearances as they present themselves to the vulgar eye, and concealment of ignorance combined with ostentation of knowledge.—Even if the first three could be got over by some great effort of reason, the fourth remains ready.—Men presume to teach before they have learnt, and fall into so many errors, that the idle think themselves happy in comparison; and hence both in science and in common life we see a thousand falsehoods for one truth.—And this being the case, we must not stick to what we hear and read, but must examine most strictly the opinions of our ancestors, that we may add what is lacking, and correct what is erroneous, but with all modesty and allowance.—We must, with all our strength, prefer reason to custom, and the opinions of the wise and good to the perceptions of the vulgar: and we must not use the triple argument; that is to say, this has been laid down, this has been usual, this has been common, therefore it is to be held by. For the very opposite conclusion does much better follow from the premises. And though the whole world be possessed by

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these causes of error, let us freely hear opinions contrary to established usage."

As might be supposed, Roger Bacon cultivated the acquaintance of men who held sentiments similar to the above, which could not please his brethren. Among them we have mentioned Grostête, bishop of Lincoln, who usually resided at Oxford. This prelate, who was a good mathematician, and a resolute opponent of undue interference on the part of the see of Rome (*terrificus papæ redargutor*, says Camden), had opposed Innocent IV., who attempted to appoint his nephew, a boy, to a prebend at Lincoln. On being excommunicated, Grostête appealed from the tribunal of Rome to that of Christ; and so prevalent was the opinion of his antipathy to the pope, that a story is gravely told by Knyghton (cited by Blount, 'Censura,' &c.), that the Bishop of Lincoln, after his death, appeared to Innocent in a dream, and exclaiming "*Surge, miser, veni in judicium!*" actually stabbed his Holiness, who was found dead next morning. It is needless to say that Innocent IV. died a natural death, and useless to speculate upon the means by which such a circumstance as the preceding, if true, could come to be known. But perhaps the memory of Grostête may have been one reason of the willingness with which succeeding popes continued Bacon's imprisonment, to which we shall soon come; for though they might hold his spirit guiltless of the death of Innocent, they long remembered what he had done in the flesh; and when Edward I. and the University of Oxford, long after, applied to Clement V. for the canonization of Grostête, they received for answer that the pope would rather his bones were thrown out of consecrated ground.

In the mean time a pope was elected, to whom we owe the production of the 'Opus Majus.' This was Clement IV. (elected 1265), who had previously, when cardinal-bishop of Sabina, been legate in England. Here he had heard of Bacon's discoveries, and earnestly desired to see his writings; but, as before stated, the prohibition of the Franciscans prevented his wish being complied with.

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After his election as head of the Church, Bacon, conceiving that there would be no danger nor impropriety in disobeying his immediate superiors at the command of the pope, wrote to him, stating that he was now ready to send him whatever he wished for. The answer was a repetition of the former request; and Bacon accordingly drew up the 'Opus Majus,' of which it may be presumed he had the materials ready. It appears that he had mentioned the circumstances in which he stood; for Clement's answer requires him to send the work with haste, any command of his superiors or constitution of his order notwithstanding, and also to point out, with all secrecy, how the danger mentioned by him might be avoided. The book was sent in the year 1267, by the hands of John of London, a pupil of whom he speaks highly, and who has usually obtained some notice from the very great praise which Bacon in one place appears to give him, when he says that he only knows two good mathematicians, one of whom he calls John of London. But from some other circumstances Dr. Jebb concludes, with great probability, that this John was not the pupil above mentioned, but John Peccam, a London Franciscan, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who was well known as a mathematician, and whose treatise on Optics, 'Perspectivæ communis libri tres,' was printed at least six times between 1542 and 1627, at Nuremberg, Venice, Paris, and Cologne.

Before the 'Opus Majus,' Bacon, according to his own account, had written nothing except a few slight treatises, "capitula quædam." Before he took the vows he wrote nothing whatever; and afterwards, as he says to Clement, he would have composed many books for his brother and his friends, but when he despaired of ever being able to communicate them, he neglected to write.

With the 'Opus Majus' he sent also two other works, the 'Opus Minus' and the 'Opus Tertium,' the second a sort of abstract of the first, and the third a supplement to it. These exist in manuscript in the Cottonian Library, but have not been printed. It appears that,

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after the death of Clement, which took place in November, 1268 (not 1271, as stated by some; the latter date is that of the election of Clement's successor, the see having been vacant two years and three-quarters), he revised and augmented the second of these works. What reception Clement gave them is not known: some say he was highly gratified, and provided for the bearer; others, that he at least permitted an accusation of heresy against the writer. Both stories are unlikely: for Clement could hardly have received the work before he was seized with his last illness.

Till the year 1278 Bacon was allowed to remain free from open persecution; but in that year Jerome of Ascoli, general of the Franciscan order, afterwards pope, under the title of Nicholas IV., being appointed legate to the court of France, this was thought a proper opportunity to commence proceedings. Bacon, then sixty-four years old, was accordingly summoned to Paris (Dr. Jebb implies that he had already removed his residence there, to another convent of his order), where a council of Franciscans, with Jerome at their head, condemned his writings, and committed him to close confinement. According to Bale, or Balæus (cited by Dr. Jebb), the charge of innovation was the pretext, but of what kind was not specified: according to others, the writings of Bacon upon astrology were the particular ground of accusation. We cannot learn that any offer of pardon was made to the accused upon his recantation of the obnoxious opinions, as usual in such cases; which, if we may judge from the 'Opus Majus,' Bacon would have conceived himself bound to accept, at least if he recognised the legality of the tribunal. A confirmation of the proceeding was immediately obtained from the court of Rome. During ten years, every effort made by him to procure his enlargement was without success. The two succeeding pontiffs had short and busy reigns; but on the accession of Jerome (Nicholas IV.), Bacon once more tried to attract notice. He sent to that pope, it is said, a treatise on the method of retarding the infirmities of old age, the only consequence of which was increased rigour and

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closer confinement. But that which was not to be obtained from the justice of the pope, was conceded to private interest, and Bacon was at last restored to liberty by the intercession of some powerful nobles, but who they were is not mentioned. Some say he died in prison; but the best authorities unite in stating that he returned to Oxford, where he wrote a compendium of theology, and died some months, or perhaps a year and a half, after Nicholas IV. (who died April, 1292). We have adopted 1292 from Anthony-à-Wood, as the most probable year of his death, though foreign works frequently state that he died in 1284. He was buried in the church of the Franciscans at Oxford. The manuscripts which he left behind him were immediately put under lock and key by the magic-fearing survivors of his order, until, not so lucky as those of another wizard, Michael Scott, they are said to have been eaten by insects.

Of the asserted works of Bacon there is a very large catalogue, cited mostly from Bale and Pits, in the preface to Dr. Jebb's edition of the 'Opus Majus.' They amount to five on grammar, six on pure mathematics, seventeen on mechanics and general physics, ten on optics, six on geography, seven on astronomy, one on chronology, nine on chemistry and alchemy, five on magic, eight on logic and metaphysics, nine on medicine, six on theology, twelve miscellaneous; a hundred and one in all. But it is most likely that the greater part of these were extracts from the 'Opus Majus,' &c., with separate titles, that some are not genuine, and that others are more properly attributable to the two other Bacons already mentioned. The principal manuscripts of the 'Opus Majus' are, one in Trinity College Library, Dublin, discovered by Dr. Jebb, which forms the text of his edition, two in the Cottonian Library, one in the Harleian, one in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, one in that of Magdalen College, two in the King's Library, all containing various parts of the work. These are independent of the 'Opus Minus' and 'Opus Tertium' in the Cottonian Library, already mentioned, of some in Lambeth Palace, in the Bodleian

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Library at Oxford, and a host of others at home and abroad which we cannot specify. The Dublin manuscript is the only entire one with which Dr. Jebb was acquainted. It is a folio of 249 leaves, beautifully written on thick paper, with a good margin, and in double columns. It is not dated, but from the character of the writing it is judged to be of the reign of Henry VIII., or perhaps the early part of that of Elizabeth. The geometrical figures are neatly drawn in the margin. Pope Clement's letters are in the Vatican Library.

It only remains for us to take a general view of the character of Roger Bacon's writings, and of the contents of the 'Opus Majus.' It is surprising how little is known of this work, the only one in print to which we can appeal, if we would show that philosophy was successfully cultivated in an English university during the thirteenth century. It is of course in Latin, but in Latin of so simple a character, that we know of none in the middle ages more easy to read: and it forms a brilliant exception to the stiff and barbarous style of that and succeeding times. We think we see the thoughts of the author untranslated, though the idiom is often that of an Anglo-Norman; by which we mean that we frequently find Latin words used in their modern English sense, as, for instance, *intendere* for *in animo habere*, meaning the same as our word to *intend; præsumere* for *sibi arrogare* in the sense of to *presume*. We should perhaps rather say that the English words receive their meaning from the corrupted Latin, and not *vice versâ*, in which case the work of Roger Bacon may become useful in tracing the change, and the more so on account of the great simplicity of the style.

The charge of heresy appears to be by no means so well founded as a Protestant would wish. Throughout the whole of his writings Bacon is a strict Roman Catholic, that is, he expressly submits matters of opinion to the authority of the Church, saying (Cott. MSS. cited by Jebb) that if the respect due to the vicar of the Saviour, "vicarius Salvatoris," alone, and the benefit of the world, could be consulted in any other way than by

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the progress of philosophy, he would not, under such impediments as lay in his way, proceed with his undertaking for the whole church of God, however much it might entreat or insist. His zeal for Christianity, in its Latin or Western form, breaks out in every page; and all science is considered with direct reference to theology, and not otherwise. But at the same time, to the credit of his principles, considering the book-burning, heretic-hunting age in which he lived, there is not a word of any other force except that of persuasion. He takes care to have both authority and reason for every proposition that he advances: perhaps, indeed, he might have experienced forbearance at the hand of those who were his persecutors, had he not so clearly made out prophets, apostles, and fathers to have been partakers of his opinions. "But let not your Serenity imagine," he says, "that I intend to excite the *clemency* of your Holiness, in order that the papal majesty should employ force against weak authors and the multitude, or that my unworthy self should raise any stumbling-block to study." Indeed the whole scope of the first part of the work is to prove, from authority and from reason, that philosophy and Christianity cannot disagree; a sentiment altogether of his own revival, in an age in which all philosophers, and mathematicians in particular, were considered as at best of dubious orthodoxy.

The reasoning of Bacon is generally directly dependent upon his premises, which, though often wrong, seldom lead him to the prevailing extreme of absurdity. Even his astrology and alchemy, those two great blots upon his character, as they are usually called, are, when considered by the side of a later age, harmless modifications, irrational only because unproved, and neither impossible nor unworthy of the investigation of a philosopher, in the absence of preceding experiments. His astrology is *physical*. "With regard to human affairs, true mathematicians do not presume to make certain, but consider how the body is altered by the heavens, and the body being altered, the mind is excited to public and private acts, free will existing all the same." An

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age which is divided upon the question of the effect of the moon upon lunatics, and of which the philosophers have collected no facts decisive against many alleged effects of the same planet upon plants, can ask no more of a philosopher of the thirteenth century than that he should not be too positive. The fame of Leibnitz has not suffered from the *pre-established harmony* one half as much as that of Bacon from his astrology and alchemy, which were believed in to a much greater extent by many of the learned of his time, and the united effect of which would seem to us sense and logic, compared with the metaphysical folly, all his own, of the eminent philosopher just cited.

This planetary influence appears to have been firmly believed in by Bacon, and in particular the effect of the constellations on the several parts of the human body. Perhaps he was rather prejudiced in favour of a doctrine which was condemned by the same men who thought mathematics and philosophy savoured of heresy. And it must be remembered that the pretended science was almost universally allowed existence, even by those who considered its use unlawful; nor can we infer that the church disbelieved it, because that body discouraged it, any more than that it rejected infernal spirits, because it anathematized magic.

We must draw a wide distinction between the things which Bacon relates as upon credible authority, and the opinions which he professes himself to entertain from his own investigations. In almost every page we meet with something now considered extremely absurd, and with reason. But before the day of *printing* there was very little *publishing:* a book which was written in one country, found its way but slowly into others, one copy at a time; and a man of learning seldom met those with whom he could discuss the probability of any narrative. The adoption of the principle that a story must be rejected because it is strange, would then have amounted to a disbelief of all that had been written on physics; a state of mind to which we cannot conceive any one of that age bringing himself. Nor can we rightly decide

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what opinion to form of Bacon as a philosopher, until we know how much he rejected, as well as how much he believed. These remarks apply particularly to his alchemy: he does not say he had made gold himself, but that others had asserted themselves to have made it; and his account of the drink by which men had lived hundreds of years is a relation taken from another. Voltaire, in his Philosophical Dictionary, has overlooked this distinction, and has much to say in consequence. It was, however, no very strange matter that Bacon, who (if the 'Speculum Alchemiæ' be really his, of which, from the style, we doubt) believed with many others that sulphur and mercury were the first principles of all bodies, should endeavour to compound gold, or should give credit to the assertions of those who professed to have done so. But there is not in Bacon's alchemy any direction for the use of prayers, fasting, or planetary hours.

The great points by which Bacon is known are his reputed knowledge of gunpowder and of the telescope. With regard to the former, it is not at all clear that what we call gunpowder is intended, though some detonating mixture, of which saltpetre is an ingredient, is spoken of as commonly known. The passage is as follows:—

"Some things disturb the ear so much, that if they were made to happen suddenly by night, and with sufficient skill, no city or army could bear them. No noise of thunder could compare with them. Some things strike terror on the sight, so that the flashes of the clouds are beyond comparison less disturbing; works similar to which Gideon is thought to have performed in the camp of the Midianites. And an instance we take from a childish amusement, which exists in many parts of the world, to wit, that with an instrument as large as the human thumb, by the violence of the salt called saltpetre, so horrible a noise is made by the rupture of so slight a thing as a bit of parchment, that it is thought to exceed loud thunder, and the flash is stronger than the brightest lightning."—*Opus Majus*, p. 474.

There are passages in the work 'De Secretis Operibus,' &c. (cited by Hutton, 'Dictionary,' article "Gun-

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powder"), which expressly mention sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre as ingredients. But, independently of the claim of the Chinese and Indians, there is an author, Marcus Græcus, whose work, 'Liber Ignium' (now existing only in Latin translations from the Greek), is cited by Dr. Jebb from a manuscript in the possession of Dr. Mead, and who appears to have been considered by both as older than Bacon. Dr. Hutton, into whose hands Dr. Mead's manuscripts passed, found this writer mentioned by an Arabic physician of the ninth century. Græcus gives the receipt for gunpowder, namely, one part of sulphur, two of willow-charcoal, and six of saltpetre. Two manuscript copies of Græcus were also found in the Royal Library of Paris. But it does not appear that Græcus was known for a long time after Bacon: even Tartaglia knew nothing of him; for he says, in his work on Artillery, that the oldest writers known to him use equal parts of the three ingredients.

With regard to the telescope, it must be admitted that Bacon had *conceived* the instrument, though there is no proof that he carried his conception into practice, or *invented* it. His words are these:—"We can so shape transparent substances, and so arrange them with respect to our sight and objects, that rays can be broken and bent as we please, so that objects may be seen far off or near, under whatever angle we please; and thus from an incredible distance we may read the smallest letters, and number the grains of dust and sand, on account of the greatness of the angle under which we see them; and we may manage so as hardly to see bodies, when near to us, on account of the smallness of the angle under which we cause them to be seen: for vision of this sort is not a consequence of distance, except as that affects the magnitude of the angle. And thus a boy may seem a giant, and a man a mountain, &c." The above contains a true description of a telescope; but if Bacon had constructed one, he would have found that there are impediments to the indefinite increase of the magnifying power; and still more that a boy does not appear a giant, but a boy at a smaller distance.

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That the remarks of Bacon are derived from reflection and imagination only, is further apparent from his asserting that a small army could be made to appear very large, and that the sun and moon could be made to descend, to all appearance, down below, and stand over the head of the enemy. At the same time it is worth notice, that these ideas of Bacon did, in after times, produce either the telescope, or some modification of it, consisting in the magnifying of images produced by reflection, and that before the date either of Jansen or Galileo. Thomas Digges, son of Leonard Digges, in his 'Stratiotikos,' London, 1590, page 359 (second edition, the first being 1579), thus speaks of what his father had done, in the presence, as he asserts, of numerous living eye-witnesses :—

"And such was his Felicitie and happie successe, not only in these conclusions, but also in y^e^ Optikes and Catoptikes, that he was able by Perspectiue Glasses, duely scituate upon conuenient angles, in such sort to discouer every particularitie of the country round about, wheresoeuer the Sunne beames might pearse: as sithence Archimedes (Bakon of Oxford onely excepted) I have not read of any in action euer able by means natural to perform the like. Which partly grew by the aid he had by one old written book of the same Bakon's Experiments, that by strange aduenture, or rather Destinie, came to his hands, though chiefely by conioyning continuall laborious Practise with his Mathematicall Studies."

And the same Thomas Digges, in his 'Pantometria,' London, 1571, Preface (republished in 1591), had previously given the same story, with more detail, omitting, however, all mention of Bacon. He says that his father —"sundrie times hath by proportionall Glasses duely situate in conuenient angles, not onely discouered things farre off, read letters, numbred peeces of money with the very coyne and superscription thereof, cast by some of his freends of purpose upon Downes in open Fields, but also seuen miles off declared what hath beene doone at that instant in priuate places. There are yet living diuerse (of these his dooings) *Oculati Testes.*"

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The question has been agitated whether the invention of spectacles is due to Bacon, or whether they had been introduced just before he wrote. He certainly describes them, and explains why a plane convex glass magnifies. But he seems to us to speak of them as already in use. "Hence this instrument is useful to old persons and those who have weak eyes."

The 'Opus Majus' begins with a book on the necessity of advancing knowledge, and a dissertation on the use of philosophy in theology. It is followed by books on the utility of grammar and mathematics; in the latter of which he runs through the various sciences of astronomy, chronology, geography, and music. The account of the inhabited world is long and curious, and though frequently based on that of Ptolemy, or the writings of Pliny, contains many new facts from travellers of his own and preceding times. His account of the defects in the calendar was variously cited in the discussions which took place on the subject two centuries after. The remainder of the work consists of a treatise on optics and on experimental philosophy, insisting on the peculiar advantages of the latter. The explanation of the phenomena of the rainbow, though very imperfect, was an original effort of a character altogether foreign to the philosophy of his day. He attributes it to the reflection of the sun's rays from the cloud; and the chief merit of his theory is in the clear and philosophical manner in which he proves that the phenomenon is an appearance, and not a reality. Between the two last-mentioned books is a treatise, 'De Multiplicatione Specierum,' entirely filled with discussions somewhat metaphysical upon the connexion and causes of phenomena.

Our limits will not allow us to enter further into details: nor could we, in any moderate space, do justice to the varied learning of the author, or distinctly mark even the chief of the numerous singular and now exploded notions which are introduced; nor, as far as we know, does there exist any full account of the contents to which we can refer the reader.

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The following amusing extract will show the sort of reputation which Roger Bacon acquired :—

" How Friar Bacon made a brazen head to speak, by the which he would have walled England about with brass.

" Friar Bacon reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himself how he might keep it hereafter from the like conquests, and to make himself famous hereafter to all posterities. This (after great study) he found could be no way so well done as one ; which was to make a head of brass, and if he could make this head to speak (and hear it when it speaks) then might he be able to wall all England about with brass. To this purpose he got one Friar Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholar and a magician (but not to be compared to Friar Bacon), these two, with great pains, so framed a head of brass that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a natural man's head : this being done, they were as far from perfection of the work as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speak. Many books they read, but yet could not find out any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attain to by their own studies. To do this they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a wood thereby, and, after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of conjuration, which the devil straight obeyed, and appeared unto them, asking what they would. Know, said Friar Bacon, that we have made an artificial head of brass, which we would have to speak, to the furtherance of which we have raised thee, and, being raised, we will here keep thee, unless thou tell to us the way and manner how to make this head to speak. The devil told him that he had not that power of himself. Beginner of lies, said Friar Bacon, I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else we will here bind thee to remain during our pleasures. At these threatenings the devil consented to do it, and told them, that with a

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continual fume of the six hottest simples it should have motion, and in one month's space speak, the time of the month or day he knew not: also he told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking all their labour should be lost; they, being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

"Then went these two learned friars home again, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fumes, and with continual watching attended when this brazen head would speak. Thus watched they for three weeks without any rest, so that they were so weary and sleepy that they could not any longer refrain from rest. Then called Friar Bacon his man Miles, and told him that it was not unknown to him what pains Friar Bungey and himself had taken for three weeks' space, only to make and to hear the brazen head speak, which, if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great loss thereby: therefore he intreated Miles that he would watch whilst that they slept, and call them if the head speak."

Miles then begins his watch, and keeps himself from sleeping by merrily singing.

"After some noise the head spake these two words, *Time is.* Miles, hearing it to speak no more, thought his master would be angry if he waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleep, and began to mock the head . . . . After half an hour had passed, the head did speak again two words, which were these, *Time was.* Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master . . . . Miles talked and sung till another half hour was gone, then the brazen head spake again these words, *Time is past*, and therewith fell down, and presently followed a terrible noise, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was half dead with fear. At this noise the two friars awaked, and wondered to see the whole room so full of smoke; but that being vanished they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieved, and called

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Miles to know how this came. Miles, half dead with fear, said that it fell down of itself, and that, with the noise and fire that followed, he was almost frighted out of his wits. Friar Bacon asked if he did not speak? Yes, quoth Miles, it spake, but to no purpose; I 'll have a parrot speak better in that time that you have been teaching this brazen head. Out on thee, villain, said Friar Bacon, thou hast undone us both: hadst thou but called us when it did speak, all England had been walled round about with brass, to its glory and our eternal fames. What were the words it spake? Very few, said Miles; and those were none of the wisest that I have heard, neither. First he said, Time is. Hadst thou called us then, said Friar Bacon, we had been made for ever. Then, said Miles, half an hour after it spake again, and said, Time was. And wouldst thou not call us then? said Bungey. Alas, said Miles, I thought he would have told me some long tale, and then I purposed to have called you: then after an hour after he cried, Time is past, and made such a noise that he hath waked you himself, methinks. At this Friar Bacon was in such a rage that he would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey; but, nevertheless, for his punishment he, with his art, struck him dumb for one whole month's space. Thus the great work of these learned friars was overthrown, to their great griefs, by this simple fellow."—From 'The Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon.'

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HENRY II. was succeeded on the English throne by his eldest surviving son, Richard I.; he by his younger brother John; he by his son Henry III.; he by his son the first and greatest of the Edwards. The reigns of these four kings fill the whole of the thirteenth century, with a few years of the end of the twelfth, and a few of the beginning of the fourteenth: Richard I. having reigned from 1189 to 1199; John from 1199 to 1216; Henry III. from 1216 to 1272; Edward I. from 1272 to 1307. Old Froissart observes that it was an opinion commonly entertained by Englishmen, and the truth of which had been often exemplified from the days of King Arthur, that between every two valiant kings of England there was most commonly one of less sufficiency both of wit and of prowess. How far this rule may have obtained in more antient times we shall not stop to inquire, but

EDWARD III.

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from the Norman Conquest it may be said to have held good, with but slight exception, for nearly four centuries and through a succession of more than a dozen sovereigns. From the Conqueror to Henry IV. inclusive, the only interruption to such a regular alternation of the good and the bad, or at least of the strong and the weak, had been the coming together of Henry II. and his son Richard I., followed by that of John and his son Henry III. Even here there was the balance of the two valiant kings against the two of less prowess and wisdom.

At any rate there can be no question about the old notion having proved true in the case of the first and second Edwards; for, as Froissart says, "the good King Edward the First was right valiant, sage, wise, and hardy, adventurous and fortunate in all feats of war, and had much ado against the Scots, and conquered them three or four times; for the Scots could never have victory nor endure against him: and after his decease his son of his first wife was crowned king and called Edward the Second, who resembled nothing to his father in wit nor in prowess, but governed and kept his realm right wildly, and ruled himself by sinister counsel of certain persons, whereby at length he had no profit nor laud; for, anon after he was crowned, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, who had often before given much ado to the said good King Edward the First, conquered again all Scotland, and brent and wasted a great part of the realm of England, a four or five days' journey within the realm, at two times, and discomfited the king and all the barons of England at a place in Scotland called Stirling, by battle arranged the day of St. John Baptist, in the year of our Lord 1314." And many other were the disasters and disgraces of Edward of Carnarvon's unhappy twenty years' reign, besides the loss of Scotland and the defeat and rout of Bannockburn.

On the 24th of January, 1308, about six months after his accession, Edward II. was married at Boulogne to Isabella, daughter of the French king, Philip IV. (surnamed le Bel, or the Fair); five kings in all, and four queens, including the bride and bridegroom, being

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present at the ceremony. Edward was in his twenty-fourth year; the French princess was only in her thirteenth, but was already famous as the greatest beauty in Europe. "One of the fairest ladies of the world," Froissart calls her. In tradition and history, however, she lives as little less than a beautiful demon. Never has beauty, never has a marriage been more fatal than hers was to herself, to her husband, to both their native lands. The radiant girl who now gave Edward her hand was in the end to deprive him of his crown and of his life; a long imprisonment of eight and twenty years was to be the dower of her own widowhood; and from their union was to spring a quarrel between their two countries, which it was to take nearly a century of bloodshed and desolation to fight out:—

"Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring;
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven!

He who was thus to prove "the scourge of heaven," to his mother's land and race was her eldest son Edward, born at Windsor Castle on Monday the 13th of December, 1312. Young Edward appears to have been known till near the end of his father's reign as Earl of Chester; he was summoned to parliament by that title in 1320, and in each of the four following years. In May, 1325, Isabella proceeded to France on the pretence of negotiating a treaty of peace between her husband and her brother Charles IV., the new king of that country; and in September following she was joined there by her son Edward, who with his father's consent set sail, splendidly attended, to be invested by the French king with the dutchy of Guienne and the earldom of Ponthieu, which his father had consented to resign to him. He did homage for the two fiefs, and received investiture; but, although he had promised his father to hasten his return,

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he remained abroad till the 24th of September of the next year, when he landed at Orwell in Suffolk with his mother, come, with her paramour Mortimer, to make open war upon her husband. The last instrument issued in the name of Edward II. was on the 20th of January, 1327; on the next day he is understood to have formally resigned his crown in the castle of Kenilworth to commissioners sent to him by the parliament; his son was proclaimed as Edward the Third on Saturday the 24th. His reign, however, for some reason which is not known, was reckoned as having commenced on the 25th. His father is supposed to have been murdered in his dungeon in Berkeley Castle on the 21st of September.

The new king, a boy of fourteen when he was thus raised to the throne, was of course at first king only in name, and all power and authority were in the hands of his mother and Mortimer. He was marvellously alert, however, in assuming manhood in various ways. If he was not allowed any share in the government of the country, he was thought already old enough both to rule an army and to rule a wife. Within a few months after his accession, he put himself at the head of a great force, and went forth to fight the Scots; and in the beginning of the next year he was married at York to Philippa, the second daughter of William Count of Hainault, to whom he had been contracted by his mother shortly before their return from the continent.

Edward's first campaign, however, must detain us for a little; for the incidents were both remarkable in themselves, and they have been recorded in much detail by the writer to whom we must be principally indebted throughout our sketch. Froissart, indeed, is not so much a great historian as a great historical painter—the greatest that ever painted in words. He is extremely inaccurate in dates and names, and other such prosaic matters, and even in his own proper line he may be suspected of having sometimes intermixed a little fancy with his facts; yet he may be always trusted, better than almost any other writer, for what is after all the most important truth, the characteristic spirit or inner life of what he

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describes; and even in this part of his chronicle, which relates to events that happened before he was born, and in which therefore he writes to a greater extent than in the latter portions of it from report, he has thrown in much of what he had actually seen along with what he had only heard, and, if the sketching be in so far a copy, the colouring at least is his own. The account of the demonstration (for it was hardly more) which Edward made on the northern border is a great deal too long to be extracted in full; but we will select some of the more striking incidents, or those in which the young English king figures the most conspicuously. As we abridge the narrative, we will retain as much as possible of our author's style and manner, adhering for the most part to the excellent old English translation by Lord Berners.

When Robert de Bruce, King of Scotland, we are told, heard how that the old king, Edward the Second, was taken and deposed down from his regality and his crown, and certain of his counsellors beheaded and put to destruction, then, although he was himself become very old and ancient, and sick (as it was said) of the great evil and malady, he bethought him that he would defy the young king, Edward the Third, because he was young, and that the barons of the realm were not all of one accord, as it was said. So about Easter, 1327, he sent his defiance to the young Edward and to all the realm, sending them word how that he would enter into the realm of England, and bren before him, as he had done before time. When the King of England and his council perceived that they were defied, they caused it to be known all over the realm; and commanded that all the nobles, and all other, should be ready apparelled, every man after his estate; and that they should be, by Ascension-day next after, at the town of York, standing northward. An embassy was sent to Sir John of Hainault, lord of Beamond, by which his assistance was obtained with a body of foreigners for the sum of fourteen thousand pounds. This was a brother of the Earl of Hainault, who had the preceding year accompanied Queen Isabella

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on her expedition to England, and had only recently returned to his own country. He and his men of war now landed at Dover, whence they rode straight to the town of York, where the king, and the queen his mother, and all his lords, with a great host, were tarrying their coming. They arrived at York within three days of Pentecost. The English were lodged two or three leagues off, all about in the country; the foreigners in the suburbs of the city, an abbey of monks being assigned to Sir John for himself and his household. Then the narrative proceeds:—"The gentle King of England, the better to feast these strange lords and all their company, held a great court on Trinity Sunday in the Friars, where he and the queen his mother were lodged, keeping their house each of them apart. All this feast the king had well five hundred knights, and fifteen were new made. And the queen had well in her court sixty ladies and damozelles, who were there ready to make feast and cheer to Sir John of Hainault and to his company. There might have been seen great nobles, plenty of all manner of strange victual. There were ladies and damoselles, freshly apparelled, ready to have danced if they might have leave. But incontinent after dinner there began a great fray between some of the grooms and pages of the strangers and of the archers of England, who were lodged among them in the same suburbs; and anon all the archers assembled them together with their bows, and drove the strangers home to their lodging; and the most part of the knights and masters of them were as yet in the king's court, but, as soon as they heard tidings of the fray, each of them drew to their own lodging, in great haste such as might enter, and such as might not get in were in great peril. For the archers, who were to the number of three thousand, shot fast their arrows, not sparing masters nor varlets. . . . And the Englishmen that were hosts to these strangers shut fast their doors and windows, and would not suffer them to enter in to their lodgings: howbeit some got in on the back side, and quickly armed them, but they durst not issue out into the street for fear of the arrows. Then

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the strangers broke out on the back side, and brake down pales and hedges of gardens, and drew them into a certain plain place, and abode their company, till at last they were a hundred and above of men of arms, and as many unharnessed, such as could not get to their lodgings. And, when they were assembled together, they hasted them to go and succour their companions, who defended their lodgings in the great street." At the lodging of the Lord D'Enghien, where there were great gates both before and behind, opening into the great street, the English archers were shooting fiercely at the house, and many of the foreigners were hurt; but three good knights, whose names are given, although they could not get into their lodgings to arm them, yet did as valiantly as though they had been armed. "They had great levers in their hands, the which they found in a carpenter's yard, with the which they gave such strokes that men durst not approach to them. They three beat down that day, with such few company as they had, mo than sixty. For they were great and mighty knights." In the end the English archers were discomfited and put to the rout, after about three hundred men had been slain on both sides. "I trow," concludes the hearty old chronicler, "God did never give more grace and fortune to any people than he did as then to this gentle knight, Sir John of Hainault, and to his company. For these English archers intended to none other thing but to murder and to rob them, for all that they were come to serve the king in his business. These strangers were never in so great peril all the season that they lay, nor they were never after in surety till they were again at Wissant in their own country. For they were fallen in so great hate with all the archers of the host, that some of the barons and knights of England showed unto the lords of Hainault, giving them warning that the archers and other of the common people were allied together to the number of six thousand, to the intent to bren or to kill them in their lodgings, either by night or by day. And so they lived at a hard adventure; but each of them promised to help and aid other, and to

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sell dearly their lives or they were slain. So they made many fair ordinances among themself by good and great advice; whereby they were fain oftentimes to lie in their harness by night, and in the day to keep their lodgings, and to have all their harness ready and their horses saddled. Thus continually they were fain to make watch by their constables in the fields and high-ways about the court, and to send out scout-watches a mile off, to see ever if any such people were coming to themward as they were informed of, to the intent that, if their scout-watch heard any noise, or moving of people drawing to the cityward, then, incontinent, they should give them knowledge, whereby they might the sooner gather together, each of them under their own banner, in a certain place, the which they had advised for the same intent. And in this tribulation they abode in the said suburbs by the space of four weeks, and in all that season they durst not go far fro their harness, nor fro their lodgings, saving a certain of the chief lords among them, who went to the court to see the king and his council, who made them right good cheer. For, if the said evil adventure had not been, they had sojourned there in great ease, for the city and the country about them was right plentiful. For, all the time of six weeks that the king and the lords of England, and mo than sixty thousand men of war, lay there, the victuals were never the dearer; for ever they had a penny worth for a penny, as well as other had before they came there; and there was good wine of Gascoign, and of Anjou, and of the Rhine, and plenty thereof; with right good cheap, as well of pollen* as of other victuals; and there was daily brought before their lodgings hay, oats, and litter, whereof they were well served for their horses, and at a meetly† price."

How admirably in this way does the garrulous, graphic, picturesque old chronicler bring before us England and the English five hundred years ago! Immediately after we have an equally curious picture of the Scots, and how they went to war, no doubt drawn or at least filled up

* Poultry. † Meet, fit, reasonable.

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from Froissart's own observation when he visited the northern part of the island some years later. About four weeks after the fray at York, the army set out and marched forward to the city of Durham, "a day's journey within the country called Northumberland, the which at that time was a savage and a wild country, full of deserts and mountains, and a right poor country of everything saving of beasts; through the which there runneth a river, full of flint and great stones, called the water of Tyne." It was now found that the Scots had effected the passage of the Tyne without being noticed. They had passed at Haydon, about fifteen miles above Newcastle. "These Scottish men," says Froissart, "are right hardy, and sore travelling in harness and in wars. For, when they will enter into England, within a day and a night they will drive their whole host twenty-four mile, for they are all on horseback, without it be the traundals and laggers of the host, who follow after a-foot. The knights and squires are well horsed, and the common people and other on little hackneys and geldings; and they carry with them no carts nor chariots, for the diversities of the mountains that they must pass through in the country of Northumberland. They take with them no purveyance of bread nor wine, for their usage and soberness is such in time of war that they will pass in the journey a great long time with flesh half sodden, without bread, and drink of the river water without wine; and they neither care for pots nor pans, for they seethe beasts in their own skins. They are ever sure to find plenty of beasts in the country that they will pass through. Therefore they carry with them none other purveyance, but on their horse, between the saddle and the panel, they truss a broad plate of metal, and behind the saddle they will have a little sack full of oatmeal, to the intent that, when they have eaten of the sodden flesh, then they lay this plate on the fire, and temper a little of the oatmeal; and, when the plate is hot, they cast of the thin paste thereon, and so make a little cake, in manner of a cracknel or biscuit, and that they eat to comfort withal their stomachs. Wherefore it is no great marvel

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though they make greater journeys than other people do. And in this manner were the Scots entered into the said country, and wasted and brent all about as they went, and took great number of beasts. They were to the number of four thousand men of arms, knights, and squires, mounted on good horses; and other ten thousand men of war were armed after their guise, right hardy and fierce, mounted on little hackneys, the which were never tied nor kept at hard meat, but let go to pasture in the fields and bushes."

The account that follows of the movements and counter-movements of the two hosts is one of the most curious and characteristic passages in Froissart, and a pretty full abstract of it will introduce the reader better than can be done in any other way both to Edward and his historian, and to at least one leading department of life in England in the fourteenth century.

The English, infuriated by what they saw and heard of the devastations of the invaders, followed them for two whole days by the guidance of the smoke that marked their destructive course; but, although they were wasting, burning, and pillaging only five miles ahead, they could not be overtaken. It was then determined to make for the Tyne, and, crossing that river, to wait on its northern bank for the return of the Scots. The march or ride is described as in the highest degree toilsome and dangerous, many men and horses being lost among the mountains, rocks, and marshes, and through the continual alarms that were occasioned by the shouting of those that were foremost at the harts, hinds, and other savage beasts, they were continually starting, when those in the rear thought they had got engaged with the enemy, upon which they hastened to their assistance over all impediments, "with helm and shield ready appareled to fight, with spear and sword ready in hand, without tarrying for father, brother, or companion." "Thus," continues the chronicler, "rode forth all that day the young King of England, by mountains and depths, without finding any highway, town, or village. And, when it was against night, they came to the river of Tyne, to the

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same place whereas the Scots had passed over into England, weening to them that they must needs repass again the same way. Then the King of England and his host passed over the same river, with such guides as he had, with much pain and travail, for the passage was full of great stones. And, when they were over, they lodged them that night by the river side. And by that time the sun was gone to rest, and there was but few among them that had either axe or hook, or any instrument to cut down any wood to make their lodgings withal; and there were many that had lost their own company, and wist not where they were. Some of the foot-men were far behind, and wist not well what way to take; but such as knew best the country said plainly they had ridden the same day twenty-four English miles; for they rode as fast as they might, without any rest, but at such passages as they could not choose. All this night they lay by this river side, still in their harness, holding their horses by their reins in their hands, for they wist not whereunto to tie them: thus their horses did eat no meat of all that night nor day before; they had neither oats nor forage for them: nor the people of the host had no sustenance of all that day nor night, but every man his loaf that he had carried behind him, the which was sore wet with the sweat of the horses; nor they drank none other drink but the water of the river, without it were some of the lords that had carried bottles with them; nor they had no fire nor light, for they had nothing to make light withal, without it were some of the lords that had torches brought with them. In this great trouble and danger they passed all that night; their armour still on their backs, their horses ready saddled." All the next day it rained so that neither sustenance nor forage could be procured, so that they themselves were forced to fast; and their horses had nothing but leaves of trees and herbs. About noon they learned from some country people that they were fourteen miles from Newcastle and eleven from Carlisle, and that these were the nearest towns. Upon this it was determined to send to New-'stle; and there was a cry, we are told, in the king's

name made in that town, that whosoever would bring bread, or wine, or any other victual, should be paid for it forthwith at a good price; it being at the same time proclaimed that the king and his host would not depart from the place where they were till they had heard some tidings of the enemy's whereabout. By the next day at noon the purveyors returned with what they had been able to procure in this way: it was not over much. But "with them," it is added, "came other folks of the country, with little nags, charged with bread, evil baken, in paniers, and small pear wine in barrels, and other victual, to sell in the host, whereby great part of the host were well refreshed and eased." In this state they remained for eight days, including the three in which they had been in a manner without bread, wine, candle or other light, fodder, forage, or any manner of purveyance; the scarcity even after this being still so great that a penny loaf of bread was sold for sixpence, and a gallon of wine, that was worth but sixpence, for six groats. "And yet, for all that, there was such rage of famine, that each took victuals out of other's hands, whereby there rose divers battles and strifes between sundry companions; and yet beside all these mischiefs it never ceased to rain all the whole week, whereby their saddles, panels, and countersingles were all rotten and broken, and most part of their horses hurt on their backs; nor they had naught wherewith to shoe them that were unshod, nor they had nothing to cover themself withal from the rain and cold, but green bushes and their armour; nor they had nothing to make fire withal, but green boughs, the which would not burn because of the rain." All this while they had heard nothing of the enemy; discontent began to spread in the camp; it was determined to repass the river, and proclamation was made that whosoever should first bring to the king certain information of where the Scots were should be made a knight and have land to the value of a hundred pounds a year settled upon him and his heirs for ever. On the fourth day, about three in the afternoon, a squire, one of fifteen or sixteen who had set forth in the hope of winning this reward,

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came riding at a quick pace up to the king, and, beginning, "An it like your grace, I have brought you perfect tidings of the Scots your enemies," stated that he had actually been taken prisoner by them, and brought before the lords of their host, who, when he told them his object, had dismissed him without ransom, that he might inform Edward that they were only three miles off, stationed on a great mountain, and as desirous to find and fight with the English as the English could be to meet with them. The name of the lucky squire was Thomas de Rokesby. "As soon," continues our author, "as the king had heard this tidings, he assembled all his host in a fair meadow to pasture their horses; and besides there was a little abbey, the which was all brent, called in the days of King Arthur, Le Blanch Land. There the king confessed him, and every man made him ready. The king caused many masses to be sung, to houzel all such as had devotion thereto; and incontinent he assigned a hundred pounds sterling of rent to the squire that had brought him tidings of the Scots, according to his promise, and made him knight with his own hands before all the host. And, when they had well rested them,* and taken repast, then the trumpet sounded to horse, and every man mounted, and the banners and standers† followed this new-made knight, every battle by itself in good order, through mountains and dales, ranged as well as they might, ever ready appareled to fight; and they rode and made such haste that about noon they were so near the Scots that each of them might clearly see other." The Scots were posted in three battles, or divisions, on the lower part of the hill, with a rocky river at their feet, and precipitous rocks on each flank. This new river was the higher part of the Wear, and the Scots were on its right or south bank, not far from Stanhope. The English commanders immediately drew up their forces on their own or the north side. "And when their battles were set in good order, then some of the lords of England brought their young king a horseback before all the battles of the

* For the night, apparently. † Standards.

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host, to the intent to give thereby the more courage to all his people; the which king in full goodly manner prayed and required them right graciously that every man would pain them to do their best, to save his honour and common weal of his realm. And it was commanded upon pain of death, that none should go before the marshals' banners, nor break their array, without they were commanded. And then the king commanded that they should advance toward their enemies fair and easily." The Scots, however, though formally invited by a deputation of heralds-at-arms to come down from their vantage ground, and have the battle fought fairly in the plain, either that or the following day, as they might themselves choose, wisely refused to stir. "Sirs," they answered, "your king and his lords see well how we be here in this realm, and have brent and wasted the country as we have passed through; and, if they be displeased therewith, let them amend it when they will, for here we will abide so long as it shall please us." On this it was resolved by the English to remain where they were all that night. It was the night of St. Peter's day, in the beginning of August. They lay in their arms on the hard and stony ground. "They had no stakes nor rods," continues Froissart, "to tie withal their horses, nor forage, nor bush withal to make any fire. And when they were thus lodged, then the Scots caused some of their people to keep still the field whereas they had ordained their battles, and the remnant went to their lodgings, and they made such fires that it was marvel to behold. And between the day and the night they made a marvellous great bruit with blowing of horns all at once, that it seemed properly that all the devils of hell had been there." This mere show and bravado was repeated on both sides for three days, all the fighting being a little skirmishing between small parties that occasionally came forth from either army, and crossed the stream, some on horseback, some on foot; and the English, who learned from their prisoners that the Scots, though they had plenty of beef, were run short of meal, had made up their minds to remain till

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famine should force their cautious and unassailable enemy either to fight or surrender. But behold! on the morning of the fourth day, when they looked at the mountain, no Scots were to be seen; they had quietly made off in the middle of the night. About noon, however, they were discovered not far off, upon another mountain, in a still stronger position, by the same river side, having now a great wood on one of their flanks, enabling them to go and come secretly whenever they chose. The English immediately took their station on an eminence over against them,—in Stanhope Park, according to the common account; the enemy were again repeatedly invited to come over and fight fairly in the intermediate plain; but they were deaf to all such proposals; and thus the two hosts remained looking at one another for the long space of eighteen more days. The first night, however, the Lord William Douglas, taking with him about two hundred men of arms, crossed the river at a distant point, and suddenly breaking into the English host about midnight, with the cry of "A Douglas! A Douglas! ye shall all die, thieves of England!" slew or carried off no fewer than three hundred men: the gallant leader spurring on, and still alarming the night with his family battle-cry, had even advanced to the king's tent, two or three of the cords of which he struck asunder before he was driven off. This surprise made the English afterwards keep strict watch and ward. At last the Scots again made their escape during the night; and it was determined to pursue them no farther. The young king is said to have wept bitterly in yielding to this necessity. Before they commenced their retreat, or their return to the south, "diverse of the English host," we are told, mounted on their horses and passed over the river, and came to the mountain whereas the Scots had been, and there they found mo than five hundred great beasts ready slain, because the Scots could not drive them before their host, and because that the English men should have but small profit of them; also there they found three hundred cauldrons made of beasts' skins, with the hair still on them, strained on stakes over

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the fire, full of water and full of flesh to be sodden, and more than a thousand spits* full of flesh to be roasted; and more than ten thousand old shoes made of raw leather, with the hair still on them, the which the Scots had left behind them; also there they found five poor Englishmen prisoners bound fast to certain trees, and some of their legs broken." On the second day about noon the English army, well nigh worn out with fatigue, reached a great abbey two miles from Durham; on the morrow the king went forward to that city, and visited the venerable old cathedral and made his offering; and here every man found his carriage which he had left thirty-two days before in a wood at midnight, when they first started in pursuit of the Scots. "The burgesses and people of Durham had found and brought them into their town at their own costs and charges. And all these carriages were set in void granges and barns in safeguard, and on every man's carriage his own cognizance or arms, whereby every man might know his own. And the lords and gentlemen were glad when they had thus found their carriages. Thus they abode two days in the city of Durham, and the host roundabout, for they could not all lodge within the city; and there their horses were new shod. And then they took their way to the city of York; and so within three days they came thither, and there the king found the queen his mother, who received him with great joy, and so did all other ladies, damozelles, burgesses, and commons of the city."

Before the end of the year a peace was made with Scotland; and in a parliament assembled at York in March following, Edward renounced for himself and his successors all claims of superiority over the crown of that country; and shortly after, his sister the Princess Jane or Joanna (called De la Tour, from having been born in the Tower of London) was carried to Berwick by her mother, and there affianced to David, the Prince of Scotland, as yet only in his fifth year. The great Bruce died within a year after (on the 7th of July, 1329),

* Lord Hailes says the French term, *kastiers*, means stands on each of which several spits were turned.

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and was succeeded by his infant son as David the Second; about two years after whose accession Edward Baliol made a sudden inroad into the country, and got himself crowned at Scone, but was driven out again in a few weeks. In a second invasion, however, in the following year, 1333, in which he was assisted by the English king, the Scots were defeated by Edward, on the 19th of July, in the great battle of Halidon Hill, near Berwick; upon which that town was forced to surrender, nearly every other stronghold in the kingdom immediately followed its example, and the young King David took refuge in France. Baliol, however, whom these events had again seated on the throne, was again driven out within a year; the war was carried on for some years, in the course of which Edward once, in the summer of 1336, proceeded as far north as to Inverness, carrying fire and sword wherever he appeared; but no permanent occupation or subjugation could be effected; as soon as the English army disappeared the Scots were again in arms; in May 1341 David and his queen returned from France; and at last, in the beginning of 1343, a truce was concluded which left the two countries at peace for nearly four years.

But long before this time a great domestic revolution had changed every thing at the court of England. The arrogance of Isabella and Mortimer, who had early in the new reign been created Earl of March, and the general conviction of their criminal intimacy, had very soon begun to disgust the nation; and the alarm of a powerful party had been excited by the condemnation and execution, in the beginning of 1330, of Edmund earl of Kent, one of the king's uncles, on pretence of high treason, his real crime being, as was universally believed, that he was hated and dreaded by the favourite. Even Edward himself, now eighteen, was staggered by after-reflection upon this act, though he had been induced, in the persuasion of the earl's guilt, to give his consent to it at the time. Already married, too, and a father, for his son Edward, afterwards so famous as the Black Prince, had been born at Woodstock on the 15th of June,

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1330, he no doubt felt the state of tutelage, or at least of exclusion from all share in the government, in which he was kept by his mother and Mortimer, every day more galling. It is said that the king confided his feelings to the Lord Montacute; and by his advice it was resolved to make an attempt to seize Mortimer at a parliament which was to be held at Nottingham in October. At this parliament the favourite appeared "in such glory and honour," says Stow, "that it was without all comparison. No man durst name him any other than Earl of March; a greater rout of men followed at his heels than on the king's person; he would suffer the king to rise to him, and would walk with the king equally, step by step and cheek by cheek, never preferring the king, but would go foremost himself with his officers." While he took up his own lodgings with the queen and her son in Nottingham Castle, he directed that the highest of the other nobility, including the king's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, should be lodged in the most distant parts of the town or without it. The conspirators, however, opened their design to Sir William Eland, who had long been keeper of the castle; and he engaged to admit them during the night by a subterraneous passage, leading from a point at a considerable distance on the west side of the rock, of the existence of which Mortimer was not aware. On the night of the 19th of October, accordingly, having concerted their plans with the king, Montacute and his associates entered by this passage. They were joined by Edward on the principal staircase. Advancing in silence, and with their naked swords in their hands, they soon came to a room, where the voice of Mortimer was heard conversing. Leaving the king without, they rushed in, and slaying two knights, who endeavoured to oppose them, laid hold of the earl. The queen, who was in bed in the adjoining chamber, the door of which was open, cried out "Bel filz, Bel filz, Ayez pitié de gentil Mortimer" (Fair son, fair son, have pity upon gentle Mortimer); she then rose, and, rushing into the room, passionately exclaimed that he was a worthy knight, her well-beloved cousin,

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her dearest friend; but he was quickly secured and hurried off. At a parliament held at Westminster about a month after, he was condemned, with little form of trial, to die the death of a traitor; and he and one of his confederates were hanged together at the Elms at Tyburn, on the 29th of November. "He hung," Stow tells us, "two days and two nights by the king's commandment, and then was buried in the Grey Friars' Church," now Christ's Hospital, in Newgate Street. Yet Mortimer's attainder was reversed in 1352, and his honours restored to his grandson; his great-granddaughter married Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III.; his great-great-granddaughter and ultimately sole heir, Ann Mortimer, by her marriage with Richard Plantagenet Earl of Cambridge, conveyed her right to the crown thence derived to the House of York; her grandson mounted the throne as Edward IV.; and it has been occupied ever since the death of Henry VII. by her descendants. As for Queen Isabella, she was, upon her fall from power, reduced to an income of 3000*l.* a year (which was afterwards increased to 4000*l.*), and ordered to confine herself in what some authorities call her manor of Risings near London, others Rising Castle, on the coast of Norfolk, where once a year her son paid her a visit of ceremony, and where she survived almost forgotten by the world for nearly eight and twenty years. She died on the 22nd of August, 1358, and was then buried in the choir of the same church of the Grey Friars where the body of Mortimer had been laid.

In 1328, an event occurred which suddenly gave a new direction to the exertions and ambition of the English king, and changed altogether the policy of the remainder of his reign. Hitherto, the object that may be said to have mainly occupied him had been that inherited from his father and his grandfather, the subjugation of Scotland; his efforts were now to be withdrawn to a much more extraordinary, daring, and magnificent scheme, that of the conquest of France. Upon this attempt he adventured on the strength of a right which he professed to derive through his mother. Isabella, it will be recol-

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lected, was the daughter of the French king Philip IV. Philip died in 1314, and was succeeded by his eldest son Louis X. (styled Le Hutin, or the Quarrelsome). Louis died in 1316, and was in the first instance succeeded by a posthumous son, named John, who, however, as he lived only a few days, is not usually reckoned among the kings of France. It was then determined, for the first time, that the French crown, by what was called the Salic law, did not descend to females; and, to the exclusion of the daughter of Louis, Joanna, Countess of Evreux, afterwards Queen of Navarre, his brother became king as Philip V. (surnamed the Long). In like manner, when Philip died in 1322, although he left four daughters, he was succeeded by his next brother, Charles IV. (styled Le Bel, or the Fair). The event which happened in 1328, and which we have described as having been attended with important consequences both to France and to England, was the death of Charles IV. He also left two daughters, but no son. In these circumstances, according to the two last precedents, it seemed that the heir to the crown was to be sought for in the nearest male who could claim through an unbroken male descent; the principle apparently being, as in other cases in which male descent only was recognised, that females should be regarded as nullities, or should not be introduced into the genealogical tree at all. The individual thus circumstanced was indisputably Philip of Valois, whose father, Charles of Valois, was the second son of Philip III. (the Hardy), and the younger brother of Philip IV. (the Fair). Against his right, however, Edward III. set up a principle or rule of succession which was at least new. He admitted that females were excluded from actually reigning in France, otherwise the Queen of Navarre would have succeeded her father Louis X., and would have excluded not only both himself and his present competitor, but also the two last kings, Philip V. and Charles IV. But he contended that, although females could not be called to the throne themselves, they nevertheless conveyed a right of succession to their male descendants; and that he therefore,

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as the grandson, through his mother, of Philip IV., had a preferable claim to Philip of Valois, who was only the grandson of Philip III. If this had been the whole case, Edward's pretensions might have had some plausibility; it might have been conceived and understood how, in conformity with the general principles of feudalism, a female, though excluded in her own person from a certain office or possession, might still serve as a link for transmitting a right to it to her male descendant. She might be held only as it were to step aside and allow him to take her place in a function which her sex was deemed to disqualify her from discharging. But the real weakness and inadmissibility of Edward's claim lay in the necessity he was under of qualifying this principle upon which he founded it by a limitation entirely opposed to the genius and spirit of the feudal system, and which would have made the law of descent a self-contradictory mass of confusion and absurdity. For, if a female universally might transmit a right which she could not herself exercise or enjoy to her male descendant, then in the present case, before Edward, who was the grandson, through a female, of Philip IV., would come all the existing and possible male descendants of the three subsequent kings, Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IV., all of whom left daughters, though no sons. To this conclusion the principle upon which Edward took his stand, stated broadly and without limitation, would incontrovertibly have led. He therefore drew an ingenious distinction, and maintained his own right as the son of the daughter of Philip IV. to be preferable to that of the son of any daughter of any of the kings that had since reigned, on the ground that he alone had been born in the lifetime of his grandfather. The novelty and gratuitous nature of this assumption would alone have formed its sufficient answer and refutation. But it was fraught with the most absurd and inconvenient consequences. If there be one principle which more than another may be said to belong to the essence of the feudal system of descent, it is that the position and rights of a line in relation to other lines are not to

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be affected by the date of the birth of any individual forming a link of it. Thus, no priority of birth can enable a nephew to come in before a son. So absolutely does this principle operate, that, even if there be no son in existence at the time of the death of a married man, his next relation does not inherit, or only inherits conditionally, till the time has passed within which it is possible that his widow should bring him a son. We had an instance in the case of the descent of the English crown on the death of the late king, William IV., when the present queen assumed the government at first only as it were provisionally, or with reservation of the rights of any possible unborn cousin. But the claim set up to the crown of France by Edward III., on the death of Charles IV., would have contravened this essential principle in the most flagrant and wholesale manner. It would have excluded in his favour more than half a dozen lines, all otherwise entitled to come in before that to which he belonged—those, namely, of the descendants, actual or possible, of the two daughters of Charles IV., of the four daughters of Philip V., and of the daughter of Louis X., all of which kings had reigned since his ancestor Philip IV. And this transposition it would have made permanently; these seven lines would all have been extruded out of their proper places by his for ever, or at any rate until some one of them, possibly the last of all, should be again suddenly lifted over the heads of all the rest, and made the first, by the operation of the same strange principle which Edward contended had now produced that effect in his favour.

Strange as were the principles or grounds upon which Edward advanced his claim to the French crown, his means of enforcing it seemed at least proportionally inadequate, and his chances of success still more slight and visionary. It was not a case of the heads of two great national parties, dividing between them the adherence and support of the community. Edward had no party in France; the kingdom the succession to which was disputed was wholly with his opponent. The English crown had even been stripped in the course of the last

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century and a half of the greater part of the territories which it anciently possessed in France. Bretagne, Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine had all been wrested from it in the disastrous reign of John; and the loss of Poitou had followed in that of his equally unfortunate son Henry III. Of all the vast continental possessions of that great king the second Henry, there remained only the Duchy of Aquitaine or Guienne; and even that had fallen more than once into the hands of the French monarchs, and the prevalent popular feeling was probably already more French than English. Edward's bold project, therefore, was nothing less than to effect the conquest of France by the sole force of England; and that, too, while he had already upon his hands the war with Scotland, the object of which was also the subjugation of that kingdom, and the annexation of its crown to his own. The latter scheme, indeed, he found himself obliged to abandon soon after he had involved himself in his contest with France. But Scotland continued, nevertheless, for a time to divide his attention, if not his ambition; and at least, it may be said, to occupy his left arm.

Strangest of all was the measure of success he attained. In September, 1339, he entered France from Flanders, with a small army of fifteen thousand men, and immediately proceeded to lay waste the country. In January following, by the advice of his ally Jacob von Artaveldt, the famous brewer of Ghent, and leader of the democratic interest in Flanders, he publicly assumed the title of King of France, and quartered the French lilies with the English lions. On the 24th of June, 1340, he obtained a great naval victory over the fleet of Philip off Blakenberg. Hostilities were then for some time suspended: but arms were resumed in the summer of 1345 with much more formidable preparations on both sides. On the 26th of August, 1346, was won the ever memorable victory of Creci by seven or eight thousand English from a hundred or a hundred and twenty thousand French, in which eighty of the enemy's banners were captured, while in the carnage of that and the following

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day above thirty thousand of them were slain, including twelve hundred knights and eleven persons of princely rank, among the rest the aged John, King of Bohemia, from whom the Princes of Wales are said, though doubts have been lately cast upon the old story, to have borrowed their plume of three ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich dien* (I serve). The young Prince of Wales, called the Black Prince from the colour of his armour, shared, at any rate, among the foremost, boy as he was (he had just entered his fifteenth year), in the peril and glory of the day. Assisted by the Earls of Warwick and Oxford, he commanded the first division of the little army which bore the brunt of the battle. The king himself remained with the reserve. Pressed by the multitude of the enemy, "they with the prince," says Froissart, "sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king, Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado. Then the king said, Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth felled? No, Sir, quoth the knight; but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid. Well, said the king, return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive; and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for, if God be pleased, I will this journey* be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him." The king's answer, when it was brought to them, only gave new life and courage to the heroic combatants. "This Saturday," the old chronicler further writes, "the Englishmen never departed fro their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themself against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about even-

* Day.

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song time. On this Saturday, when the night was come, and that the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themself to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain, and fled away. Then they made great fires, and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the king availed * down from the little hill whereas he stood, and of all that day then his helm came never off on his head. Then he went with all his battle to his son the prince, and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said, Fair son, God give you good perseverance: ye are my good son: thus ye have acquitted you nobly: ye are worthy to keep a realm. The prince inclined himself to the earth, honouring the king his father. This night they thanked God for their good adventure, and made no boast thereof; for the king would that no man should be proud, or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God." As for Philip of Valois, he had only been able to escape with his life from this disastrous field. "In the evening," says Froissart, "the French king, who had left about him no mo than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king, Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lese † not yourself wilfully; if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season. And so he took the king's horse by the bridle, and led him away in a manner per force. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of La Broyes; the gate was closed, because it was by this time dark. Then the king called the captain, who came to the walls, and said, Who is it that calleth there this time of night? Then the king said, Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France. The captain knew that it was the king, and opened the gate, and let down the bridge. Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beauvieu, the Lord Daubigny, and the Lord

* Descended † Lose, ruin.

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of Montford. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight; and so rode by such guides as knew the country, till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested."

Within two months after the defeat and rout of the French at Creci, another great victory broke the power of the Scots. As soon as King David found Edward fairly engaged in his continental war, he made preparations for crossing the borders. Setting out from Perth at the head of an army of three thousand men-at-arms, and thirty thousand others mounted on hackneys, he advanced by Edinburgh and Roxburgh, entered Cumberland, took the pile, or castle, of Liddel, and then, burning and wasting as he passed, directed his course into the bishopric. The energetic English king allowed no one of his family to be idle, any more than himself, and seems to have made it a principle to accustom his sons at the earliest possible age to at least the consciousness of the duties of their high position, and the sense if not the actual exercise of authority and power; he had left the nominal guardianship of the kingdom in the hands of his second son Lionel, a boy only eight years old; the actual charge and direction of affairs he had intrusted to his queen, the admirable Philippa. In those days, when the chivalrous spirit was at its height, heroism was the virtue of both sexes, as well as of all classes; a few years before this, the principal military personage that had figured in a war for the possession of the duchy of Bretagne was the famous Jane, Countess de Montfort; while her husband, one of the rival claimants, lay fast bound in a French prison, she took what would have been his place in the command of fortresses, at the head of armies, and in the thick of battles;* and now Queen

* When besieged in Hennebon by Charles of Blois, "the Countess herself," says Froissart, "ware harness on her body, and rode on a great courser fro street to street, desiring her people to make good defence; and she caused damozelles and other women to cut short their kirtles, and to carry stones, and pots full of chalk, to the walls, to be cast down to their enemies. This lady did there an hardy enter-

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Philippa was to do the same thing in the absence of Edward. The English force that had been hurriedly assembled to meet the Scots amounted to a body of fifteen or sixteen thousand men, and a considerable part of it was composed of the clergy of the northern counties—the class of persons that could be most easily spared or got at, and quite as ready and as apt for the work to be done as any others. "The queen of England," says Froissart, "who desired to defend her country, came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and there tarried for her men, who came daily fro all parts. When the Scots knew that the Englishmen assembled at Newcastle, they drew thitherward, and their couriers came running before the town; and at their returning they brent certain small hamlets thereabout, so that the smoke thereof came into the town of Newcastle; some of the Englishmen would a issued out to have fought with them that made the fires, but the captains would not suffer them to issue out." The two armies, however, at last encountered, on the 17th of October, at Nevil's Cross, in the neighbourhood of the city of Durham. On the English side, after the divisions were all drawn up in array—the first under the command of the Bishop of Durham, the second under that of the Archbishop of York, the third under that of the Bishop of London, the fourth under that of the Arch-

prise; she mounted up to the height of a tower to see how the Frenchmen were ordered without; she saw how that all the lords and other people of the host were all gone out of their field to the assault; then she took again her courser, armed as she was, and caused three hundred men a horseback to be ready, and she went with them to another gate, whereas there was not assault; she issued out, and her company, and dashed into the French lodgings, and cut down tents and set fire in their lodgings; she found no defence there, but a certain of varlets and boys, who ran away." On another occasion, in a sea-fight, we are told, "the Countess that day was worth a man; she had the heart of a lion, and had in her hand a sharp glaive, wherewith she fought fiercely."

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bishop of Canterbury, each warlike prelate, however, having a lay lord as his coadjutor—"the queen," Froissart informs us, "went fro battle to battle, desiring them to do their devoir,* to defend the honour of her lord the King of England, and, in the name of God, every man to be of good heart and courage, promising them that, to her power, she would remember them as well, or better, as though her lord the king were there personally. Then the queen departed fro them, recommending them to God and to Saint George. Then, anon after, the battles of the Scots began to set forward, and in like wise so did the Englishmen; then the archers began to shoot on both parties; the shots of the Scots endured but a short space, but the archers of England shot fiercely, so that when the battles approached there was a hard battle; they began at nine and endured till noon. The Scots had great axes, sharp and hard, and gave with them many great strokes; howbeit, finally the Englishmen obtained the place and victory." The slaughter was considerable on both sides, but far the greatest on that of the Scots, fifteen thousand of whom, including many of their chief nobility, were left dead on the field. The greatest loss of all, however, was the capture of their young and gallant king. Refusing to fly, he had, after receiving two dangerous wounds from arrows, one of which pierced his head, been dragged or fallen from his horse; but still he fought on; till at last, overpowered by numbers, he was disarmed and carried off by John Copland, a gentleman of Northumberland, who did not, however, secure his prize without a violent struggle, in which the king, deprived of his sword, wounded him with his gauntlet. David Bruce remained in captivity in England for more than ten years.

Meanwhile Edward was engaged abroad in the memorable siege of Calais, the garrison of which, after a blockade of nearly a year, was forced to surrender by famine, on the 4th of August, 1347. All our readers are no doubt familiar with the scene of the appearance in the English camp of Eustace de St. Pierre and his five fellow-

* Duty.

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townsmen, come to offer themselves, barefoot and bare-headed, and with halters about their necks, as sacrifices to appease the anger of their long-baffled conqueror, in which Queen Philippa again shines forth so nobly. The story rests upon the authority of Froissart, but has no air of improbability or even of much fanciful embellishment. When Sir Walter Manny, we are told, "presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down, and held up their hands and said, 'Gentle king, behold here, we six, who were burgesses of Calais, and great merchants, we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourself clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain: Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobless.' Then all the earls and barons, and other that were there, wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf. Then Sir Walter of Manny said, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake, refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign nobless, therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest* persons, who by their own wills put themself into your grace to save their country.' Then the king wried away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, 'They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain; wherefore these shall die in like wise.' The queen, being great with child, kneeled down, and sore weeping said, 'Ah! gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you: therefore now I humbly require† you, in the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a

* Honourable. † Request.

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space, and then said, 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken fro their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure; and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty." Calais, thus won, remained an English town for more than two centuries—till it was lost in the reign of Mary, in the year 1558.

The remaining course of the war with France may be very summarily sketched. After the fall of Calais a succession of armistices or truces suspended hostilities for about six years. Meanwhile King Philip had died in 1350, and been succeeded by his eldest son John. By this time Edward had come to perceive how little impression his brilliant but insulated successes had made upon the real strength of his adversary—how little a way—or, rather, no way at all—he had advanced towards the conquest of France by the mere winning of a great battle or two, and the capture and retention of a single town. In the end of the year 1353, therefore, he renewed more formally an offer which he had already made to Philip, of renouncing his claim to the French crown on condition of being acknowledged as sovereign of Guienne, Poitou, and the other territories in France which the English kings had hitherto held as vassals. The negotiations consumed some time, but ended in nothing: several months were then spent in preparations for the renewal of the war; at last, in October, 1355, the Black Prince, who had been for some years intrusted with the government of Guienne, took the field at the head of an army of sixty thousand men, with which, advancing from his capital of Bordeaux, he made a circuit through Armagnac and Languedoc, spreading devastation wherever he went, and laying, it is affirmed, more than five hundred towns and villages in ashes in the space of seven weeks. In the summer of the next year he pro-

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ceeded to repeat the same experiment in a different direction: this time the force with which he set out amounted to only about twelve thousand men, and with these he boldly crossed the Garonne, and penetrated into the heart of France. For some weeks he pursued his destructive course without opposition; but, at last, when making for Poictiers, and within a short distance of that city, he suddenly found himself enveloped by a French army, commanded by King John, more than four times as numerous as his own. Then, on the 19th of September, was fought the battle of Poictiers, making that other name worthy to be associated for ever in story and in song with Creci, of which both the extremity of peril and the glorious deliverance were now more than renewed. The French host was beaten back at all points, and in the end utterly routed, scattered, and annihilated by Prince Edward and his handful of English. Most of the chief nobility of France were either slain or captured: King John himself fell into the hands of the victors. The illustrious captive was treated with noble courtesy both by the Black Prince and by the king his father; but, although the extraordinary fortune of Edward had now placed in his power the persons of the kings of both the countries which he had so long been endeavouring to subdue, it soon appeared that he was still as far from the conquest of either as ever. King David was liberated by a treaty concluded in 1357; and in 1360 peace was made with France by the treaty of Bretigny, in which Edward renounced his claim both to the French crown and to the possession of Normandy, Anjou, Touraine, and Maine, on condition of being acknowledged the full sovereign of Guienne, Poitou, and Ponthieu. This treaty set King John at liberty; but three years after, on finding himself unable to pay the instalments due upon the sum that had been agreed upon for his ransom—three million gold crowns—he honourably returned to his imprisonment; and he died in England, in the palace of the Savoy, London, in the beginning of April, 1364. His eldest son immediately mounted the throne of France as Charles V. Charles, from the com-

mencement of his reign, had betrayed a disposition to extricate himself as soon as an opportunity should occur from the obligations of the treaty of Bretigny, the renunciations stipulated by which had never, in fact, been actually made on either side. Meanwhile the course of circumstances favoured his views. The King of England was no longer the man he had been either in ardour or in energy; his heroic son had also fallen into ill health, the effect of exposure in an expedition, to be lamented on every account, which he had made in the winter of 1366-7 into Spain, to assist Pedro the Cruel in his contest for the throne of Castile with his illegitimate brother Enrique; and much disaffection had been excited both in Poitou and Guienne by the severe exactions of the English government, rendered necessary by the expenses of this expedition, and by the debts incurred in the late war. In the beginning of the year 1369 Charles openly took his ground by summoning the Black Prince, as Duke of Aquitaine, to appear in his court as a vassal, and answer the complaints of the people of that duchy. The most memorable event of the short war that followed was the sad and atrocious massacre by the English prince of the inhabitants of Limoges, the capital of his country of the Limosin, after he had recovered the town, which had a short time previously been taken by, or had given itself up to, the French general, the Duke of Berri. "It was great pity," says Froissart, "to see the men, women, and children that kneeled down on their knees before the prince for mercy, but he was so inflamed with ire that he took no heed to them, so that none was heard, but all put to death as they were met withal, and such as were nothing culpable: there was no pity taken of the poor people, who wrought never no manner of treason, yet they bought it dearer than the great personages, such as had done the evil and trespass. There was not so hard a heart within the city of Limoges, an if he had any remembrance of God, but that wept piteously for the great mischief that they saw before their eyen; for mo than three thousand men, women, and children were slain and beheaded that day. God have mercy on

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their souls! for I trow they were martyrs." Disease by this time seems to have debilitated and perverted the very moral nature of the prince. He was soon after obliged to sheathe his sword, and come home to England, where he lingered, in such debility and suffering as allowed him to take very little actual share in public affairs, although his name remained influential, till his death on the 8th of June, 1376. The war in France, meanwhile, had prospered so ill, that by the year 1374 Edward, who had retained and still used the title of king of that country, had lost all the territory he had ever possessed there, with the exception only of Calais, Bordeaux, and Bayonne, and a few detached localities between those two last-named towns. No peace, however, was ever made while Edward lived. After the death of the Black Prince the chief ascendancy in the government was acquired by his younger brother John of Gaunt (that is, Ghent, the place of his birth), Duke of Lancaster. The king himself, who had lost Queen Philippa in 1369, had, in the weakness of old age, sunk under the dominion of a female favourite, Alice Perrers or Piers. She was a married woman, and had been lady of the bedchamber to Queen Philippa; and she is said to have been eminently distinguished by her wit and talent, as well as by her beauty, an influence to which Edward had all his life been extremely sensible, although in his better days he had at least never allowed it to master the soldier or the king. This artful woman, however, soon acquired so much power over him, and abused it with so much insolence, that shortly before the death of the Black Prince the parliament had passed an ordinance declaring that, whereas complaint had been made before the king that some women had pursued causes and actions in the king's courts by way of maintainance, and for hire and reward, which thing displeased the king, the king forbade that any woman should do it hereafter, "and in particular Alice Perrers, under the penalty of forfeiting all that the said Alice can forfeit, and of being banished out of the realm." Alice, notwithstanding, still remained about the king's person;

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while Edward, wasting with disease, lay, to quote the words of Stow, "neglecting the benefit of time that God had given him, like as he should never have died; trusting the fond fables of the oft-named Alice when she affirmed he should recover his health, so that at that time he talked rather of hawking and hunting than of any thing that pertained to the saving of his soul; only he granted pardon of death for offences throughout his kingdom to the inhabitants." "Being now," continues this old chronicler, "suddenly taken with the day of his death, he began to have manifest signs thereof; what Alice Piers then did any man may judge, although we set them not down in writing; for, as soon as she saw the king had set foot within death's door, she bethought her of flight; yet before she went, that all men might perceive that she loved not the king for himself, but for that which was his, she took the rings from his fingers which for the royalty of his majesty he was wont to wear. Thus yielding him such thanks for his benefits, she bade him adieu, and so withdrew herself from him. The king, keeping thus at the point of death, was left not only of her the said Alice Piers, but of other the knights and esquires, who had served him, allured more with his gifts than his love. Amongst a thousand, there was only present at that time a certain priest (other of his folks applying the spoil of what they could lay hands on), who, lamenting the king's misery, and inwardly touched with grief of heart for that, amongst so many counsellors which he had, there was none that would minister to him the word of life, came boldly unto him, and admonished him to lift up the eyes as well of his body as of his heart unto God, and with sighs to ask mercy of him, whose majesty he well knew he had grievously offended; whereupon the king, listening to the words of the priest, although he had a little before wanted the use of his tongue, yet then taking strength to him, seemed to speak what was in his mind; and then, what for weakness of his body, contrition of his heart, and sobbing for his sins, his voice and speech failed him, and, scarce half pronouncing the word Jesu, he with this last word made

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an end of his speech, and yielded up the ghost." He died at Richmond in Surrey (then called Shine or Sheen), about seven o'clock on the evening of Sunday the 21st of June, 1377; leaving the throne to his grandson, Richard II., son of Edward the Black Prince, by his wife Joan, called the Fair Maid of Kent, the daughter of his great uncle Edmund, Earl of Kent, and previously the wife of Thomas Holland, who in her right had assumed the title of Earl of Kent in 1360, but died in the end of the same year, upon which his widow immediately gave her hand to the Prince of Wales.

The children borne to Edward III. by his wife Queen Philippa were, Edward the Black Prince, in 1330; Isabel, who became the wife of Ingelram de Coucy, in 1332; Joan de la Tour, in 1335; William of Hatfield, in 1336; Lionel, afterwards Duke of Clarence, in 1338; Blanche de la Tour, who died in childhood in 1340; John of Ghent, afterwards Duke of Lancaster, in 1340; Edmund, afterwards Duke of York, in 1341; Mary, afterwards Duchess of Bretagne, probably in 1342; Margaret, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, in 1346; William, in 1349; and Thomas, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, in 1355.

It has been observed, in regard to Edward III., by Sir James Mackintosh, that "though his victories left few lasting acquisitions, yet they surrounded the name of his country with a lustre which produced strength and safety; which perhaps also gave a loftier tone to the feelings of England, and a more vigorous activity to her faculties." "During a reign of fifty years," it is added, "Edward III. issued writs of summons, which are extant to this day, to assemble seventy parliaments or great councils: he thus engaged the pride and passions of the parliament and the people so deeply in support of his projects of aggrandisement, that they became his zealous and enthusiastic followers. His ambition was caught by the nation, and men of the humblest station became proud of his brilliant victories. To form and keep up this state of public temper was the mainspring of his domestic administration, and satisfactorily explains the

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internal tranquillity of England during the forty years of his effective reign. It was the natural consequence of so long and watchful a pursuit of popularity, that most grievances were redressed as soon as felt, that parliamentary authority was yearly strengthened by exercise, and that the minds of the turbulent barons were exclusively turned towards a share in their sovereign's glory. Quiet at home was partly the fruit of fame abroad."

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Beyond that of most of our great men, has the fame of Wiclif* undergone fierce dispute within the last few years. From regarding him with reverence as "the Morning Star of the Reformation," it has come to be more than questioned whether he was a reformer at all, or whether a certain superior craft was not the motive that incited him throughout his career. It will be convenient to leave the consideration of this matter till we have looked at the leading events of his life, when we shall be better prepared to estimate his character. To assume a controversial tone—as it would be scarcely possible to avoid doing if we entered into the discussion of the various views and statements that have been put forth respecting him—is not at all our intention. We

* There are about twenty variations of the mode of spelling the name. Wiclif, Wicliffe, and Wycliffe are the most common modes. In strict propriety we ought to write *De* Wiclif.

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have examined the several statements; we shall be content with expressing our own opinions.

There is some uncertainty about both the year and the place of John Wiclif's birth: the place which seems most probable, however, is a little village pleasantly situated near the junction of the rivers Greta and Tees, about six miles from Richmond in Yorkshire; the year 1324. What is known of his life commences with the year 1340, when he entered as a commoner at Queen's College, Oxford, then newly founded; his name is in the list of the first scholars. From Queen's he soon removed to Merton College, at that time highest in repute at the University; where he greatly distinguished himself. The theology taught at this period was that of the schoolmen, who, as Bacon afterwards said of them, "did, out of no great quantity of matter, spin out those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books . . . admirable indeed for the fineness of the thread, but of no substance or profit." In this scholastic discipline Wiclif became so deeply versed, that his contemporary Knighton, a bitter enemy and a competent judge, declared he was without an equal (*in scholasticis disciplinis incomparabilis.*) Nor was he skilled in this alone; he appears to have pursued, with almost equal success, the whole round of moral, philosophical, and legal studies as then taught. According to the standard of his time he was an eminently learned man.

The earliest of Wiclif's publications, so far as is known, was written in 1356; it was first printed in 1840. The work itself does not occupy more than fourteen small pages, and is of little value on its own account, but deserving attention, as Wiclif's first work, written when he was thirty-two years old, a period in a man's life when his character is fixed and his tone of thought determined, and when consequently the opinions he has formed will almost certainly colour the actions of the remainder of his life. We may therefore spend a few minutes in looking at this production and at the circumstances which called it forth. In 1349 a fearful pestilence occurred in England. It had marched slowly from the east,

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ravaging every country it passed through. Nearly the whole of Europe was visited by it. The voice of the terrified nations affirmed that only a tithe of the human race had escaped; that all children born since it were deficient in the number of their teeth; that even the brute creation was not spared, their corpses being so many as to fill the air with a horrible taint. So severe indeed was the visitation, that, in this country at least, it long served as an epoch from which legal documents were dated. The Scriptures told that pestilence had of old been the scourge wherewith an offended God had punished the sins of the nations; and the people devoutly believed that this had been sent for such a purpose. The plague ceased, but sober men saw with sorrow that the rulers and the priests had not heeded the heavenly warning, and to the faithful the wickedness that stalked abroad seemed like an awful defiance of the divine power. Under such circumstances and prompted by some such feelings was it that Wiclif wrote 'The Last Age of the Church.' Taking for his guide the prophecies of Abbot Joachim, a mystic who lived in the twelfth century, and combining therewith a cabalistic computation of the Scriptural prophecies, and turning also to the verses of the Sybil, he thought the end of the world was at hand, and announced its speedy dissolution. He was mistaken, and lived to see that he was mistaken. But although his prophecy failed, there is much in the tract that shows the man as he then was, and throws a bright light on his future career. It proves that he had thus early come to have identified in his mind religion with the whole life of man, to look upon it as reaching to all his duties and employments, that he, indeed, regarded it as the animating principle of the whole of the political and social institutions. It proves that he had cast an anxious look around him, and, dissatisfied with the state of the world, he was more dissatisfied with the ministers of religion, whom he boldly and broadly charges with a disregard of their higher functions, and an indulgence in a greedy and unholy rapacity. It may in a word be said, that the object of the tract is to declare the troubles that

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will fall upon the church and the world, on account of the simony of the priests, and the encroachments and exactions of the papal power.

These feelings were brought out more strongly a few years later. In 1360 he engaged in what a recent historian calls "a fierce but ridiculous controversy with the different orders of friars." To the stern moral dignity of Wiclif the controversy did not seem a ridiculous one, and indeed it hardly seems to us more ridiculous than that of Luther with Tetzel and the Dominicans. These friars had been established in England for more than a century, and had obtained considerable influence. Although vowing poverty, they had acquired great wealth; under the guise of sanctity they had concealed, it was affirmed, gross depravity. They had almost from the first been at enmity with the secular clergy, and were especially obnoxious to the University of Oxford. Before Wiclif, they met with a steady opponent in Fitz-Ralph, chancellor of Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Armagh, who carried his charges against them to the papal throne. Fitz-Ralph died in 1360, from which time Wiclif pursued the war fiercely, and only ceased to prosecute it with his life. Of the works he produced against them at this period it is not certain that any remain. Two pieces, one which he presented to the court of Richard II., and the other which seems to have been written a year or two before his death, were printed by Dr. James in 1608, and serve to show the nature of his quarrel. It was not, as Dr. Lingard implies, merely a charge against them for depending upon alms, which Wiclif asserted to be repugnant to the Gospel; though upon that he strongly insisted, but rather that they misled the unwary, by holding out to them false hopes of pardon, and by their untrue representations obtained their property from them, leading them to trust to these worthless pardons thus purchased by money, instead of setting before them the great Gospel truth. He charges them with doing this that they might obtain the wealth of their dupes. They become, he says in his bitter and plain-spoken language, "confessors, preachers, and rulers

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commonly of all men, and they teachen them not their foul sins, for winning of stinking muck and lusts of their own bellies, that is foul worm's meat and a sack of dirt." And elsewhere, "St. James directs to visit the fatherless and motherless children, and widows in their tribulation, and to keep man unfouled from the world, that is, from pride, covetise, and vanities. But friars do all the contrary, for they visiten rich men, and by hypocrisy getten falsely their alms, and withdraw from poor men; but they visiten rich widows for their muck, and maken them to be buried at the Friars, but poor men come not in there." This was Wiclif's quarrel, and this continued to be his quarrel with them, that while intent only on driving a lucrative and disgraceful trade, they were deceiving the souls of those who trusted to them: no ridiculous controversy that, to a man of Wiclif's mind! As he said, so doubtless he thought—"Friars be worse enemies and slayers of man's soul, than is the cruel fiend of hell by himself. For they under the habit of holiness lead men and nourish them in sin, and be special helpers of the fiend to strangle men's souls." It is not our business to palliate the violence of Wiclif's language, but only to represent his feelings, and a cold statement in the calm phraseology of our day would poorly express the vehemence of his indignation. These words were not probably written till long afterwards, but these were no doubt his sentiments then. His controversy with the friars marks the commencement of his career as a reformer.

The year following that in which he engaged in this controversy he was chosen master of Baliol College, and presented to the living of Fillingham, a valuable benefice in the diocese of Lincoln. Four years afterwards he was appointed warden of Canterbury Hall, by Archbishop Islip, the founder of that college.*

* In the Gentleman's Mag. 1841, an attempt was made to show that the warden of Canterbury Hall was another John Wiclif (or *Wiclive*). The writer proves that there was another of that name, then rector of Mayfield in Sussex, for which living he was indebted to the friendship of Islip,

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Originally the archbishop had appointed Woodhall, a friar, to be warden, and had founded eleven scholarships, three to be held by monks, and eight by clerks, or secular clergymen. At this time the dispute between these orders was at its height, and the peace and security of the infant establishment were soon disturbed by the bickerings of its inmates. To such a length were they carried, that Islip felt himself called upon to interfere, and he determined to prevent the probability of a recurrence of the quarrel by removing the monks, and substituting for them seculars. Islip did not live long after this change; and, on the succession of Langham to the vacant see, Woodhall appealed to him, as visitor of Canterbury Hall, to remove Wiclif, who, he affirmed, had procured his appointment at a time when Islip was incapable from sickness of judging aright. He was successful; but Wiclif in his turn appealed from the new archbishop to the pope; his holiness, however, ratified the decision of Langham, but not till after a delay of nearly four years. Meanwhile Wiclif had done nothing to propitiate the papal power, but he had done some things to offend it. In 1365 Urban V. renewed the papal claim to a domination over the sovereignty of England, which had been conceded to the holy see by John; and he demanded the payment of an annual tribute of a thousand marks, together with the arrears of the last thirty years. Edward III. was little disposed either to acknowledge his subjection or to pay the money. He submitted the claim of the pontiff to his parliament, which on the next day, and without dissent from laymen or clergy, declared his submission to the pope to be beyond the power of any sovereign to render, and engaged,

but he does not succeed in identifying him with the warden of Canterbury; if the wardens of Canterbury and Baliol could be shown to be different persons, it would, however, remove some difficulties that had been pointed out long before this curious discovery was made (see Vaughan's 'Life of Wycliffe,' i. 272, note). Wiclif nowhere mentions his connexion with Canterbury Hall himself, but it seems to be referred to by his contemporaries.

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if the demand were persisted in, to oppose it with the whole power of the nation. Urban was intimidated by an opposition so much more resolute than he expected. A monk, however, published a tract, in which he re-asserted the right of the pontiff to the tribute, and ventured to declare, that England was justly forfeit on account of the non-payment of it; and hence he presumed to assert that the clergy were absolved from their subjection to the English king. To controvert his argument he challenged Wiclif by name. The reformer was not the man to submit quietly to such a challenge. He speedily replied to it, though, as he declared, he was not ignorant that the object of his antagonist was to involve him in difficulties with the pope, and to obtain for himself, and his order, the papal favour. Wiclif gives a statement of the debate in parliament, and of the reasons there adduced against the grant; and then, in his own name, shows that the papal claim, and the grant on which it was founded, were dishonest, and that therefore, as the conditions were bad, the consequences that were asserted to result logically from them were bad also. Wiclif in this tract calls himself the king's chaplain, and it is a proof of the eminence to which he had attained, that he should be singled out for this encounter, unless it arose from his prior controversy.

In 1368, before the dispute respecting the wardenship of Canterbury Hall was determined, Wiclif exchanged the rectory of Fillingham for that of Ludgershall, also in the diocese of Lincoln. After the award of the pontiff was received, Woodhall remained two years before he could obtain the king's confirmation, which was, it is said, then only procured by a bribe of two hundred marks. But another and more important dignity was at this time conferred upon Wiclif by the University. In 1372 he was elected Professor of Theology, and at the same time he took the degree of D.D. This is a most important period in his life. It is evident that he had already attained a high position in the esteem of those who were most competent to judge of his abilities, but it is probable that his election to this office may have arisen from their

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gratitude for his services in opposition to the growing influence and power of the monks, and his fervid declaration against the continuous encroachment of the pope. But if it were for these less immediately *religious* services that he received the appointment of professor of divinity, it is not to be doubted but, in accordance with his repeatedly declared sentiments of the responsibility of the ministers of religion, he would address himself devoutly to the important duties of the office he had undertaken. He appears, indeed, from this time to have more earnestly and more rigorously set himself to the study of the Scriptures. In those days the Scriptures were not unknown to the teachers of religion, as has been sometimes asserted, but the knowledge of them does not appear to have been general or exact. Wiclif's quotations from them were now more frequent; his expositions of them always exhibited them as the ultimate rule. It is probable that from this time we may date the establishment of his main doctrinal views, and also his departure from the received theology. It is not possible in our brief space to extract from the works that appear to belong to this period, but we may say that, if they have been correctly dated, he now distinctly set forth those truths which caused him to be branded as a heretic. His lectures on the Decalogue afford striking proofs of the clearness and vigour of his powers, and exhibit his leading views of religion with much distinctness. These views were very different from those generally received, and must have excited much surprise —much enmity, and much deep attachment. As we shall have to speak of his opinions more hereafter, we may conveniently leave any further remarks upon them for the present.

The papal claims occupied much of the attention of Edward III., especially in the latter part of his reign. An embassy had been sent to the pope, Gregory XI., in 1373, respecting the appointment of bishops, the reservation of benefices, and other matters in which Edward and his parliament declared that the pontiff had largely encroached on the ancient customs. Some partial concessions were made, but the English king was far

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from being satisfied with the extent of them, and it was resolved in 1374 to send another embassy. The name of Wiclif stands second on the list of commissioners, the first name being that of the Bishop of Bangor, who had been employed in the previous negotiation; with them were united five other persons. The conference was held at Bruges, where the papal nuncios met them. Wiclif appears to have stayed in this city from August, 1374, till July, 1376. What results were obtained are not exactly known. For Wiclif himself the consequences were probably of much importance. At this time, it will be remembered, the pope's residence was at Avignon, and the papal court had attained to a rather bad eminence. It is not probable that, with his strong feelings of the responsibility of the office of a minister of religion, Wiclif would become more attached to the dignitaries of the church from the closer intercourse he would now have with them. His visit to Bruges may have produced as strong an impression on his mind as was wrought on that of Luther by his journey to Rome. In fact, according to Dr. Vaughan, "his rebukes, which had hitherto been directed toward the head of the church but distantly and by implication, are applied in that quarter, soon after this time, with unsparing severity."

During his absence at Bruges the king marked his satisfaction with his conduct, by conferring on him the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, and a prebendal stall in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester. The principal commissioner, on the other hand, received his reward from the pope, who translated him to the see of Hereford, and a few years after to that of St. David's. A few months only elapsed after the return of Wiclif, when he was summoned to appear before a convocation to answer the charge of holding heretical doctrines. What was the exact nature of the heresies does not appear; they were probably not definitely stated, owing to a strange scene that occurred. The convocation was held at St. Paul's, February 19, 1377, and that edifice was crowded by the populace, as well as by the clergy, long before the reformer made his ap-

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pearance. When he arrived it was between two of the most powerful nobles in the land, one the king's eldest surviving son, the celebrated John of Gaunt, the other Lord Percy, the Lord Marshal of England. With Gaunt Wiclif had probably become acquainted at Bruges, for, during his stay there, the duke had visited that city, as ambassador, to conduct some negotiations with the minister of the French monarch; and no doubt Wiclif, from his official position, would have some intercourse with him. The support of the duke and of Lord Percy arose most likely from political rather than religious motives. The dignity of these nobles scarcely sufficed to procure an approach through the crowd to Courtney, bishop of London, who presided on the occasion. Some slight tumult occurred in making their way, which, being perceived by the bishop, he called out "Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopt you out from coming hither." To this rough salutation the Duke of Lancaster replied, "He shall keep such masteries here, though you say nay." Percy desired Wiclif "to sit down, as he had many things to answer to, and needed to repose himself;" but the bishop declared it to be unreasonable that one cited before his ordinary should sit, and peremptorily affirmed that "he must and should stand." Gaunt replied that Percy's motion was but reasonable, and continued, "As for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride not only of you, but of all the prelacy in England." The bishop told him to "do his worst;" and after some further bickering, the duke vowed that sooner than submit to such words he would "pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church." The bystanders had been growing excited by these outrageous proceedings; and now, fancying the duke would proceed to violent acts, they rose in a body for their bishop, and the duke and his followers were compelled to a speedy flight. The Londoners, not content with driving the duke and his friends from the church, assembled in a tumultuous mob and proceeded to his palace, but he had made his escape, and they con-

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tented themselves with reversing his arms. They then proceeded to the house of Lord Percy, which they damaged, but they did not succeed in finding its owner: an unlucky priest, however, whom they found, and imagined to be Percy in an assumed habit, they hung. The mayor and aldermen were afterwards removed from their offices for not suppressing the riot, but none of the rioters appear to have been punished. It does not seem that Wiclif took any part in these discreditable proceedings, nor that the mob attempted to injure him. Of course, he would be far more obnoxious than ever to his opponents, and from this period they appear to have pursued him with more determined hate.

After this meeting Wiclif devoted himself to his parochial duties, but in a few months he was summoned from them to answer new charges. Probably some of his more inveterate enemies had forwarded to Rome statements of his heterodox notions, for on the 22nd of May, 1377, the pope issued four bulls against him, addressed respectively to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the University of Oxford, and with these was sent a letter to the king, stating that information had been received from creditable persons that John Wiclif, rector of Lutterworth, and professor of theology, had been actively engaged in propagating certain detestable and erroneous notions utterly subversive of the church. These bulls authorise the incarceration of Wiclif, and his examination upon the various matters stated: the results of the examination were to be transmitted to the pope for his determination. The charges preferred are probably nearly similar to those that would have been brought forward at the convocation but for the unexpected disturbances. These charges, or "conclusions" as they are called, show that the pontiff was most moved by their appearing to question his pre-eminence. They state that Wiclif denied the political supremacy of the pope, and asserted that the whole race of men agreeing had not power to ordain such supremacy—that it was beyond the power of God himself to confer it. That he denied the efficacy alike of benediction and of excommu-

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nication assumed by priests; that absolutions are valueless except as they agree with the law of God; and that the spiritual power of the ministers of religion does not differ in degree. These bulls vary only in trifling particulars. They impress alike on all to whom they are sent the urgent necessity of extirpating such detestable heresies, which they liken to those of Ganduno and Marcillus, condemned fifty years before by Pope John XXII. These men opposed the papal see on political grounds; and it is plain from the tone of the bulls that it was the attack on his temporal authority that disconcerted Gregory. Before these documents could arrive Edward III. had ceased to live, and his decease afforded Wiclif a little breathing time. The other parties to whom they were addressed did not take any public proceedings in connexion with them till several months had elapsed. The University of Oxford seriously demurred at receiving the bull, and, when they had received it, took no steps for furthering the object of it. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, had no such scruples; he addressed a letter to the Chancellor of Oxford, directing him to make inquiries respecting the errors referred to in the papal mandate, and to forward to him the result of his investigations, with his own judgment thereon, sealed with the University seal: he also directs him to cite Wiclif to appear at St. Paul's to answer the charges, on the thirtieth court-day from the 18th of December, 1377. Wiclif appeared not at St. Paul's, but at Lambeth; but the result was not more hurtful to him than on the previous occasion. Gaunt was no longer supreme in the court, but the reformer had now another friend there. The Dowager-Princess of Wales, the king's mother, at this time possessed much influence, and she used it on this occasion on Wiclif's behalf. The Londoners, too, appear to have been now as much opposed to the bishops as they had before been to Wiclif's friends. They attended, and, by their clamours against the proceedings, created much confusion; and before the tumult could be appeased, a messenger from the princess commanded the bishops to abstain from any decision injurious to

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Wiclif; they, as Walsingham indignantly says, "became soft as oil in their speech; so were they stricken with fear, you would think them as a man who hears not, or one in whose mouth are no reproofs." Before this convocation was held Wiclif had circulated an answer to the papal "conclusions;" which, somewhat altered or corrected, he put in at his trial. These modifications, and his answers or explanations to the "conclusions," have been declared to be "quibbles and evasions unworthy of a sensible or of an honest man." But the proofs adduced by the reverend historian, especially as coming from one so learned in the theology of the schools, are strangely inadequate to sustain so grave a charge. The explanations are undoubtedly strained, but the conclusions are strained too, and the whole bears the appearance of a scholastic wrangle. It would not be worth while to examine these answers here, could we afford the space, but we must repeat that to us they appear anything but evasive, although not consistent with our modes of reasoning. It does not appear that Wiclif had really expressed his opinions in anything like the form they bear in the pope's mandate; they were "conclusions" gathered out of his writings. In judging Wiclif in this matter it should not be forgotten either, that the only authority for the paper ascribed to him is Walsingham, who was most unfriendly to him, and it may be not literally exact. Wiclif concludes his paper by assuring his judges that he is a true son of the church; that he has not advanced any opinions without warrant from Scripture and the writings of holy doctors, as he is ready to show; but that he is most willing to retract whatever can be proved to be erroneous. The answers were admitted as sufficient by the bishops, and he was dismissed with a warning to avoid in future such questionable matters. By Wiclif the result was considered as a triumph, and the warning disregarded. He was immediately afterwards attacked on the subject of the papal infallibility by an anonymous writer whom he calls a "Motley divine" (Mixtus theologus), who appears to have been not a little startled by Wiclif's daring, and in

consequence to have thought it necessary to reassert the authority and infallibility of the pontiff in the strongest terms. Among other things he declared, according to Wiclif, that as the pope could not commit mortal sin, whatever he ordained must be just. To which Wiclif replied, that if so, he might remove any book from the Scripture, and introduce any novelty in its place; and thus, making the very Scripture heresy, establish heresy in its stead. From this Wiclif advances to more direct and stronger attacks on a power so enormous and so capable of abuse, and urges the more influential classes to cast off so intolerable a thraldom. He attacks with equal vigour his other positions, but the full swell of his indignation is reserved for the impious declaration that the pope and clergy could as fully absolve from sin as the Almighty himself. It is evident that he had now arrived at the point when he was prepared to oppose to the utmost the papal power.

That this power would soon have been brought to bear upon him, if Gregory had lived, is not to be doubted, but he was saved by the breaking out of the "Great Schism of the West." Pope Gregory XI. died on the 27th of March, 1378, and while the Italian cardinals elected and obeyed Urban VI., those attached to the interests of France chose Clement VII. Urban was acknowledged in England, but he had too much employment at home to prosecute an English heretic. For the next three years, therefore, Wiclif was left undisturbed. He spent most part of this time at Lutterworth, diligently pursuing the course he had already commenced.

The comparative tranquillity in which he now found himself, he left not unimproved. He had now resolutely bent the whole of his energy against the doctrine of the pope's infallibility, and he gladly seized the opportunity of exhibiting the absurdity of the tenet, afforded by the rival claimants. His 'Schism of the Popes,' which he now published, is a keen piece of controversy, and from the circumstances must have been very effective at the time it was produced. All reserve is now cast aside in his attacks on the rival heads of the church, whom he

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contrasts with Christ and his apostles, and assimilates to Simon Magus.

From this time it may be said that he left the consideration of the political bearings of the papal usurpation, and directed his attention to the religious aspect of it. Henceforth, indeed, his writings and teaching were almost entirely religious. Very much of the confusion respecting Wiclif's opinions at various periods, and the support they gained for him from different parties of influence in the country, has arisen from inattention to the ground on which he received that support. The commencement of his career was signalized by his attacks on the mendicant friars. At that time they were opposed, as they had long been, as interlopers by the secular clergy, and Wiclif was hailed as a powerful champion by them and by the University of Oxford. Their admiration of him arose from *party* considerations, though his dislike to the friars rested on a far wider basis. During the greater part of the reign of Edward III. the king and the parliament were engaged in a determined struggle against papal encroachments. It was prolonged through the whole of his reign and the greater part of the reign of his successor, before it terminated successfully for the English monarch. When so learned and able a clergyman stepped forth as an opponent of the pope's supremacy, it is not surprising that he should be received with welcome, and be firmly upheld by the sovereign and his advisers, so long as he confined himself to the *political* bearings of the subject; and if he exceeded those limits a little, it would not in such an age be taken much heed of. Again, when with a more earnest zeal he set his face against the corruptions of the clergy of all ranks—when he denounced as hirelings such as sought after "filthy lucre" and neglected the spiritual advancement of their charges, and pronounced them the most desperate of sinners, backed as his animadversions were by the purity and even austerity of his own life—he would be sure to obtain the suffrages of serious men of all classes, who would bitterly regret the contradiction between the lives and the profession of

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such priests. Nor is this an imaginary sketch. It appears to have been exactly the course of events in his life and teaching. His doctrinal views were either not propagated, or they did not attract much attention till the latter part of his life. Then a devoted band rallied round him, and, when those who had used him for temporary purposes had cast him off, they clung to him with an ever growing intensity of affection.

Nothing is more manifest in tracing his opinions than the increasing attention he gave to the Scriptures. In his last years they were the test to which he brought every doctrine, almost every opinion, or matter of practice. As his regard for the Scriptures increased, his anxiety to impart a knowledge of them to others increased also. At this time, of course, the version used in the church was the Latin Vulgate. There had been at various times portions of the Old and New Testament translated into the Saxon and English languages, but no complete translation had, it is probable, been made. Wiclif resolved to enable his countrymen to read the Word of God in their own tongue—a noble resolution nobly performed. Aided no doubt by some of the learned disciples who now surrounded him, he diligently commenced his undertaking, and in due time completed it. Before the invention of printing the publication of a book was a very different matter to what it now is. The only mode of making known the contents of a work then was by transcribing and circulating many copies, and this was the way in which Wiclif published his Bible. That it was diligently circulated there can be no question—from the number of copies of it remaining; and from the certainty that he would be anxious to diffuse as widely as possible the authority to which he so constantly appealed, and on the acknowledgment of which the acceptance of his views depended.*

Wiclif's version was not made from the original Greek, but from the Vulgate, of which it is a faithful represen-

* It is said, on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who

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tation. The language is firm and nervous, and was no doubt perfectly intelligible at the time it was written. But nearly five centuries have passed since then, and many changes have taken place in our English. There is however, even now, little difficulty in understanding it, if the uncouth spelling be disregarded, and it is read with the pronunciation of the northern counties, as we have ascertained in several trials with different listeners. The New Testament has been three times printed: by the Rev. J. Lewis, the author of his Life, in 1731; by the Rev. H. H. Baber, in 1810; and again, and more carefully, in Bagster's 'Hexapla,' 1841. This last work contains the six principal English translations from that of Wiclif to the Authorized Version; and it is interesting to trace the influence of Wiclif's on all the succeeding versions. Most who examine them in this work, as they stand side by side, will agree with Professor Blunt, that "on comparing it with the authorized version of King James, it will be found that the latter was hammered on Wiclif's anvil." Besides its vast importance in a higher point of view, there can be no doubt that Wiclif's translation of the Scriptures did very much to fix our language. Except Mandeville's 'Travels,' it was the first English prose work of any importance. Wiclif's Old Testament has never been printed—it has been spoken of for some years as in preparation for printing at the Clarendon Press.

But the translation and publication of the Scriptures was not the only object that occupied his thoughts. Among the plans he had devised for spreading abroad his views of truth, was the formation of a band of what he termed his "poor priests." Wiclif had assumed a plain coarse garb, and they were clad like him. Their

asserts that he had seen Bibles of an earlier date than Wiclif's, that the Scriptures had been translated long before his time, but although parts had been at different times translated, there is good reason to doubt whether any *complete* translation had been made. See an excellent summary of the information on the subject in the Introduction to Bagster's 'Hexapla,' p. 5 et seq.

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duty was to go about instructing the poor in the truths of the Gospel. They were to be unencumbered by worldly goods themselves, and they were not to acquire wealth for their order. They had no benefices, and the reasons for it he explained in a tract he promulgated, entiled 'Why poor priests have no benefices.' His principal reasons are—1. The fear of simony. 2. The danger of misspending the money of the poor. 3. The hope of doing more good by moving from place to place. Allowing for the difference of the times, they bear a strong resemblance to John Wesley's original "preachers;" and they were as effective. Wiclif was untiring in his labours; the amount of tracts he wrote is surprising, even allowing that he was much assisted in preparing them. His position and employment at this time were very similar to Luther's the years preceding his death. His pen was ever employed, and ever ready for fresh employment. But, important as were his own labours, it is probable that his poor priests did even more to diffuse his doctrines; and how widely they were diffused may be guessed from Knighton's angry assertion—taken as it may and ought to be with considerable abatement—that "his followers so increased that they everywhere filled the compass of the kingdom; insomuch that a man could not meet two people on the road, but one of them was a disciple of Wiclif." This, he affirms, arose from "the respect they always pretended for what they call 'Goddis Law,' to which they profess themselves to be in their opinions and actions strictly conformable."

While thus zealously employed in furthering the great purpose to which he had devoted himself, his life was an example of what he upheld as the character of a true priest. His conduct was unblameable, his attention to his pastoral duties unremitting. Three hundred of his sermons are said to be still remaining, and they fully prove his energy, fervour, and devotion—*he* was no idle, careless priest. Like Milton—who in many respects greatly resembled him—he believed that he who attempts a great work must live a life worthy of his undertaking; and the whole of his own conduct, and the judgment he

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formed of others, were moulded by his exalted notion of the dignity of the priestly office.*

So long as Wiclif confined himself, in his attacks on the popes and their agents, to their political claims or their immoral conduct, he met with the support of the secular authorities; and also of the people, whose dislike of the papal supremacy was a national far more than a religious feeling. They could not endure that an Italian or a French priest should domineer over their country and their king, and they little liked that his representatives, though Englishmen, should usurp such power. They would not have a priest to rule over them. When Wiclif preached against the doctrinal errors of the popes, he was regarded with suspicion by those who had before most strenuously supported him, and soon indeed encountered from them strong opposition. In 1381 he published at Oxford his twelve "conclusions," in which he appears for the first time to have questioned the doctrine of transubstantiation. His view of it much resembled that of Luther, and which is still that of the Lutheran church. The Chancellor of Oxford immediately summoned a meeting of twelve doctors, who condemned the "conclusions" as heterodox, and adjudged that all who should teach them in the University should be placed under the ban of the greater excommunication, suspended

* Milton's tracts on 'Church Government,' 'Removing Hirelings from the Church,' &c., might have been written by Wiclif if he had lived in that day. Their views were very similar in these matters, and there is an approximation in Wiclif to Milton's opinions on Divorce. The men were greatly alike in character—stern, uncompromising, each gave himself up with his whole heart to the promotion of the objects he had in view, and both measuring other men by their own lofty standard, dealt out the harshest censure on such as fell short of it.—Milton, by the way, obliquely defends the violence of his own language by the example of Wiclif. The genius of the two was so different as obviously to prohibit comparison—it is in their inflexibility of purpose, their moral and religious severity of character, that the resemblance consists.

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from all their offices and privileges, and imprisoned—and, that the chance of such errors spreading might be at once cut off, they condemned those who listened to them to a similar punishment. Wiclif was lecturing in the school of the Augustinians when their sentence was communicated to him. He appealed from them to the civil magistrate. Until the parliament, to which the matter was now referred, should meet, which was not till the next year, it is probable that Wiclif abstained from teaching his views at the University, but he developed them more clearly and fully in some tracts which he now published: one of them, entitled the 'Wicket,' has been three or four times printed, and is a powerful piece of controversial writing.

The year 1381 was signalized by the revolt of the commons under Wat Tyler, and many of Wiclif's enemies have with small success endeavoured to connect his name with that affair. It arose from causes sufficiently known to all acquainted with our history, and Wiclif is as little responsible for it, as Luther for the famous rise of the peasants after the publication of his doctrines. In May, 1382, Courtney, now Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned a council to consider the doctrines attributed to Wiclif. Eight bishops and fourteen doctors, with other learned persons, met on the 17th of May, at Grey Friars in London. The proceedings had scarcely commenced when the place in which they were assembled was shaken by an earthquake, to the great alarm of the doctors, who were disposed to attribute it to the Divine displeasure—an opinion in which Wiclif coincided. The archbishop, however, explained it differently, and the doctors, reassured, proceeded with their deliberations.* After three days' careful consideration they pronounced ten of the "conclusions" to be heretical, and the remaining fourteen to be erroneous. The heretical notions being

* Courtney said it was a symbol of the need there was of purifying the church from the pestiferous vapours that hung over it; Wiclif, that the earth trembled because they were about to put a heresy upon Christ, as it before trembled when they put his body to death.

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those on the eucharist, his denial of the need of priestly absolution, his declaration that clerical endowments were unlawful, and his condemnation of the papal infallibility. Everything was done that appeared likely to impart force and solemnity to this decision. After an imposing procession through London, a friar was appointed to explain to the people from St. Paul's the enormity of the heresy. Copies of the sentence were forwarded to the leading bishops; and even to the clergy about Lutterworth. Messengers were dispatched to the king, and to the University of Oxford. Wiclif again appealed to the secular power. This appeal has been complained of as opposed to his principles: after all, it has been said, "the new apostle was in no haste to grasp the crown of martyrdom."* But Wiclif did not depart from his own principles. He held and taught that the secular power ought to preserve the lives and liberties of the subjects, and it does not seem that he asked the parliament to affirm the truth of his doctrines. The archbishop called on the king to put down by force the growing heresy; and the monarch readily answered the call, by issuing a writ to the Chancellor of Oxford, directing him to search out such as were suspected of holding these opinions, and to seize and imprison any who harboured Wiclif or his followers. In his appeal to the parliament Wiclif had somewhat more success. The king, at the instigation of the bishop, had promulgated an ordinance in the form of an act of parliament, directing all sheriffs, &c. to arrest any persons found preaching any of the doctines condemned at the convocation; but on the meeting of parliament this ordinance was declared to be illegal, the parliament itself having had no share in framing it—and they would not, they said, subject themselves to the jurisdiction of the prelates in a manner unknown to their

* Dr. Lingard is hard to please: he sneers at Wiclif for *not* seeking the martyr's crown, yet when one of his followers, a few years later, obtains it, he coolly says, "The enthusiast aspired to the crown of martyrdom, and had the satisfaction to fall a victim to his own folly!"—'Hist. of England,' iv. 188 and 332.

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fathers. It was, in fact, a bold attempt of the bishop to introduce something very like the Holy Office into England.

But Wiclif's success ended here. He was now left to sustain the unequal conflict alone. His principal supporters at Oxford had been summoned before a synod to answer for their own delinquencies, and had been compelled to retract or explain away their obnoxious sentiments. John of Gaunt no longer stood by him. Perhaps sincerely shocked at his venturing to question so sacred a doctrine as transubstantiation was then generally believed to be, he earnestly recommended Wiclif to submit to his diocesan—and left him to his fate. Wiclif was soon summoned to appear before a convocation at Oxford, at which the archbishop presided, and several bishops were present. He delivered in two statements of his sentiments on the eucharist; one in Latin, the other in English. The former is declared to be unintelligible—it is fenced about with all the forms of scholastic dialectics, and may be passed by; the other, as it is in English, was probably meant for the unlearned, and is plain and perfectly comprehensible. It is evident that his matured and deliberate views were the same as we have already stated them to be. His bearing before the assembly was firm and manly—his enemies say haughty and obstinate. He did not retract. The result was that his opinions were again condemned, and himself deprived of his professorship of divinity, and banished from the University.

He was not further molested,—at least for the next two years. This interval was busily employed. A host of opponents sprung up against him after the adjudicaiton at Oxford, and he was not of a temper to let them pass unanswered. His intense energy was little impaired by age or anxiety, and his opponents still found him a ready antagonist. Bowed down by persecution, his life by illness made a living death, he wavered not, nor ceased from his labours. During his last years Wiclif suffered much from paralysis—the effect, no doubt, of his anxious and stormy life. His first attack was in 1379. Perhaps

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the knowledge of his weak state prevented his enemies from pressing for the infliction of physical punishment. But a few months before his death he was cited by Urban II. to appear before him at Rome, to answer for his heresies. Wiclif was unable from illness to go, but he addressed a letter to his holiness in which he "tells his belief." The main points of it are his declaration of his entire dependence on Christ as the Son of God, and of his assurance of the supreme authority of Scripture. He acknowledges the pope to be Christ's chief vicar on earth—but adds, that he ought to follow the example of his master, who was the poorest of men when in this world. "This I take as wholesome counsel that the pope leave his worldly lordship to worldly lords, as Christ gave (charged) him, and move speedily all his clerks (clergy) to do so: for thus did Christ, and taught thus his disciples, till the fiend had blinded this world." He declares that if he were able he would go to the pope; but as he cannot, he supposes the pope will not show himself open anti-Christ by commanding him again to do that which God had rendered him unable to do. If his opinions can be proved to be wrong, he is ready to recant; if it be necessary to die for them, he is willing, "for that I hope were good for me."

As he was assisting at the celebration of mass by his curate in his parish church of Lutterworth, on the 29th of December, 1384, another and more fatal stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of speech and of motion. He lingered two days, when his spirit ascended to that world where misapprehension and strife are alike unknown. His corpse was buried in the church; and there it rested, till forty years afterwards the Council of Constance, at the same time that it crowned itself with eternal infamy by its treacherous murder of John Huss and of Jerome, condemned Wiclif's doctrines, and directed that his corpse should be exhumed and burnt, "if it could be discerned from those of the faithful." The order was obeyed. Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Lutterworth was situated, directed the process. The reformer's remains were

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taken up, burnt, and the ashes cast into the Swift, a little stream that runs at the foot of the hill on which the town is built. "Thus this brook," says Fuller, "hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

We have endeavoured, as far as our limits would allow us, to exhibit Wiclif according to his own principles. It remains for us to add a few words on his sentiments, and express our own impression of his character. His opinions have been the subject of much disputation, and it is often said that they are so enwrapped in explanations and mystifications, that it is difficult to make out what they really were. But to one desirous to understand them, the difficulty soon disappears. The contemporary notices of him do not imply that there was any obscurity: the charges brought against him; his own defences; the references his followers make to him, do not suggest it. That his opinions will appear contradictory to one who extracts from his different writings, without regard to the circumstances and the time in which each was written, there can be no doubt; but if it be borne in mind that his creed, like that of every reformer, and especially of every religious reformer, was progressive—that his opinions were slowly formed, often forced upon his conviction after a long struggle against them—so that he would more than any other lament the necessity imposed upon him to admit, and especially to diffuse them,—if this gradual formation of his creed be remembered, the difficulty of reconciling the articles of it with the statements and reasonings to be found in others of his writings, will not surprise any candid inquirer, whether he admit the truth of the opinions or not. To us it appears he might truly be called the first Protestant — the first who boldly and firmly protested against the papal domination, both in relation to society and to individual man. His doctrinal views were in the main those afterwards adopted by Luther and the reformed churches—in others, he went far beyond them,

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verging closely upon Puritanism; while to the last he held many things now only retained by the Romish church.

His moral character was unimpeached. His sincerity has been questioned, but to us it seems to stand firm and unshaken. His faults, however, are manifest. Living up to the lofty character he set before him, he stooped not to one who was unable to attain to the same elevation. A fierce polemic, he is unmeasured in the expression of his wrath against all whom he opposed. But we must not let our dislike of such violence lead us too far. A wise man has told us "not to condemn bitter and earnest writing." In truth, a man cannot beat down idols with a feather broom: and Wiclif's task was not merely to sweep the dust off those about the holy place. After all, Wiclif was abundantly repaid in his own coin. For every handful of mud he flung, a cart-load was thrown back upon him. Let him not be condemned for a fault common to every one who has undertaken so apparently hopeless a task as the destruction of a mighty system of evil. It is a fault that seems to spring out of the vehemence of temper natural and almost necessary to the character of a reformer. The vehemence of his language in some instances, and its cautiousness at other times, appear to have arisen from the fact that, *seeing* palpably the evil practices of the religious orders about him, and the consequences that resulted from them, he attacked them with an overflowing asperity—while in matters of *doctrine* he formed his opinions deliberately, was conscious of all the difficulties of the question, and spoke cautiously, moderately, and with an honest desire not to obtrude extreme opinions. This, at least, appears to us the true explanation.

We regard Wiclif as one of the noblest of our Worthies; and as long as true manly earnestness and Christian worth are honoured by his countrymen, his name will live in their remembrance, and be cherished with devout gratitude. A true, honest, noble-hearted man, he recognised the divinity within him, and followed its bidding—through evil and through good report. With him worldly honours were nought; the fear of man he new not; he had a work to accomplish, and he turned

not aside from it. As long as he had a hand or a tongue to labour with, he ceased not to labour. Wiclif was the pioneer in the great struggle to release man from spiritual thraldom. He stood forth and proclaimed the forgotten truth, that the soul of man is responsible alone to its Creator; that no man can stand between his fellow-man and his Divine Master. The welcome with which his doctrine was met showed that the hollowness of the ground upon which men stood was felt. He died, but his work survived him. In this country a goodly band remained, and carried on what he had begun; and when they were silenced, his opinions were cherished in private, till on the introduction of the reformed doctrines they were lost in the broader stream. It is probable, indeed, that these secret dissentients within the English church largely contributed to the easy introduction of the reformed opinions here. On the Continent, too, his views found a home and a welcome. Carried into Bohemia immediately after his death, they there spread widely; nor did the martyrdom of John Huss stop their progress. The result was their accomplishment in the great Reformation.

The number of writings attributed to Wiclif, from tracts of a page up to large and elaborate works, which remain in MS. scattered through public libraries, is very great. Few of them have been printed, and it is not creditable to our literature that while the various societies established for the republication of the works of our earlier writers are loading their shelves with much worthless rubbish, only one work attributed to Wiclif (and that not known to be his) should have been printed. The Religious Tract Society, a few years back, published a volume of selections from his writings; but the language is modernized with very little judgment, and the work is of course of no value.

The authorities we have consulted for this sketch are Wiclif's own writings, so far as accessible to us; Walsingham, Knighton, and Wilkins; the Lives by Lewis and Vaughan; the Introduction to the 'Hexapla;' the various ecclesiastical histories; and the papers and prefaces by Dr. Todd.

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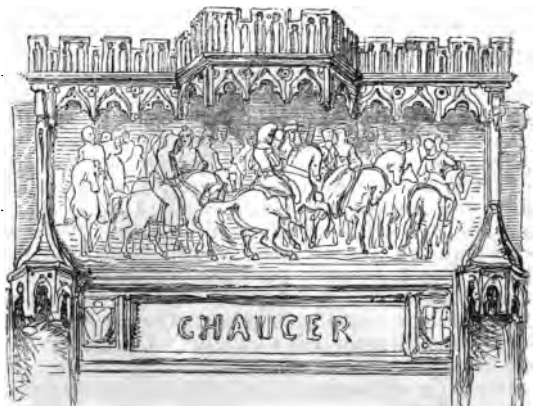

Two undertakings of more than ordinary importance mark the second half of the fourteenth century, and suggest on various grounds an interesting and useful parallel. Pursuing one of these undertakings, the chief actor in it collected vast sums of treasure by the taxation of the people of England, drew from the peaceful and profitable avocations of industry the materials for army after army of English citizens, and poured them upon the soil of a neighbouring country, which he was determined at all costs to conquer. To found for England a new empire on the Continent, was the undertaking on which the brave, able, accomplished, but grasping and unscrupulous Edward III. concentrated the energies of a life. About the very same time that Edward began in earnest to prosecute this undertaking, there was a youth, buried in the seclusion of study, not less actively engaged in the promotion of another undertaking; that—too gigantic in its character probably to be determined upon, or even rightly estimated then — was doubtless dawning

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CHAUCER.

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little by little upon his mind. For this undertaking, he too drew supplies from all quarters, but his levies were of books, his treasure the accumulated stores of thought that time had bequeathed to the world. And when he had mastered all that could thus be obtained, he went forth into the world to study men, as well as man, before he attempted the conquest of the empire *he* meditated, over the hearts and minds of his fellows. And how fared these respective undertakings? Failures of course affected the ambitious student as well as the ambitious warrior, but we have not in the one case, as in the other, a record of them; let us therefore look simply at the successes of both, and the results. The battle of Creci, the first great encounter between the two nations, was won in 1346, and in the same year the first important poem of the first great English poet is understood to have been produced. Ten years later, Creci had been followed by Poitiers; the 'Court of Love,' by the noble 'Troilus and Cressida;' and by an announcement contained in the concluding lines of that work, which showed the poet had essayed and was satisfied as to his powers, and was preparing to give to England a work that should rival the divine comedy of the illustrious Italian (Dante) lately deceased. "Go, little book," wrote the poet—

> "go, little tragedy,
> Where God my maker, yet ere that I die,
> So send me might to make some comedy."

Sixteen or seventeen years more elapse, and the iron-willed sovereign bends beneath a fiat even more potent than his own, and in deep humiliation feels that he is utterly defeated; about the same time the poet is receiving from the lips of an illustrious contemporary an addition to the materials for the work that is to form the culminating point of his life and fame, the last of a long series of productions destined to be as permanent as the language itself which they have done so much to create, the 'Comedy,' in short, of which he has so long dreamed; —he is hearing from Petrarch the exquisitely pathetic story of Griselda. Edward dies in 1377, a broken-hearted

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man; deserted, even on his palace-hearth, at the last hour, by those he had fed and clothed and honoured; he who would have conquered France cannot even now command the presence of a single lackey: when Chaucer dies, it is amidst the profound regrets of all who knew him personally or through his works; and as he goes "home" and takes his "wages," it is with the conviction that he has indeed done his "worldly task," in the foundation of what, all things considered, it is no national vanity to call the mightiest of Literatures. The parallel we have thus ventured to draw does not even end here. Whilst we still drink refreshing draughts from Chaucer's "well of English undefiled," and wonder to see how little of essentially differing qualities his greatest successors have infused into the national literature, the only effect, if there be any one now perceptible, of Edward's unjust attempt, or of his brilliant victories, is in the unhappy jealousy which these and similar events have left in the minds of the people who most suffered from them. Truly if the sword in its day is honoured at the expense of the pen, the pen in the long run repays itself with sweeping interest. We have said nothing in these remarks of the connexion between the two personages whose respective undertakings we have placed in juxtaposition with each other, but that connexion is not the least interesting or least important portion of the biography of either: we do not know whether Edward intentionally forwarded Chaucer's poetical undertakings, but it is clear that by his patronage they *were* forwarded—and greatly; whilst Chaucer, on the other hand, was one of the most trusted and valued of the king's servants; promoting Edward's views by his personal services in the field as a soldier, and still more influentially by his experience and wisdom in the cabinet as a diplomatist.

It is a curious though a very common characteristic of certain biographers, in dealing with cases where information is as desirable as it is meagre, to make the little less, by throwing all sorts of doubts upon the facts that we thought had been settled and realized. They have, in short, a horror of all speculations but those which

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may tend to disturb existing beliefs. Unable to build themselves, they would deny to others the use of the necessary foundations. Why, for instance, must there be a doubt excited as to the date of Chaucer's birth? Most of the old writers say it took place in the second year of the reign of Edward III., 1328, and their statement is supported by a host of indirect evidences, which show that it must have been about the time they mention. But it is urged, that when Chaucer, in 1386, gave his deposition in the controversy between Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor relative to the right of using a certain coat-of-arms (an important part of Chaucer's biography, to which we shall subsequently refer), he described himself "of the age of forty and upwards," and as having borne arms for twenty-seven years. Do the doubters therefore abide by their own necessary inference that he was born in 1345, and became a soldier at the ripe age of thirteen? Not a whit; they acknowledge that such a date cannot be correct; it has even been pointed out that other persons who were examined at the same time are known to have been from ten to twenty years older than the depositions make them. Whatever, therefore, the explanation of the phrase "forty and upwards," it is clear that it is not to be received in contradiction of the date that makes the poet to have been in his fifty-fifth year. Yet the doubt is raised just the same! So again as to the place of Chaucer's birth. In his prose work, the 'Testament of Love,' where the poet is as evidently and avowedly referring to himself as poet well can, he speaks of the City of London that is "to me so dear and sweet, in which I was forth grown; and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in earth; as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendure, and to wiln [wish] rest and peace in that stead [place] to abide." But then as some biographers have mistaken various other passages in that work, this passage also is to be doubted, nay, the whole production laid aside as one that cannot be relied on. It is true, that for a comprehensive and trustworthy Life of Chaucer greater care must be shown in

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the use of the somewhat perplexing materials that wait the biographer's disposal than ever yet has been shown, but it is not by a system of wholesale negation that the work will be accomplished. Nothing can come of nothing, and, trite as the observation may be, there are some few for whom it still seems requisite to be asserted. Not simply useless, but mischievous, is that kind of biography which delights to reduce what at all events looks like flesh and blood to a pure skeleton, and has no objection to take away even a bone or two from that.

Chaucer then was born in 1328, in London; and there doubtless he spent his earliest years, until, as he says, he was "forth-grown." Of his parents we know nothing direct. A long list of persons has been collected, who during the period in question bore the name of Chaucer, which was derived from the old Norman word Chaucier or Chaussier, signifying a shoemaker; and used in that sense during the poet's life by Richard of Hampole, a hermit, who translated the Gospel of St. Mark, and died in 1394. The passage, "There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose," is thus rendered by Richard: "A stalworthier man than I shall come after me, of whom I am not worthy, downfalling or kneeling, to loose the thong of his chawcers." But that the poet's parents were certainly persons of wealth, probably also of consideration, may be assumed from the excellence of the education given to their son, and from the ready access which he found, on entering into public life, to the very person and favour of the sovereign. Chaucer, in a word, was born a gentleman; and the fact is of importance, not only for the incalculable benefit that it involved through the instrumentality of that education, but as showing us still more plainly than otherwise could have been shown the true nobility of the poet's mind. It is Chaucer who tells us, in the 'Wife of Bath's' tale, that he who ever intendeth to perform all kinds of gentle deeds is the greatest gentleman, and that he who will perform none of them—

"He is not gentle, be he duke or earl;"

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and that the poet here speaks his own sentiments, while relating the sentiments of the knight's apparently aged and hideous bride, is clear from his ballad on the same subject, where it is inculcated that unless a man love virtue and fly vice,

> "He is not gentle, though he riche seem,
> All wear he mitre, crown, or diademe."

Where Chaucer was educated is uncertain; but the assertions of the older biographers that he was both at Cambridge and Oxford, and that he subsequently went to Paris, then the most famous and flourishing of all the European universities, is supported by the known facts in the lives of other eminent men, who became, like him, distinguished by their scholastic attainments. Grostête, Roger Bacon, and Michael Scott, all pursued the exact route ascribed to Chaucer. The poet is supposed to refer to himself under the designation of "Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk," in the 'Court of Love,' and the indications of a correct knowledge of the locality exhibited in the Reve's Tale are referred to as an additional corroboration of his residence in the neighbourhood. Even the very college is named—Clare Hall—at which he studied, and where he may have written his earlier poems, including the 'Court of Love.' Clare Hall, Speght says, is the same with that mentioned in the Reve's Tale, under the denomination of the Soleres or Scholars'. It is to be hoped the licentious freaks of the scholars, as described in that tale, are not to be received as characteristic of the order at the period that Chaucer was a member.

Two of Chaucer's most intimate friends appear to have been the "moral Gower" and the "philosophical Strode," whose names he has thus embalmed in his verse; and both were members of the University of Oxford at the time that all three must have been engaged in the business of mental culture. To them he dedicated his 'Troilus and Cressida;' and the poem itself, which is said to have been written at Oxford, may have been composed while in the daily enjoyment of their society.

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But whether it was Oxford, or some other place, that the poet left at the termination of his English academical studies, we may rest assured that Leland was essentially correct in his general statement when he wrote, "At the period of his leaving Oxford, he was already an acute dialectician, a persuasive orator, an eloquent poet, a grave philosopher, an able mathematician, and an accomplished divine. These no doubt are lofty appellations; but whoever shall examine his works with a curious eye, will admit that I have sufficient ground for my panegyric." But the touches of the "finishing school," it appears, from the same authority, were still requisite, and were obtained. Chaucer went to Paris, where "he imbibed all the beauties, elegance, charms, wit, and grace of the French tongue, to a degree that is scarcely credible." And thus accomplished, and possessing a handsome person, which must have been trained and developed into strength and activity by martial exercises, the young poet returned to England, and prepared to enter into the ordinary business of life, from which alone, it is probable, he thenceforward derived his chief or entire support. At first he entered into the study of the law, and became a member of the Inner Temple; but the only result was, an affair in which he became subject to the law, instead of an expounder of it. Some friar having offended the poet in Fleet Street, he is said to have given him a beating, and to have been fined five shillings for the offence. But it was not in the time of the Third Edward that a young ambitious man, in the possession of all that nature could possibly confer upon her greatest favourites —whether of personal or mental advantages, and whose acquisitions were as remarkable as his endowments,—it was not then such a man could shut himself up in the dusty solitudes of the Temple chambers, and pore over legal treatises from morn to noon—from noon to dewy eve. It was not the moths of fashion that the dazzling radiance of the court of King Edward attracted, but England's bravest and ablest men, her noblest and most virtuous women, whose beauty, however conspicuous, formed the least of their qualifications. It was with such as these

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that the palace halls of Windsor were thronged. To mention but two names, each sufficient to immortalize any court—there were then among the brilliant groups that surrounded Edward, his queen Philippa, the saviour of the illustrious citizens of Calais, and the Countess of Salisbury, the heroine of Froissart's charming narration, who not only resisted the king's unlawful love, but so purified the heart of the lover, that when the well-known accident happened at a ball, he founded the order of the Garter in her eternal honour: an act, all things considered, unequalled for its combination of chivalrous, poetical, and lover-like feeling.

It was among such personages the young poet desired to be, and his wishes were speedily gratified. And it is evident that he was at least as much admired as he could admire, notwithstanding his modest and retiring, if not even reserved habits. A pleasant tradition tells us that the Countess of Pembroke, the king's daughter, one of his patronesses, told him his silence created more mirth than his conversation; for he was very bashful and reserved in company, notwithstanding that life and spirit which appeared in his writings. But Chaucer had no desire to play the courtier—and he was understood. More than one of his poems are believed to have originated in conversations between the poet and the noble women who honoured themselves and him by taking an interest in his career. Thus, to appease them generally, when they professed to be offended by the strictures contained in some of his writings, he produced, at the command of Queen Philippa, 'The Legend of Good Women,' which, it has been pointedly observed, should rather be called 'The Legend of Bad Men.' Lydgate says—

> "The poet wrote, at the réquest of the queen,
> A Legendè of perfect holiness;
> Of good womén to findè out nineteen
> That did excel in bounty and fairèness;"

and the sly monk adds, for all his labour he found it impossible

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"In all this world to find so great a number."

How the poet obtained admittance to the court we know not. In the absence of any facts tending to show that he was by birth entitled to expect as a matter of course the remarkable favour that was accorded to him, we do not see why we may not fall back upon the agreeable hypothesis that it was not social rank (though he had as much of it as was indispensable), but intellectual merit that really introduced him there. At all events such a supposition is supported in a remarkable manner by the known nature of his connexion with the man who, next to Edward and his son the Black Prince, occupied in his time the largest share of the attention of the people of England: we refer to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward, and of course, therefore, the brother of the prince just named.

Among the poems of Chaucer there are three which have been looked upon, and no doubt correctly, as illustrating the personal history of the duke as a lover and a husband. In the first of these, 'The Complaint of the Black Knight,' the poet, in a charming passage, describes himself as walking forth on a May morning, and meeting in an arbour the Black Knight, who is bewailing the cruelty of his mistress. It is worthy of observation, that the poem shows how much better the poet felt what did concern him, the beauty of the time and season, than what did not touch very deeply his sympathies, the love-distresses of his friend and patron John of Gaunt. The second work of the series, 'Chaucer's Dream,' shows that the lady's obduracy was, as usual, more apparent than real. The royal lover has married the lady of his heart, Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. The third poem, the 'Book of the Duchess,' records the premature death of Blanche in 1369, and the profound grief of her husband. The historical facts relating to John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," harmonize so completely with the poetical ones contained in this trio of poems, that there can be no reasonable doubt as to the scope and origin of the latter. And this conviction is of greater

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value than may be at first apparent. The 'Complaint of the Black Knight,' referring to the duke's courtship, and 'Chaucer's Dream,' referring to the duke's marriage, must have been written—the one a little before and the other a little after that marriage, which took place at Reading, in May, 1359, and was solemnized with great splendour. Knowing then the period and the circumstances of the production of these poems, we shall find, on looking at the one named 'Chaucer's Dream,' that we also know the essential history of the poet's own courtship and marriage. In the other two poems he is thinking chiefly of his friend and patron; in this one he makes all turn toward the expression of his own heartfelt wishes. In the 'Dream' he imagines himself in a lodge, beside a well in the forest, reposing after the fatigues of a hunt. The difficulties attending the courtship of the duke and duchess are then shadowed forth by an account of their death, and revival, ending in their union. Then follows a long and highly important passage, evidently, up to a certain point, narrating facts. After the marriage was determined upon, the royal lovers sent out messengers in all directions

> "To kinges, queenes, and duchésses,
> To divers princes, and princesses,"

inviting them to be present at the solemnity. Then, says the poet, they ordered that certain knights and squires and officers—

> "In manner of an embassade,
> With certain letters clos'd and made,
> Should take the barge and depart,
> And seek *my lady* every part
> Till they her found."

The duke and duchess * (Blanche) tell them to charge her to be there at the day; again and again Blanche de-

* Chaucer, perhaps to avoid letting the poems appear to the public too strict a narration of actual facts, calls them here, and in various other places, the king and queen.

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sires to be commended to her, and she is to be told that, unless she come, all will be wasted,

> "And the feast but a business,
> Withouten joy or lustiness."

The emoassy departs, and, after fourteen days, returns with the object of their search in the barge. The duchess, in her delight, cannot wait for her arrival at the court, but, says the poet, she met my lady on the sand, and clasped her in her arms. And for twelve hours after they parted not, but wandered alone, talking of their joys and troubles, with the pleasure natural to their young and tender years. And when night came, they still remained together. On the morrow the prince of lords

> "Came, and unto my lady said
> Of her coming glad, and well apaid *
> He was, and full right cunningly
> Her thankèd, and full heartily,
> And laugh'd and smil'd, and said, 'Ywis
> That † was in doubt, in safety is.'"

The marriage takes place, and then, continues the poet,

> "The prince, the queen,‡ and all the rest
> Unto my lady made request
> And her besought often, and pray'd
> To me-wards to be well apaid
> And cónsider mine olde truth,
> And on my paines haven ruth,
> And me accept to her servíce
> In suche form and in such wise
> That we both mighten be as one;
> Thus pray'd the queen and every one,
> And, for there should ne be no Nay,
> They stinten jousting all a day
> To pray my lady, and requere
> To be content and out of fear,
> And with good heart make friendly cheer,
> And said it was a happy year;

* Pleased. † That which.
‡ Blanche. (See previous note.)

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At which she smiled, and said 'Ywis
I trow well he my servant is,
And would *my* welfare, as I trist,*
So would I *his*; and would he wist
How; and I knewe that his truth
Continue would, withouten sloth,
And be such as ye here report.
Restraining both courage and sport,
I could consent at your request
To be ynamèd of your feast,
And doen after your usance
In obeying of your pleäsance.
At your request this I consent,
To pleasen you in your intent:
And eke the sovèreign above,
Commanded hath me for to love,
And before others him prefer;
Against which prince may be no wer;†
For his power o'er all reigneth,
That other would for nought him paineth;
And sith his will and yours is one,
Contrary in me shall be none.' "

Here we have passed the boundaries of fact. That the lady had not yet said what the poet so delicately tells her she should say, much less that the marriage had taken place amidst all the ceremonies and gladness and splendour that he next so picturesquely describes, the poet presently proceeds to tell us. The sounds

"Round about, and in all the tents,
With thousandès of instruments,"

trouble him in his sleep; he wakes, and finds no lady, alas! And now the mask, assumed for the moment, is dropped; he avows his prayer that his lady will accept of his service in such a manner that the substance of his dream may prove true, or that he may return into the same pleasant isle of fancy. And then, in direct appeal to her for grace (under the title of L'Envoy), he concludes the poem.

* Trust. † War.

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If we need any other evidence of the correctness of the idea that this poem records the poet's own feelings and position, and the position of the lady loved by him, we have only to inquire who it was that is known to have inspired such sentiments in his breast. She was the daughter of Sir Payne Roet, Guienne, king-of-arms, who is supposed to have come over from Hainault with Queen Philippa, after whom she may have been named, and in whose service she remained up to the day of the queen's death. This lady therefore was a member, and, as we know, a highly favoured one, of the household of the wife of John of Gaunt's brother. But the connexion may be traced still closer. Philippa Roet's sister Katherine, widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, was in the household of the duchess Blanche herself, the queen of Chaucer's dream, and it was that Katherine whom the great duke, later in life, married.

And what did the lady say, on the receipt of this poem, so exquisitely contrived and carried out? We know not, but may guess from subsequent circumstances that it was not very unfavourable. Suddenly, however, the sound of war rouses the lovers from all such dreamy delights. Edward, like a losing gamester, growing only the more desperate, is fitting out a new army for the conquest of France. The poet must accompany him. It is Chaucer's first military expedition. We must for a while forget the poet in the soldier.

Our knowledge of this important incident in the poet's career is derived from the deposition before mentioned, and forms the chief value of that document. Though delivered, therefore, many years subsequent to the period in question, we may here fitly transcribe it. Chaucer, among a host of other witnesses, was called by Richard, Lord Scrope, to bear testimony to his right to certain arms, in opposition to a similar claim on the part of Sir Robert Grosvenor.

"Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire, of the age of forty and upwards, armed for twenty-seven years, produced on behalf of Sir Richard Scrope, sworn and examined: Asked, whether the arms 'Azure, a bend Or' belonged or

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ought to belong to the said Sir Richard? Said yes, for he saw him so armed in France, before the town of Retters [apparently the village of Retiers, near Rennes, in Brittany], and Sir Henry Scrope armed in the same arms with a white label, and with a banner; and the said Sir Richard armed in the entire arms 'Azure, with a bend Or,' and so he had seen him armed during the whole expedition, until the said Geoffrey was taken. Asked, how he knew that the said arms appertained to the said Sir Richard? Said that he had heard say from old knights and esquires, that they had been reputed to be their arms, as common fame and the public voice proved; and he also said that they had continued their possession of the said arms; and that all his time he had seen the said arms in banners, glass, paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope. Asked, if he had heard any one say who was the first ancestor of the said Sir Richard who first bore the said arms? Said no, nor had he ever heard otherwise than that they were come of ancient ancestry, and of old gentry, and used the said arms. Asked if he had heard any one say how long a time the ancestors of the said Sir Richard had used the said arms? Said no, but he had heard say that it passed the memory of man. Asked, whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor, or by his ancestors, or by any one in his name, to the said Sir Richard, or to any of his ancestors? Said no; but he said that he was once in Friday Street, in London, and as he was walking in the street, he saw hanging a new sign made of the said arms, and he asked what inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope, and one answered him and said, No Sir, they are not hung out for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, whom men call Sir Robert Grosvenor; and that was the first time he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor, or of his ancestors, or of any other bearing the name of Grosvenor."

Chaucer says he had been armed twenty-seven years;

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this means, according to the then prevalent mode of speaking of such matters, that in 1359, twenty-seven years before the date of the deposition, 1386, Chaucer had *first* borne arms. He says also, he was in France, in one of the military expeditions of the time. Now as 1359 is the very year in which Edward took a great army into that country, and as for three years before and for ten years after, there was no other such expedition set on foot, and as when fresh ones were despatched we know the poet was not concerned in them, but was differently engaged—why, on the whole, the inference is irresistible, that it was in Edward's expedition of 1359 that Chaucer first became a soldier.

And that expedition was one calculated to test most searchingly his possession of the soldier's best quality, fortitude, though not at all calculated to make him enamoured of the vocation. The expedition throughout exhibited to him only the shades of military life, without a glimpse of its sunshine. A more formidable army had never perhaps left the English shores—certainly had never left it to meet so melancholy a fate; it comprised a hundred thousand men, and filled a thousand ships during the passage from coast to coast. And if for a time it seemed as irresistible as it had promised to be, that was because no army came forth to meet it. From Calais Edward moved on through Artois to Picardy; and thence to Rheims, which he besieged with the intention, it is said, of having himself crowned king of France in the cathedral, the usual place of coronation for the sovereigns of the country. But the garrison was brave, the place strong, and the season winter. In the end he raised the siege, and marched into Burgundy, and then, turning towards Paris, he moved forwards till the dismayed Parisians beheld an English army encamped without their walls. The French, however, had learned wisdom from the success with which they had often defended their fortified places, and from the failure that attended their efforts in the open field. So they were not to be drawn outside the walls of the capital, not even by a challenge; and at the same time Edward was

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quite unable to force his way in; so, harassed by insufficient supplies of provisions, he presently retreated towards Brittany. Every step of his way was marked by falling horses and men, who died from hunger or the intolerable fatigue to which they were subjected. No wonder that the spirits of the troops sank, and that Edward's own mind was so affected that he became superstitious, and yielded, beneath the terror of a great storm, the peace that not all the miseries of his own subjects, and the infinitely greater miseries they had inflicted on the French people, could wring from him. On the 8th of May, 1360, the treaty of Bretigny was concluded; Bretigny being a village near to Chartres. Of the greater part of the horrors of the expedition Chaucer was an eyewitness and participator, with the additional pang added that, as he himself tells, he was "taken" prisoner. How long he remained in captivity it is impossible to say; but there is reason to fear that the period may have even extended to five or six years. From 1359-60 to a little before 1366 his history is a blank to us; and the next circumstance we find related of him looks very like the greetings of his friends and of his sovereign after a prolonged and painful absence. In or before 1366 he received the hand of Philippa Roet, who, on the 12th of September in that year, was granted, by Edward, a pension of ten marks for life, by the name of Philippa Chaucer; and on the 20th of June in the following year, we find her husband holding a post (that of valet) in the king's household, corresponding to hers in the queen's, and enjoying that king's especial favour, as expressed by a grant of twenty marks yearly, in consideration of his former and future services. It is tolerably evident from all this, that it was not through the exertions of his own friend and patron John of Gaunt, or through the existence of any particular private desire to aid him in the minds of the still more influential friends and patrons of his wife, that the poet thus succeeded in establishing a position for himself in the world. The reward looks as though it were apportioned simply to the amount of the desert; and through all Chaucer's subse-

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quent and highly distinguished career we shall find the same characteristic prevailing in the treatment of him. Or if there be any discrepancy, it is that the rewards on the whole seem to fall short rather than to exceed what might be supposed the legitimate amount. The king's grant to Chaucer was to last for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for. The promise here held out to the poet was not long left unredeemed. In 1370 he was sent abroad on the king's service; and—having been raised to the rank of one of the king's own squires—again in 1372, when he went to Genoa, to treat on the subject of the choice of a port in England where the Genoese might form an establishment. In 1376 a secret mission, and the nature of which still remains secret, was intrusted to him and Sir John Burley. In 1377 he accompanied Sir Thomas Percy on another secret mission to Flanders, and in the same year is supposed to have been concerned in the negotiations for peace with France; all missions of an important nature, and all comprised within the period of the life of Edward. But change of monarchs made no change in this respect; the poet's abilities, character, and services were sufficient to command the respect and attention of Edward's successor. One of the earliest events of the new reign was the appointment of an embassy to treat of the marriage of Richard II. with the daughter of the king of France: Chaucer was one of the ambassadors. This was in January, 1378, and the poet could scarcely have fulfilled his duty and returned, before he was again despatched, in May of the same year, to Lombardy, to treat with the lord of Milan and the famous free commander Sir John Hawkwood. An interesting circumstance marks this embassy. Gower was one of the two representatives who acted for the poet in England during his absence. This is one of the numerous valuable facts that Sir Harris Nicholas has made known for the first time in his (as yet unpublished) 'Life of Chaucer.'

It was in the embassy to Genoa, of 1372, that Chaucer is supposed to have met Petrarch, and to have heard from him the story of Griselda. This supposition, the

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truth of which one would be glad to be satisfied of, rests upon the following evidence:—Chaucer, in the prologue to the Clerk's Tale, makes the clerk say,

> "I will you tell a talè, which that I
> Learned at Padua, of a worthy clerk,
> As proved by his wordès and his work.
> He is now dead and nailèd in his chest;
> I pray to God so give his soule rest.
> Francis Petrarch, the laureate poéte,
> Highte this clerk, whose rhetóric sweet
> Illumined all Itaille of poetry."

Now Boccaccio was the author, in the Italian language, of the story in question, 'Griselda;' and why did Chaucer, if he is not referring to an actual and highly interesting incident of his own history, make the clerk go out of his way to speak of Petrarch, who only translated, in Latin, Boccaccio's work? No one supposes that Chaucer was ignorant of the existence or nature of the writings of Boccaccio; and the only answer given to Godwin, who put the foregoing question, is, that Chaucer may not have been acquainted with the Italian language, and therefore preferred acknowledging an obligation to Petrarch, whose translation alone had enabled him to become familiar with the tale. It might be so; though it is not very likely. Not only was Chaucer, as we have seen, distinguished in youth for the depth and universality of his attainments; but had been at least twice an ambassador to Italy. The strong probability therefore is, that he did know the language, and was perfectly well acquainted with the 'Decameron' (the exemplar of his own Canterbury Tales) in its mother tongue, but that having met Petrarch, *who was at Arqua near Padua* at the very time that Chaucer *was* in the neighbourhood, he could not tell the tale he had then heard, under such remarkable circumstances, without a passing record of them.

That same Genoese embassy involved important consequences as regarded the fortunes of the poet. On the 8th of June, 1374, only a few months after his return, Edward conferred upon him the lucrative and distin-

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guished office of comptroller of the customs for wool, &c. But the king had not waited until that time to show what he thought of Chaucer's conduct; he had already conferred upon him a marked testimony of his approbation; and at a time and under circumstances that make the blood stir, and the imagination busy itself in a thousand vain attempts to picture what might have been from the knowledge of what was. On St. George's day, the 23rd of April, 1374, when the king would be sitting in high and solemn festival, surrounded by all the chief nobility of the land, and when Chaucer, as one of his own squires, would, as a matter of duty and office, be in attendance on him, Edward conferred upon the poet the grant of a pitcher of wine to be supplied to him daily for life. In the very same year, and after the appointment to the customs, John of Gaunt, as if desiring to show how deeply he sympathised in the poet's prosperity, still further swelled his income by a grant of ten pounds for life. The following year, 1375, brought also its own good gifts, in the shape of two wardships, granted by Edward; from one of which Chaucer received 104*l.*, equivalent, according to Godwin's estimate of the comparative value of money then and now, to about some eighteen hundred pounds of the nineteenth century.

And now for some years the poet's life appears to have rolled on smoothly, usefully, happily. And although it was a condition expressly made by Edward, that the poet should keep the accounts of the comptrollership with his own hand, and not put off his duties upon a deputy (a wise provision, and fitly made by a king who knew so well how to pay for real services), it is supposed that it was during these busy years that Chaucer produced some of his best miscellaneous poems. The 'Romaunt of the Rose,' a translation from the French work that enjoyed so long a period of popularity, had probably been written long before, in the days when the poet imitated previous writers rather than drew from himself; the dates of the 'Cuckoo and the Nightingale' and some others are unknown; but the 'House of Fame,' a noble poem, and worthy of its suggestive title, bears internal evidence that it was writ-

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ten while its author held the office of comptroller: and some very agreeable information it gives to us of the poet's habits. Jupiter, who addresses the poet personally, tells him he is aware he attends nothing now to tidings of love, nor of nothing else—not even

> "of thy very neighebours
> That dwellen almost at thy doors,
> Thou hearest neither that nor this·
> *For when thy labour all done is,*
> *And hast made all thy reckonings,*
> Instead of rest, and of new things,
> Thou goest home to thine house anon,
> And all so dumbe as a stone
> Thou sittest at another book,
> Till fully dazèd is thy look,
> And livest thus as a hermíte,
> Although thine abstinence is lite,"* &c.

In the love of good living, here acknowledged, we may see the origin of that goodly bulk upon which Harry Bailley, in the 'Canterbury Tales,' banters the poet. "Now," he calls out to the pilgrims,

> "'Ware you, sirs, and let this man have place;
> He in the waist is shapen as well as I:
> This were a poppet in an arme to embrace
> For any woman."

Through the same medium the poet describes himself as accustomed to look on the ground, to be "elvish" of countenance, silent, and reserved. We need only add to these traits another, also on the best of authorities—his own—namely, the love of walking, and enjoyment of all the sights and sounds of natural phenomena. In his 'Legend of Good Women' he writes—

> "And as for me, though that I can but lite,*
> On bookes for to read, I me delight,
> And to them give I faith and full credénce
> And in mine heart have them in reverence,
> So heartily, that there is gamè none
> That from my bookes maketh me to gone;

* Little.

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But it be seldom on the holyday,
Save certainly when that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the fowles* sing,
And that the flowres 'ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my book and my devotion."

In 1386 the people emphatically marked their approbation of him whom kings had delighted to honour, by electing Chaucer to parliament as a knight of the shire for Kent. But, in all probability, that honour destroyed the poet's peace. Misfortunes began from this time to fall thickly upon him. Within two months after the meeting of parliament he was deprived of the comptrollership, as well as the comptrollership of the petty customs, that had been conferred by Richard II. four years before; and we are utterly in the dark as to the cause. Tyrwhitt, Godwin, and others have built up an elaborate hypothesis, as to his connexion with the civic commotion in London in 1384, when John of Northampton stood for the office of mayor in opposition to the court candidate; and which ended, they say, as concerned the poet, in his expatriation to Zealand, in his enduring great sufferings there, in his return to England in 1386, and in his committal to the Tower, until 1389. All these presumptions, founded on various passages of the 'Testament of Love,' the right key to which has evidently not yet been found, have been utterly set at rest by Sir Harris Nicholas's discovery of records showing that from 1380 to 1388 Chaucer received his pension regularly as it became due, in London, *with his own hands*. And, indeed, we have only to weigh for a moment the character and doings of the parliament to which he was elected, to satisfy us that there need be no surprise excited at the treatment experienced by Chaucer. Legislation, in the dictionary of the leading politicians of the day, meant intrigues for the possession of power. The parliament was divided into two parties; one supporting the king, and the king's favourites, De la Pole and De Vere, and the other determined to drive those favourites from power. The oppo-

* Birds.

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sition was headed by the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of John of Gaunt, and it succeeded; De la Pole was dismissed, impeached, and imprisoned; and, finally, the successful party demanded and obtained from Richard a council for the government of the nation. There would be little relish then for the advice, little sympathy with the conduct of a man who in his writings was accustomed, whilst bidding the people to obey the king and the law, also to say to their governors—

"Knight, let thy *deedes worship determine*,"

and

"Go forth, king, and rule thee by sapience;"

and who was in religion a Wickliffite.

In struggles between ambitious nobles and a king who desired to be despotic, a man of independent character might easily give deep offence to those against whom he acted, and without particularly pleasing those who might look upon him generally as their supporter; and that Chaucer appears to have done. He was made the victim of the one, and received no compensating benefits from the other. So, in 1388, he was compelled to sell two of his pensions, which were accordingly assigned to John Scalby. His wife's pension had ceased with the life of her to whom it had been granted. The last payment to Philippa Chaucer took place in June, 1387. She died therefore within a twelvemonth after the events that plunged them both in adversity.

In 1389, Richard, then in his twenty-second year, suddenly dismissed Gloucester, and confided the administration to another uncle, the Duke of York, and to a cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, who during all these changes was on the Continent endeavouring to establish for himself a Spanish sovereignty. Within two months after that change, Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the Works at the king's chief palaces, at a salary of two shillings a day, and in the course of his duties he had to superintend the onerous but honourable and gratifying task of repairing St. George's Chapel, Windsor. But again he was dismissed, after about two years' service; unless, indeed, which is pos-

sible rather than probable, that he, in order to carry out his literary views, had himself determined to retire finally from all public employment. He was now sixty-three years old; the "Comedy" over which he had so long pondered, and which was to contain the accumulated wealth of his genius, wisdom, and experience, was still unwritten, except in parts, and he had evidently long desired to abstract himself from mere worldly avocation. Thus in 1384 he had obtained from Richard a relaxation of Edward's stringent regulation, that he should not nominate a deputy, and in the very year that he ceased to hold his architectural appointments he had caused John Elmhurst to officiate for him. At all events, the years 1393, 1394, 1395, are supposed to have been those of the production of the 'Canterbury Tales' (which are known to have been produced after Jack Straw's insurrection, as that occurrence is mentioned in them), and we see no reason to disturb the supposition. Woodstock, a royal seat, was, according to tradition, the scene of the poet's labours on this his greatest work, as well as of others of an earlier date. In the scientific treatise addressed by Chaucer to one of his two sons, Lewis, who appears to have died young, there does appear something like evidence that Chaucer was living in the neighbourhood of Oxford when he composed that piece, which contains the date of 1391. Chaucer there speaks of the astrolabe he has "compounded after the latitude of Oxford." But there is really so little tangible knowledge concerning the poet's residence either at Woodstock or at Donnington Castle, that it is best to rest content with the fact that tradition does say Chaucer resided at both, and that at Donnington he planted the three oaks known respectively as Chaucer's oak, the king's oak, and the queen's. But then tradition must not be too exacting—must not also ask us to believe that the poet wrote several of his poems beneath the shade of one of the trees he had planted. It must have been a most precocious tree else.

In deep gloom, much we fear, the poet spent the latter hours of his day of life, though not without a sudden lighting up of the horizon ere the close, as if to surround passage into the grave with something of the glory

that should attend the sunset of such a life. Sir Harris Nicholas has collected together in his work (to which we must refer for the particulars) facts of the deepest interest, as showing that he was in poverty, sheer unmistakeable poverty, from 1394 to 1398. And yet John of Gaunt had not only returned to England, but had married the sister of the poet's wife, through which marriage therefore Chaucer became connected with the royal family of England. Was the poet too proud to make known the real state of his affairs? In 1398 Richard, with whom sympathy and admiration for Chaucer seem to have been the mere occasionally recurring whim of the moment, did again so far remember the poet as to confer on him another grant of wine, more valuable than the first, to be delivered by the poet's own son, Thomas, who had then risen to the rank of chief butler. In 1399 Richard was deposed, and Bolingbroke became king of England; and within *four* days the pension of twenty marks that Richard had granted to Chaucer in 1394 (six years after the sale of the two pensions formerly possessed by him) was *doubled*, leaving him, on the whole, the recipient of an income from the crown amply sufficient for all his wants. He now took a lease of a house situated in a garden adjoining Westminster Abbey, and there probably he died, on the 25th of October, 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and it is only fitting that Poets' Corner, like English poetry itself, should date its foundation from Geoffrey Chaucer. As a poet, he needs no epitaph, but whenever we do—what has been often talked of—rebuild his monument in the Abbey, we need desire no nobler testimony of his character as a man to be inscribed on it, than the ballad with which we conclude, and which was written by him, as the affecting title states, when he lay upon his death-bed in "great anguish:"—

"Fly from the press,* and dwell with soothfastness,†
Suffice unto thy good, though it be small,
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness;
Praise hath envý, and weal is blent over all;
Savour‡ no more than thee behovē shall;

* Crowd. † Truth. ‡ Taste.

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Rede* well thyself that other folk canst rede
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not each crookèd to redress,
In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nall,†
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall;
Doomé thyself that doomest others dede,
And truth thee shall delîver, it is no drede.

That‡ thee is sent, receive in buxomness,§
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forthe pilgrim, forthe beast out of thy stall,
Look up on high, and thanke God of all,
Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost‖ thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede."

* Counsel. † Nail. ‡ That which.
§ Obedience, patience. ‖ Spirit, or inward monitor.

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WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

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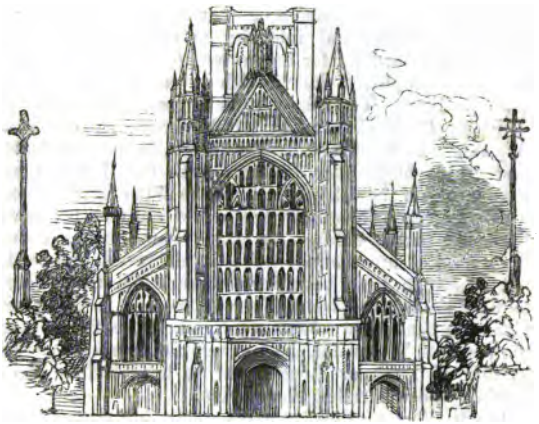

William of Wykeham.

There is an old tradition, perhaps not worthy of much credit, that upon the wall of a tower in Windsor Castle, known as the Winchester Tower, was inscribed "This made Wykeham." The great churchman raised this tower as the architect of Windsor Castle, working under the commands of his patron Edward III. It is further said, that the king being offended at this inscription, its more obvious meaning was dexterously explained away, seeing that it should be interpreted to record that the building of the castle was "the making" of the architect. There are other proud edifices still remaining upon which might be inserted "This made Wykeham" in the most complete sense. No man ever left more permanent traces of his course and character. The founder of Winchester College, and of New College, Oxford,—the builder of the noblest part of Winchester

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Cathedral,—had a title to be called their "maker," with no king or subject to dispute his pretensions. He was one of the very few men who, having raised themselves by their abilities and integrity to riches and honour, worked not sordidly for themselves to heap up treasure, but nobly employed their wealth in works of the highest public utility. The life of such a man is for example. William De Wykeham, or Of Wykeham, was born at Wykeham or Wickham, in Hampshire, in the year 1324, and, as his biographer Bishop Lowth has shown, some time between the 7th of July and the 27th of September. There is reason to believe that he did not take his name from his native village, the same name being borne by several of his relations living in his own day, who do not appear to have been born there. All that is certainly known about his father and mother is that their Christian names were John and Sybil: if his father bore the name of Wykeham, he appears to have also passed by that of Long or Longe, and to have had an elder brother who was called Henry Aas.

Lowth thus sensibly remarks upon this obscurity of the name of so distinguished a man:—"If we consider the uncertain state of family-names at the time of the birth of Wykeham, we shall not think it strange that there should be such doubt with regard to the surname of his family; or even if it should appear that he had properly no family-name at all. Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans at the Conquest: 'But certain it is,' says Camden, 'that as the better sort, even from the Conquest, by little and little, took surnames; so they were not settled among the common people fully until about the time of Edward the Second.'"

The parents of Wykeham are held to have been poor, but of creditable descent and reputable character. When their son became a dignitary of the church, he employed a seal with heraldic bearings and a quaint motto; but it is believed that these honours were not hereditary. Lowth holds that his relations were of the common people, and adds, "I am even inclined to think that he himself disclaimed all farther pretensions. The cele-

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brated motto which he added to his arms (of which probably he might have received a grant when he began to rise in the world) I imagine was intended by him to intimate something of this kind: *Manners makyth Man:* the true meaning of which, as he designed it, I presume to be, though it has commonly been understood otherwise, that a man's real worth is to be estimated not from the outward and accidental advantages of birth, rank, and fortune, but from the endowments of his mind and his moral qualifications. In this sense it bears a proper relation to his arms, and contains a just apology for those ensigns of his newly acquired dignity. Conscious to himself that his claim to honour is unexceptionable, as founded upon truth and reason, he in a manner makes his appeal to the world; alleging that neither high birth, to which he makes no pretensions, nor high station, upon which he does not value himself, but

"'Virtue alone is true nobility.'"

He was put to school at Winchester, not by his father, who had not the means, but by some wealthy patron, who is traditionally said to have been Nicholas Uvedale, lord of the manor of Wykeham and governor of Winchester Castle. The tradition further asserts that, after leaving school, he became secretary to Uvedale; and that he was secretary to the constable of Winchester Castle is stated in a written account compiled in his own time. Afterwards he is said to have been recommended by Uvedale to Edyngton, bishop of Winchester, and then by those two friends to have been made known to King Edward III. There seems to be no reason for supposing that he ever studied at Oxford, as has been affirmed by some of the later writers of his life. It is evident, indeed, that he had not had a university education, and that he never pretended to any skill in the favourite scholastic learning of his age. His strength lay in his natural genius, in his knowledge of mankind and talent for business; and probably the only art or science he had much cultivated was architecture.

He is said in an ancient contemporary account to have

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been brought to court when he was no more than three or four and twenty, which would be about the year 1348; but the earliest office which there is the evidence of records for his having held, is that of clerk of all the king's works in his manors of Henle and Yesthampsted, his patent for which is dated 10th of May, 1356. On the 30th of October in the same year he was made surveyor of the king's works at the castle and in the park of Windsor. It is affirmed by a contemporary writer to have been at his instigation that King Edward pulled down and rebuilt great part of Windsor Castle. Wykeham had the sole superintendence of the work. Queenborough Castle, in the Isle of Sheppy, was also built under his direction.

The king now began to reward him bountifully. He had probably taken deacon's orders at an early age; Lowth finds him designated 'clericus,' or clerk, in 1352. It was not, however, till the 5th of December, 1361, that he was admitted to the order of acolyte: he was ordained sub-deacon on the 12th of March, 1362, and priest on the 12th of June following. Meanwhile his first ecclesiastical preferment, the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, had been conferred upon him by the king's presentation on the 30th of November, 1357. On the 1st of March, 1359, he was presented by the king to the prebend of Flixton, in the church of Lichfield. On the 16th of April following he had a grant of 200*l.* a year from the crown, over and above all his former appointments, till he should get quiet possession of the church of Pulham, his induction into which living had been opposed by the court of Rome. On the 10th of July in the same year, he was appointed chief warden and surveyor of the king's castles of Windsor, Leeds, Dovor, and Hadham, and of the manors of Old and New Windsor, Wichemer, and sundry other other castles and manors, with the parks belonging to them. On the 5th of May, 1360, he received the king's grant of the deanery of the royal free chapel or collegiate church of St. Martin-le-Grand, London. In October, 1360, he attended upon the king at Calais, probably in quality of public notary, when the

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treaty of Bretigny was solemnly confirmed by the oaths of Edward and King John of France. Numerous additional preferments in the church were heaped upon him in the course of the next three years. By June, 1362, moreover he had been appointed to the office of warden and justiciary of the king's forests on this side Trent. On the 14th of March, 1364, he had by royal grant an assignment of twenty shillings a-day out of the exchequer. On the 11th of May, 1364, he was made keeper of the privy seal, and soon after he is styled secretary to the king, or what we should now call principal secretary of state. In May, 1365, he was commissioned by the king, with the chancellor, the treasurer, and the Earl of Arundel, to treat of the ransom of the King of Scotland (David II., taken at the battle of Nevil's Cross in 1346), and the prolonging of the truce with the Scots. And not long after this he is designated, in a paper printed in the 'Fœdera,' chief of the privy council and governor of the great council, which phrases, however, Lowth supposes do not express titles of office, but only the great influence and authority which he had in those assemblies. "There are several other preferments, both ecclesiastical and civil," adds Lowth, "which he is said to have held; but I do not mention them, because the authorities produced for them are such as I cannot entirely depend upon. And, as to his ecclesiastical benefices already mentioned, the practice of exchanging them was then so common, that 'tis hard to determine precisely which of them he held altogether at any one time." There is extant, however, an account given in by himself on occasion of the bull of Pope Urban V. against pluralities, of the entire number and value of his church benefices, as the matter stood in the year 1366; and from this statement, in which Wykeham calls himself "Sir William of Wykeham, clerk, archdeacon of Lincoln, and secretary of our lord the illustrious King of England, and keeper of his privy seal, it appears that the total produce of those which he had held when the account was demanded was 873*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*,

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and of those of which he remained in possession when it was given in, 842*l.*"

Froissart, speaking of the English court at this period, says, "At this time reigned a priest called William of Wykeham. This William of Wykeham was so much in favour with the King of England, that everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him."

Upon the death of William de Edyngton, on the 8th of October, 1366, Wykeham was immediately, upon the king's earnest recommendation, elected by the prior and convent of Winchester to succeed him as bishop of that see. He was not consecrated till the 10th of October in the year following; but this delay, till an adjustment was effected of the conflicting pretensions of the royal authority and the court of Rome, was evidently occasioned, as Lowth has shown, only by a contention between the king and the pope as to which of them should have the largest share in Wykeham's promotion. Meanwhile he had been appointed by the king lord high chancellor of England; he was confirmed in that office on the 17th of September, 1367.

He continued chancellor till the 14th of March, 1371, when he delivered back to the king both the great and the privy seals, on the change of ministry made in compliance with a petition presented shortly before by the Lords and Commons, complaining of the mischiefs which had resulted from the government of the kingdom having for a long time been in the hands of men of the church, and praying that secular men only might be appointed to the principal offices both in the king's courts and household. There is no appearance, however, of this complaint being specially directed against any part of the conduct of the Bishop of Winchester, who assisted at the ceremony of constituting his successor in the chancellorship, and seems to have for years after this continued to retain both the favour of the king and the goodwill of the parliament, and even to have remained in habits of intimate and confidential connexion with the Duke of Lan-

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caster, to whose influence the removal of the clergy from the offices of state is said to have been owing.

With reference to the complaint that men of the church filled high civil offices, Lowth observes, "The truth of the matter seems to be, that the laity in general looked with an evil eye upon the clergy, who had of late filled for the most part the great posts of honour and profit in the state; which, as it was obvious to remark, neither lay within their province nor were suitable to their function and character. The practice, however improper in itself and liable to objection, yet seems to have taken its rise from the necessity of the times: the men of abilities had for a long time been chiefly employed abroad in the wars; this was the most open road to riches and honours, and every one was pushing forward in it. Besides, it was not at any time easy to find among the laity persons properly qualified, in point of knowledge and letters, to fill with sufficiency some of the highest offices. We see the king was now obliged to have recourse to the lawyers: they gave as little satisfaction as the churchmen had done; and in a few years it was found necessary to discharge them, and to call in the churchmen again."

At the period of Wykeham's election to the see of Winchester, the bishops of that diocese had no fewer than twelve different castles or palaces, all furnished and maintained as places of residence. Wykeham's first undertaking after he found himself in possession of the see was to set about a thorough repair of these episcopal houses.

To these palaces or castles the bishops of Winchester resorted in turns, "living, according to the custom of those times, chiefly upon the produce of their own estates. So great a demand as the bishop had upon his predecessor's executors for dilapidations could not very soon or very easily be brought to an accommodation; however, the account was at last settled between them without proceeding on either side to an action at law. In the first place they delivered to him the standing stock of the bishopric due to him by right and custom:

namely, 127 draught-horses, 1556 head of black cattle, 3876 weathers, 4777 ewes, 3521 lambs: and afterwards for dilapidations, in cattle, corn, and other goods, to the value of 1662*l.* 10*s.* sterling."

Before his repairs were accomplished, Wykeham had disbursed twenty thousand marks of his own revenue. This energetic improver also applied himself with great zeal and diligence to the reformation of abuses in the monasteries and religious houses of all sorts throughout his diocese. The ancient hospital of St. Cross, at Sparkeford, near Winchester, founded in 1132 by the famous Bishop Henry de Blois, brother to King Stephen, in particular engaged much of his attention, and the objects of the charity were indebted to his persevering exertions for the restoration of many rights and benefits which they had originally enjoyed, but of which they had been for a long time defrauded.

In 1373 a school at Winchester, founded wholly by the munificence of this high-minded prelate, was first opened. The history of the endowment and completion of Winchester College, and of New College at Oxford, for which Winchester is preparatory, is so well told by Lowth, that we transcribe his narrative and just remarks without abridgment:—

"At the same time that Wykeham was thus engaged in the reformation of these charitable institutions, he was forming the plan of a much more noble and extensive foundation of his own, and taking his measures for putting it in execution. He had long resolved to dispose of the wealth which the Divine Providence had so abundantly bestowed upon him to some charitable use and for the public good, but was greatly embarrassed when he came to fix his choice upon some design that was like to prove most beneficial, and least liable to abuse. He tells us himself that upon this occasion he diligently examined and considered the various rules of the religious orders, and compared with them the lives of their several professers; but was obliged with grief to declare that he could not anywhere find that the ordinances of their founders, according to their true design and intention,

were at present observed by any of them. This reflection affected him greatly, and inclined him to take the resolution of distributing his riches to the poor with his own hands, rather than employ them in establishing an institution which might become a snare and an occasion of guilt to those for whose benefit it should be designed. After much deliberation and devout invocation of the Divine assistance, considering how greatly the number of the clergy had been of late reduced by continual wars and frequent pestilences, he determined at last to endeavour to remedy, as far as he was able, this desolation of the church, by relieving poor scholars in their clerical education; and to establish two colleges of students, for the honour of God and increase of his worship, for the support and exaltation of the Christian faith, and for the improvement of the liberal arts and sciences; hoping and trusting that men of letters and various knowledge, and bred up in the fear of God, would see more clearly and attend more strictly to the obligation lying upon them to observe the rules and directions which he should give them. Wykeham seems to have come to this resolution, and in some measure to have formed in his mind his general plan, as early as his becoming Bishop of Winchester; for we find that in little more than two years after, he had made purchases of several parcels of ground in the city of *Oxford*, which make the chief part of the site of his college there. His college of Winchester, intended as a nursery for that of Oxford, was part of his original plan; for as early as the year 1373, before he proceeded any further in his design for the latter, he established a school at Winchester, of the same kind with the former, and for the same purpose. He agreed with Richard de Herton, that for ten years, beginning from Michaelmas of the year above mentioned, he should diligently instruct in grammatical learning as many poor scholars as the bishop should send to him, and no others without his leave; that the bishop should provide and allow him a proper assistant; and that Herton, in case of his own illness or necessary absence, should substitute a proper master to supply his place.

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"Wykeham's munificence proceeded always from a constant generous principle, a true spirit of liberality. It was not owing to a casual impulse or a sudden emotion, but was the effect of mature deliberation and prudent choice. His enjoyment of riches consisted in employing them in acts of beneficence, and while they were increasing upon him, he was continually devising proper means of disposing of them for the good of the public, not delaying it till the time of his death, when he could keep them no longer, nor leaving to the care of others what he could better execute himself; but forming his good designs early, and, as soon as he had the ability, putting them in execution, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing the beneficial effects of them, and that by constant observation and due experience he might from time to time improve and perfect them, so as to render them yet more beneficial."

The pious and patriotic exertions of the good bishop were interrupted for a time by a political storm which rose against him in 1376, the last year of the reign of Edward III. He had been appointed one of the council established to superintend the conduct of affairs on the petition of the parliament which met in April of that year; and in consequence became a principal object of the resentment of the Duke of Lancaster and his party, who, after the death of the Black Prince in June, and the rise of the parliament in July, took possession of the superannuated and dying king, and proceeded to overthrow all the reforms that had been lately made in the government, and to effect, as far as they could, the ruin of all concerned in them. By the duke's contrivance eight articles were exhibited against the bishop at the beginning of the next Michaelmas term, charging him with various acts of pecuniary defalcation, oppression, and other sorts of misgovernment while he had been in office many years before as keeper of the privy seal and lord chancellor. He was heard in his defence, before a commission of bishops, peers, and privy councillors, about the middle of November, when judgment was given against him upon one of the articles, involving

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at the utmost a mere irregularity; and upon this, under the influence that then prevailed at court, an order was immediately issued for the sequestration of the revenues of his bishopric, and he was at the same time forbidden, in the king's name, to come within twenty miles of the court. The next parliament, which met on the 27th of January, 1377, was wholly devoted to Lancaster; and when, soon after, on the petition of the Commons, an act of general pardon was issued by the king, in consideration of its being the year of his jubilee, the Bishop of Winchester alone was specially excepted out of its provisions. All this, in the circumstances of the time, may be taken as the best attestation to Wykeham's patriotism and integrity. His brethren of the clergy, however, assembled in convocation, now took up his cause with great zeal; and, whether in consequence of their bold representations on the subject to the king, or for some other reason, it was soon deemed expedient to drop the proceedings against him, and on the 18th of June his temporalities were restored to him, on condition of his fitting out three ships of war for the defence of the kingdom and maintaining them at sea for a quarter of a year. And even from this mulct he was released on the accession of Richard II., a few days after. But the loss nevertheless to which he had been subjected by his prosecution is said to have amounted to ten thousand marks.

The instrument by which, on the accession of the young king, Wykeham was relieved from the pains and penalties which a dominant party had imposed upon him, is very full and explicit. It sets forth "that the king, reflecting upon the great damages and hardships that the Bishop of Winchester hath sustained on occasion of the said impeachment, and revolving in his mind the many acceptable, useful, and laudable services which the said bishop with great labour and expense hath long performed for his grandfather, the many high offices which he hath held under his grandfather and father, and the special affection and sincere love which his father while he lived always bore towards the said bishop, out of his special

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favour and with his certain knowledge, and also by advice and consent of his uncle the Duke of Lancaster and other prelates and lords of his council, remits and pardons all the aforesaid articles, and all other crimes and offences whatsoever in the amplest terms, and in the fullest manner, the exception of the said bishop in the Act of Grace passed in the last parliament of the late king, and all other statutes to the contrary notwithstanding; concluding with a clause to this effect: 'Willing that all men should know that, although we have granted to the Bishop of Winchester the said pardons and graces, nevertheless we do not think the said bishop to be in anywise chargeable, in the sight of God, with any of the matters thus by us pardoned, remitted, or released unto him, but do hold him to be, as to all and every of them, wholly innocent and guiltless.'"

His pardon was immediately followed by his employment in offices of trust and authority, where his great abilities and force of character gave assurance of a just and wise administration. As soon as Wykeham was released from his troubles he hastened to apply himself anew to the carrying forward and completion of his two colleges. The business of teaching appears to have commenced both at Winchester and at Oxford in 1378; Pope Urban VI.'s bull of licence for founding Winchester College was granted 1st June, 1378; the building of the College at Oxford, which he called "St. Mary College of Winchester in Oxford," was begun in 1380, and was finished in 1386; that of the College at Winchester was begun in 1387, and was finished in 1393. The papal bull confirming the statutes of the college at Oxford is dated 19th July, 1398. As soon as his two colleges were erected, he entered upon another great work, which still remains a monument of his taste and munificence: he resolved to rebuild his cathedral in the greater part of its extent. This undertaking he commenced in 1395, and he just lived to see it brought to a close in about ten years after.

The Bishop of Winchester was one of the fourteen peers appointed in 1386, on the petition of the parlia-

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ment, instigated by the king's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to be a council to the king for one year, and in fact for that term to exercise all the powers of government. As soon as the parliament was dismissed, Richard made an attempt to break from the yoke thus imposed upon him; the commission and statute appointing the council were declared by the judges, on the royal command, to be illegal and null, and to have involved all who had been concerned in procuring them in the guilt of treason. Upon this the Duke of Gloucester and his friends raised an army of forty thousand men. Having encamped before London, they sent a deputation, of which the Bishop of Winchester was a member, to the king; the deputies were graciously received, and returned with proposals for an accommodation; but in the mean time a body of forces which had been raised for the king in Wales and Cheshire, under the command of his minion the Duke of Ireland, was encountered by the Earl of Derby and a part of the army of the confederated lords at Radcott Bridge in Oxfordshire, and entirely defeated. This blow compelled Richard to yield for the present. But in May, 1389, another revolution in the government was effected by the king suddenly declaring himself to be of age, and removing the Duke of Gloucester and his friends from the council-board. He did not, however, dispense with the services of the Bishop of Winchester; but, on the contrary, forced him again to accept the great seal. Wykeham remained chancellor till the 27th of September, 1391, when he retired from office, Gloucester having by this time been restored to his place in the council, and all parties having been for the present again reconciled, in a great measure, it is probable, through the bishop's mediation. From this date Wykeham appears to have taken little or no share in public affairs. In 1397, when the Duke of Gloucester was put to death, and several of those who had joined him in taking arms in 1386 were attainted for that treason, the Bishop of Winchester and others were, at the intercession of the Commons, declared by the king from the throne in parliament not to have been im-

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plicated in what their fellow-commissioners had done. Wykeham was present in the parliament held 30th September, 1399, when Richard was deposed, and also in the first parliament of Henry IV., summoned a few days after; but this was the last which he attended. He continued, however, in the active discharge of his episcopal duties for two or three years longer, and was able to transact business till within four days of his death, which took place at South Waltham, about eight o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 27th of September, 1404.

We conclude with Lowth's just eulogium upon the high-minded munificence of this remarkable man:—"We frequently hear of men who, by the force of their genius, by their industry, or by their good fortune, have raised themselves from the lowest stations to the highest degrees of honour, power, and wealth; but how seldom do we meet with those who have made a proper use of the advantages which they have thus happily acquired, and considered them as deposited in their hands by Providence for the general benefit of mankind? In this respect Wykeham stands an uncommon and almost singular example of generosity and public spirit. By the time that he had reached the meridian of life, he had acquired great wealth; and the remainder of his days he employed not in increasing it to no reasonable end, but in bestowing it in every way that piety, charity, and liberality could devise. The latter half of a long life he spent in one continued series of generous actions and great designs, for the good of his friends, of the poor, and of his country. His beneficence was ever vigilant, active, and persevering: it was not only ready to answer when opportunity called, but sought it out when it did not offer itself. No man seems to have tasted more sensibly the pleasure of doing good; and no man had ever a greater share of this exquisite enjoyment. The foundation of his colleges, the principal monuments of his munificence, was as well calculated for the real use of the public, and as judiciously planned as it was nobly and generously executed. Whatever Wykeham's attainments in letters were, he had at least the good sense to

see that the clergy, though they had almost engrossed the whole learning of that age, yet were very deficient in real and useful knowledge; besides that by the particular distresses of the times, and the havoc that several successive plagues had made in all ranks of the people, but especially among the clergy, the church was at a loss for a proper supply of such as were tolerably qualified for the performance of the common service. It was not vanity and ostentation that suggested this design to him; he was prompted to it by the notorious exigence of the times and the real demands of the public. The deliberation with which he entered upon it, and the constant attention with which he pursued it for above thirty years, shows how much he set his heart upon the success of his undertaking, and how earnestly he endeavoured to secure the effectual attainment of the end proposed, the promotion of true piety and learning. In a word, as he was in his own time a general blessing to his country, in which his bounty was freely imparted to every object that could come within the reach of his influence, so the memory of this great man merits the universal regard of posterity, as of one whose pious and munificent designs were directed to the general good of mankind, and were extended to the latest ages."

END OF VOL. I.

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THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.

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HENRY V.

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CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.

A LIVING writer, whose opinions are not only entitled to the utmost respect from their intrinsic importance, but who commands far more than ordinary attention from the circumstances of his social position, has recently alluded to the character of Henry the Fifth as one which the historian is called upon to denounce, and hold up to execration:—"Reference has been made already to the Plantagenet Prince (Henry V.), and the Tudor Princess (Elizabeth), so much the theme of admiration with historians for great capacity, crowned with dazzling success. But why could not the diction of Hume and of Robertson

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have been employed for the far more worthy purpose of causing men to despise the intrigues, and execrate the wars, of such rulers? The same events had then studded their page, the same picturesque details given it striking effect, the same graphic colours added life to it, and yet the right feelings of the reader would have been exerted and cherished; nor would the historians have made themselves accomplices with the vulgar in the criminal award of applause and of fame, by which the wicked actions of past times are rewarded, and the repetition of the same offences encouraged."* Without attempting to controvert these opinions in the abstract, we may believe that the remarkable qualities which distinguished "the Plantagenet Prince," and his great-grandfather Edward III., may claim the attention, and even the applause, of the historian and the biographer, without the award being criminal, or the wicked actions of past times encouraged. To adopt the sentiments of a literary friend and colleague, "It is unnecessary in the present day to waste a word on either the injustice or the folly of the enterprise on which Henry threw away the whole of his reign. In estimating his character it is of more importance to remember that the folly and injustice, which are now so evident, were as little perceived at that day by his subjects in general as by himself, and that there can be no doubt whatever that both he and they thought he was, in the assertion of his fancied rights to the crown of France, pursuing both a most important and a most legitimate object. That motives of personal ambition mingled their influence in his views and proceedings must no doubt be admitted; but that is perfectly consistent with honesty of purpose, and a thorough belief in the rightness both of the object sought and the means employed to secure it. In following the bright though misleading *idea* that had captivated him, he certainly displayed many endowments of the loftiest and most admirable kind—energy, both of body and mind, which no

* Lives of Men of Letters and Science, by Henry, Lord Brougham.

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fatigue could quell; the most heroic gallantry; patience and endurance, watchfulness and activity, steadiness, determination, policy, and other moral constituents, as they may be called, of genius, as well as mere military skill and resources."*

Henry, the eldest son of Henry Bolingbroke and Mary Bohun, was born at Monmouth, according to some of the chroniclers, on the 9th of August, 1387. It has been held that he was educated at Oxford, under his uncle Cardinal Beaufort; and although the archives of the university furnish no evidence of the fact, yet tradition has in this case more than common authority. He is said to have lodged in a small room over the ancient gateway of Queen's College; and here, according to Anthony Wood, were rude portraits in stained glass, of his uncle and of himself, with a Latin inscription, which has been thus translated—"To record the fact for ever. The Emperor of Britain, the triumphant Lord of France, the conqueror of his enemies and of himself, Henry V., of this little chamber once the great inhabitant." The term of his scholastic education must, however, have been very brief. He had just completed his eleventh year in 1398, when his father was banished by the tyrannical decree of Richard II.; and it would appear that the king, no doubt from motives of policy, took upon himself the protection, or rather the custody, of the young Henry Bolingbroke. Richard II. sailed for Ireland on the 29th of May, 1399. On the 23rd of June, the vigil of St. John, it is recorded by an eye-witness that Richard "out of true and entire affection, sent for the son of the Duke of Lancaster, a fair, young, and handsome bachelor, and knighted him, saying, 'My fair cousin, henceforth be preux and valiant.'" In less than a fortnight from this time the Duke of Lancaster had landed at Ravenspur. Richard immediately shut up the young Henry in Trym Castle; but within two months the weak king was deposed, Bolingbroke crowned as Henry IV., and the fair young bachelor created Prince

* Penny Cyclopædia, art. Henry V.

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of Wales, and declared, by act of parliament, heir-apparent to the throne. In 1401, when he was scarcely fourteen years of age, the young Henry was in command of an army sent against the rebellious Welsh. A despatch from the prince to the council, dated the 15th of May, 1401, contains many of the revolting details which necessarily accompany warfare, at all periods, and under all circumstances. "We caused the whole place to be set on fire—we laid waste a fine and populous country;" —these are the expressions which Henry uses, describing the *duties* which he performed. The disgust which we naturally feel at the record of such atrocities should not be wholly bestowed upon one who was essentially the child and champion of warfare in an age when war was the great business of existence, but upon those who in a far different state of society, when the business of the world is peace, carry this savagery of civilization into the houses of men that they esteem barbarous, and receive the rewards of riches and honours from applauding senates—ay, even from a nation that cannot spare a few annual thousands to bestow upon the widows and orphans of the poet and the philosopher. In an age of butchery Henry of Monmouth was a merciful conqueror. There is a proclamation extant of Henry IV., dated the 10th of March, 1401, which thus begins, "Of our especial grace, and at the prayer of our dearest first-born son, Henry, Prince of Wales, we have pardoned all treasons, rebellions," &c.

In his sixteenth year Henry was at the battle of Shrewsbury, where, though severely wounded in the face, he fought gallantly to the close of the bloody day. Immediately after this he was sent to Wales in command of the army employed against Glendower, and for some years he was occupied in the contest with that able and active leader, in the course of which he evinced extraordinary military genius, defeating his adversary in a succession of engagements—in one of which, fought at Grosmont in Monmouthshire, in March, 1405, he took his son Griffith prisoner—and driving him from fastness to fastness, till all Wales, except a small part of the

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north, was reduced to submission. It is said that the renown and popularity the prince acquired by these successes so inflamed the jealousy of his father as to occasion his recall from the army. It is at this period of his life—that is, for about seven years previous to his ascending the throne—that we must, in all probability, place that career of dissipation which, however exaggerated it may have been by the early historians, had no doubt an adequate foundation—the natural result of the ardent temperament of a youth trusted very early with almost irresponsible power. It has been attempted to prove that there was no solid historical ground for the prevailing opinion of Henry's early profligacy; first, by Mr. Alexander Luders, in 'An Essay on the Character of Henry V. when Prince of Wales,' published in 1813—secondly, by the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, in his historical work 'Henry of Monmouth,' published in 1838. Without regarding what the chroniclers of the sixteenth century recorded of Henry, we have abundant evidence in the writings of his own contemporaries that

"His addiction was to courses vain."

Thomas Elmham, one of those contemporaries who wrote his life, distinctly tells us of his passing the bounds of modesty, and, "when not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into." Of Henry's sudden conversion this author also tells the story; and he dates it from his father's death-bed. Otterburn, another contemporary of Henry, gives us also the story of his sudden conversion:—"Repentè mutatus est in virum alterum:" he was suddenly changed into another man. Hardyng, another contemporary, and an adherent of the house of Lancaster, says—

"The hour he was crowned and anoint
He changed was of all his old condition;"

or, as he says in the argument to this chapter of his chronicle, "he was changed from all vices unto virtuous life." Walsingham, a fourth contemporary, speaking of

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a heavy fall of snow on the 9th of April, the day of his coronation, says "that some interpreted this unseasonable weather to be a happy omen; as if he would cause the snow and frost of vices to fall away in his reign, and the serene fruits of virtues to spring up. That it might be truly said by his subjects, 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.' Who, indeed, as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty, was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue." The story of Henry insulting the Lord Chief Justice, and being by him committed to prison, was first told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1534, in his book entitled 'The Governor;' and he sets out by saying, "The most renowned Prince, King Henry V., late King of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage." His servant, according to this story, was arraigned for felony, and the prince, "incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar." According to Sir Thomas Elyot, the prince did not strike the judge; but "being set all in a fury, all chafed, in a terrible manner came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge." Holinshed makes the blow to have been inflicted.

Henry IV. died on the 20th of April, 1413, and his son was proclaimed king on the day after the death of his father. His accession to power gave him an immediate opportunity of displaying the generous qualities of his nature. He transferred the remains of Richard the II. with a pious care to Westminster Abbey; he set free the young Earl of March, who had been held captive during the preceding reign; and he recalled the son of Hotspur from exile to reinstate him in his hereditary possessions. Within a year after his accession he entered upon the perilous adventure of the conquest of France. The history of his first invasion is undoubtedly the most interesting event in Henry's life; and the battle of Agincourt, as it was the last great conflict of the times of chivalry, was, in many respects, the most extraordinary.

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The authentic details of this expedition have been collected and formed into a most interesting narrative by Sir Harris Nicolas. We shall condense, in as short a compass as may be, the leading details of this wonderful story.

The claim of Henry V. to the crown of France appears to have been set up without the shadow of justice. He demanded the throne as the heir of Isabella, wife of Edward II., and daughter of Philip IV. His pretensions were more absurd than those of Edward III., for at that time the Earl of March was the direct heir of Isabella. The concessions which Henry required from France, for the renunciation of his title, were certainly most extravagant. He was, perhaps, anxious that they should be refused. He was of a restless and enthusiastic nature, and his element was war. During the year 1414, and till the time of Henry's invasion in 1415, negotiations were carried on with the French court. Henry would not listen to the terms proposed: it is said he had a personal insult to avenge upon the Dauphin of France; he even challenged him to single combat. Two letters addressed to the King of France by Henry on the subject of his claims, are given by Mr. Nicolas; they are very characteristic of the man and of the times. However, the King of England, in council at Westminster, on the 17th of April, 1415, determined on the expedition to France, arranged for the safety of the realm during his absence, and settled on the wages of his army. Every exertion was used to provide the necessary stores and attendants for the expedition, and ships were taken up for transport. Most of the fighting men engaged required the advance of a quarter's wages; the parliamentary supply was insufficient for this purpose; and Henry, therefore, not only obtained sums of his subjects by proclamation, but actually pawned many of the crown jewels to raise the necessary supplies. Here is a singular evidence of the enthusiasm with which the king engaged in his ambitious enterprise. It has been estimated that Henry, by these various expedients, raised the sum of 500,000 nobles.

The king left London on the 18th of June, with great

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state. He proceeded to Winchester, where he received an embassy from France, with new terms. These were again refused by Henry with unyielding pertinacity. The king afterwards went to Southampton. During his stay there, the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scrope for the overthrow of his government was detected, and the principal conspirators were executed before the king quitted the English shores. The invading army assembled in the neighbourhood of Southampton. Its aggregate number is a matter of great doubt, from the contradictions of the old chroniclers: it may be estimated, including the followers of the men-at-arms, at 30,000.

Mr. Nicolas has, with the most commendable industry, collected together the narratives of every contemporary historian, from the time of the departure of the English army to its achievement of the battle of Agincourt. It is difficult in a short space to crowd in many of the interesting facts which are in his book, for the first time, made known; but we shall endeavour to seize upon the most prominent occurrences.

The king embarked on board his ship the *Trinity*, on the 10th of August, between Portsmouth and Southampton. The fleet, consisting of more than a thousand vessels of various sizes, was under weigh on the 11th. The voyage had its good and evil presages: the former was the appearance of swans about the fleet; the latter was at once a presage of calamity, and a calamity itself—the destruction of three large vessels by fire. The invading squadron entered the Seine on the 13th of August, three miles from Harfleur. The disembarkation took place on the next morning. It is remarkable that the landing of the army was entirely unresisted, although the place of disembarkation presented many natural and artificial obstacles. A proclamation was issued, forbidding, under pain of death, all excesses against the inhabitants; and it is to be noted with what honourable perseverance Henry enforced the uniform good treatment of the people through whose districts he passed, even under circumstances of the most dreadful privation.

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This merit is yielded to him by all the contemporary historians, whether English or French.

The siege of Harfleur was the first military undertaking of the invading monarch. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by 'Master Giles,' the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. The town was surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The inhabitants were treated with kindness, and the great prisoners and hostages with all honour. Henry in this, as in other circumstances, appears to have been a model of chivalrous equanimity. Immediately after the capture of Harfleur, the king of England sent his challenge to personal combat to the Dauphin of France. The loss which the English army sustained during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears that if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men.

It was decided in the council of the King of England, that the invading army should re-embark for their native shores. The pertinacity of Henry (amounting, it would have been thought, to judicial blindness, if his wonderful success had not covered his determination with a false splendour) resolved that, instead of going on board the ships which lay ready to receive them, the army should march to Calais. There was a chivalrous hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the king, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. "Our mind," said he, "is prepared to endure every peril,

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rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger; and if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph."

The army commenced its perilous march about the 8th of October, carring provisions for eight days. The king's proclamation, forbidding plunder under pain of death, was renewed. The supineness of the French government was suddenly extinguished by the daring character of Henry's march. The oriflamme was hoisted—for the last time. Princes, and knights, and esquires, and men-at-arms, rushed to the sacred standard; and an army of enormous numbers, and of the most complete equipment, was collected to annihilate this band of desperate invaders. The passage of the Somme presented an almost insuperable difficulty to Henry. At Abbeville, and other places, the bridges were broken down; an enemy constantly appeared on the opposite banks; the provisions of the English were nearly exhausted. He at length crossed the river, over a temporary bridge, on the 19th of October, at a place called Nesle. The passage is described with great minuteness by the chroniclers. On the 20th, three heralds arrived from the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, to acquaint the king of their resolution to fight him before he reached Calais. Henry replied, "All would be done according to the will of God. He did not seek them, but the fear of them would not induce him to move out of his way." The king continued his march, with great regularity, till the 24th, when the French army was descried, in "such prodigious numbers, that many of the English fell on their knees, and implored the Almighty to take them under his protection." It was then that the celebrated scene occurred, which is so spiritedly given by our Shakspere. Walter Hungerford was regretting, in the king's presence, that he had not, in addition to the small retinue which he had there, ten thousand of the best English archers; when Henry said, "Thou speakest foolishly, for by the God of Heaven, on whose grace I have relied, and in whom

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I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could, increase my number by one." Shakspere had the anecdote from Holinshed. The fidelity of the poet's descriptions is very remarkable, when they are compared with these contemporary narratives. The night was passed by either army as the great dramatist has described; by the French, in gambling and debauchery—by the English, in prayer and preparation. The quarters of Henry, on the night preceding the battle, were at Maisoncelles. He spent the intervening hours in obtaining accurate reports of his position, and of that of the enemy.

The French army, upon an average of the conflicting testimonies, must have amounted to more than 60,000 men. These forces, on the morning of the 25th, were arrayed in three lines, on the plain of Azincourt, through which the route to Calais lay. The fighting men of France wore "long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and above, white harness, and bacinets, with camails." They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand, or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The king, habited in his "cote d'armes," mounted a small grey horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day, the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, "Advance Banners." Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, "Now strike!" The English immediately prostrated themselves

to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, "who were habited in jackets, and had their hosen loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats." The battle lasted about three hours. The English "stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height." The French, indeed, fell almost passive, in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London, amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday the 24th of November.

It was many years before France, torn as she was by internal dissensions, without a leader, almost without a government, consented to yield to the yoke of the invader. The subsequent career of Henry was not marked by any very brilliant military operations. He marched steadily forward to the accomplishment of his hopes, principally by taking advantage of that rivalry of faction

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which ought to have ceased in the presence of an invader. The people of Paris, and the Burgundians, came at last to look upon the English as their allies against the faction of the Dauphin. In 1420 Henry virtually accomplished the great object of his ambition by marrying Katherine, the daughter of the King of France, and concluding a treaty by which the succession to the throne was secured to him after the death of Charles. Henry returned to England with his queen in 1421; but the Dauphin still continued in arms, and with a success that again summoned Henry to the field of war. Again were his energy and skill rewarded by his accustomed triumphs. The Dauphin fled before him; and he entered Paris in solemn state, with his queen, on the 30th of May, 1422. Katherine had borne him a son at Windsor Castle in the previous December. The short career of the great conqueror was now drawing to a close. Labouring under a severe illness, he set out, with his usual determination, to the relief of a town which had been invested by the Dauphin. He could proceed no farther than Corbeil, about twenty miles from Paris; and, being carried back in a litter to the immediate neighbourhood of the capital, he lay on a sick bed for about a month, and then died on the 31st of August, 1422. Never was so short a life so filled with unceasing action. He lived thirty-four years; he reigned ten years.

The character of Henry V. was precisely adapted to the times in which he was born, and to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Enterprising, fearless, persevering, generous, pious, he was made to be a leader of chivalry, and to earn an imperishable distinction by those glittering but unsubstantial virtues which belong to an age in which success in arms was the chief, if not the only distinction. Rash, obstinate, proud, superstitious, he was equally unfitted to make his people happy by wise laws, by a righteous administration of justice, or by the cultivation of sound knowledge. He lived just at the moment when the world could admire his brilliant qualities, and be blind to his defects. Had he come a century later, he would have found men's minds averse

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to feudal projects of conquest, by the spread of intelligence produced by the invention of printing; whilst, from the general application of gunpowder to military affairs, he would have seen that warfare was a matter of calculation, in which personal prowess was only one of many instruments. He was the last of the conquerors of chivalry. May we hope that the time is fast approaching when we shall see the last of the conquerors of strategy.

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JAMES I OF SCOTLAND.

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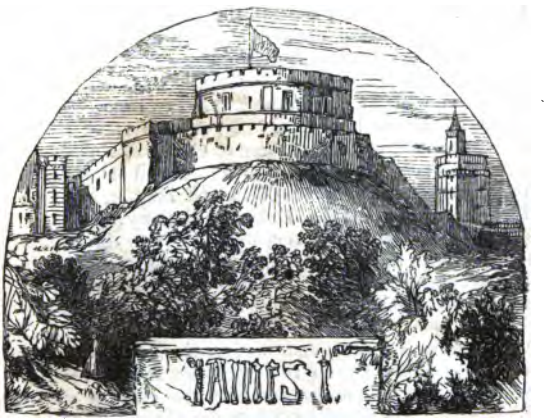

THIS accomplished prince was born some time in the year 1394. He was a younger son of King Robert III., and grandson of Robert II., the first king of the unfortunate line of Stuart, who had ascended the Scotish throne in 1371. The sixty-four years between the death of Bruce, the great liberator of his country, and the birth of James I., had been years of war and turbulence, and, partly owing to the weakness of his father's character, Scotland was in a very anarchic condition during the royal poet's childhood. Robert III. was fifty years old before he came to the crown (in 1390): he was of a mild and somewhat timid disposition, and much fonder of retirement and study than of war and state business. He was pious, merciful, and accomplished; but these were qualities which the half-savage aristocracy of Scotland held very cheap at the end of the fourteenth century, and, indeed, even two centuries later; and his want of energy and of a taste for war excited contempt. These

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iron barons were only to be ruled by a king of iron heart and iron hand. Robert's two younger brothers, the Earl of Fife and the Earl of Buchan, were men of a very different stamp, and during the life of their father Robert II. they had divided between them such powers as the kingly government then possessed. Upon his accession, the amiable recluse, apparently without a struggle, and even without any regret, left the management of affairs to the Earl of Fife (afterwards created Duke of Albany); and, under the name of Custos or Guardian, or that of Governor, the crafty, stirring, and ambitious Albany governed both kingdom and king. But when Robert's eldest son, the Duke of Rothsay, grew up to manhood, he submitted very unwillingly to the authority of his uncle; and a strong party rallying round the heir-apparent, Albany, in 1398, found himself compelled to retire and admit his nephew as Regent. The Duke of Rothsay occupied this post for about three years; but he was thoughtless, rash, and dissipated, and his uncle Albany was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to work his ruin. It is also said that the cunning and ambitious uncle got dissolute and depraved men placed about the young Regent, in order to lead him into guilt and trouble, and that, at the same time, he never ceased lamenting in public the vices of his nephew. By means of artful representations conveyed to the old pious king of the licentious conduct of his son, Albany, at the beginning of the year 1402, procured an order under the royal signet to arrest Rothsay and place him in temporary confinement. The unhappy young man was treacherously seized near St. Andrews, and was soon lodged in a dungeon in Falkland Castle. How long he was left to linger there, or of what death he really died, is not clearly ascertained; but the general belief is that he was starved to death, and that his helpless father did not know his fate until the year 1404. From the moment of the seizure of the Duke of Rothsay, Albany resumed his authority as Custos or Regent, leaving his brother the king in the quiet retirement he so much loved. But Robert, taking the proper measure of Albany's ambition

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and remorselessness, was very eager to get his younger son James out of his way, lest he too should be cut off in order to leave the succession to the throne open to Albany and his sons. Prince James was now near upon his eleventh year, and already gave good promise of the high qualities he afterwards displayed. His father had given him a taste for books, and he had been carefully instructed by Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrews, in letters; and in arms and martial exercises by Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, Sir David Fleming of Cumbernauld, and other nobles and knights who remained steady in their attachment to the poor king, whose piety and charity endeared him to the churchmen and the common people. But for these last circumstances, Albany might have proceeded to some desperate extremity in Scotland against the young heir to the throne. But not daring to take this step, he agreed with his brother King Robert that James should be sent over to France, to be educated in the court of Charles VI. It is suspected, however, that Albany, before giving his necessary consent to the prince's departure, arranged in a secret correspondence with Henry IV. of England, who had recently dethroned Richard II., that Prince James should be seized on his voyage, and kept a close prisoner in one of King Henry's castles.

In the spring of the year 1405 the young James took his leave of his father, whom he was destined never to see again. The prince travelled to North Berwick, being accompanied and protected by the Earl of Orkney, Sir David Fleming, and a strong party of barons and knights, chiefly of the Lothians. He embarked and took his departure from the Bass Rock. The Earl of Orkney, young Sir Alexander Seton, his esquire William Gifford, and a few others (making but a small retinue), continued with the prince, and were to remain with him in France; the rest of the party took a mournful farewell and returned homeward. But one of the best of that party, Sir David Fleming, never reached his home, being waylaid and barbarously murdered on Langhermanstone moor, by a band led on by Douglas of Balvainy, laird of Dirle-

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ton, an adherent of the Regent Albany. As it was a time of peace with England, the prince's friends seem to have entertained no apprehension from that quarter, and the ship sailed close along the English coast. But as they were rounding Flamborough Head, on the Yorkshire coast, on or about the 12th of April, 1405, the vessel was surrounded by a squadron of armed merchantmen, commanded by one John Joliffe, and belonging to the port of Clay. According to another account, the prince and his friends, after passing Flamborough Head, landed to procure refreshments, and were taken prisoners on shore. But it appears pretty certain that they were boarded and captured at sea, and that Henry IV. was fully prepared to intercept the prince and keep him a prisoner for life. When the Earl of Orkney spoke of the existing peace between the two countries, and showed the English king the passes and letters which he had received from King Robert, and protested that the only object held in view in sending the young prince into France was that he might be well educated and taught the French language, Henry laughed and said, "Well, as I know the French tongue right well, the boy could not have fallen into better hands than mine!" James was forthwith shut up in Pevensey Castle on the coast of Sussex.

There was at this time, as there had been for the four or five preceding years, a mysterious adventurer that passed for the king, Richard II. of England, whom the wily Bolingbroke had dethroned, and who had died in his prison. It seems almost certain, and it is not at all inconsistent with the temper of that meek and credulous old king, that Robert believed this man to be King Richard; but it is not easy to conceive that the acute, crafty, and suspicious Albany gave any credit to the adventurer's strange story. It would, however, suit the Scotish Regent's purpose to feign a belief; for Albany, by treating the adventurer as the true Richard, could confirm the popular notion of many of the English, that the deposed king was still alive; and, by keeping the man in his power, he could at any time alarm Henry by threatening to throw him, like a firebrand, into England,

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and to support his cause with an invading army. Thus, the Regent Albany, as well after the death of his brother King Robert as before that event, treated the adventurer in public as the indisputable Richard, and legitimate king of England. The man, whoever or whatever he was, though narrowly watched, was liberally entertained at the public expense, and the money so spent was entered in the High Chamberlain's books as "for the maintenance of Richard King of England."* Most if not all of the Scotish nobles seem to have sincerely believed the strange story for a time, for they were eager to credit what flattered their vanity and gave them a means of annoying the English king, and few of them could have been competent to an investigation of the historical doubt: notwithstanding some attempts which have been made of late years to establish the probability of this story, we feel fully convinced that the stranger entertained at the Scotish court was an adventurer and an impostor, and that Richard II. perished in Pontefract Castle—most probably by starvation. But whether the true Richard, or only an impostor and a phantom, he could be made dangerous to Henry IV., whose throne was not yet firmly established, and who was regarded as a usurper not only by most foreign princes, but also by a very considerable portion of his own subjects. The original bargain between him and the equally wily Regent of Scotland appears to have been this—Do you keep your pretended Richard out of my way, and I will keep your nephew and heir to the Scotish crown out of your way. Other views may have arisen in Henry's fertile and politic mind afterwards, and he may even have contemplated the annexation of Scotland to his own dominions by keeping the heir of the old king in his hands; or he may have hoped that, by educating his captive as an Englishman, he would lose his nationality, and be prepared either to submit to him in after years, or to hold his

* P. F. Tytler, Hist. Scot., and Life of James I., in Scotish Worthies—Lord Dover, Paper in Transactions of Roy. Soc. of Literature.

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crown in vassalage and dependence on him. The injustice of the seizure and detention of the prince was matter of no moment either to the crafty Bolingbroke or to his ministers and advisers; for the privy council warmly recommended Henry to keep James in sure ward, and to take every possible advantage of his captivity. The cunningest of English kings had already in his power the Regent Albany's eldest son, Lord Murdoch Stuart, who had been taken prisoner in the famous battle of Homildon Hill on the 14th of September, 1402; and, notwithstanding his many public treaties and private dealings with Albany, and the truces which so long existed, and the friendship he so often professed for the regent, Henry so long as he lived could never be prevailed upon to liberate his son.

The news of James's arrest is commonly said to have broken the heart of the old king, Robert. One chronicler says that Robert died on the very day he received the sad intelligence.* But this last assertion is evidently incorrect; and it may almost be doubted whether Robert, when on his death-bed, did not rejoice that his young and helpless son was in an English castle, and not in his own distracted country, exposed to the malice of his unscrupulous uncle. The old king did not die until a year after the seizure of the prince. Shortly after his death a sort of Scotish parliament assembled at St. Johnstoun (now called Perth), and acknowledged and proclaimed James as king; but at the same time they confirmed Albany in the Regency, and they made no effort to procure the liberation of their young sovereign. We cannot discover that they so much as remonstrated with Henry IV. on the flagrant injustice of which he was guilty. Albany was thus left in quiet and undisputed possession of whatever power belonged to the royal station in so anarchical a kingdom, where every great baron set himself above the law, and exercised sovereign rule in his own fiefs.

A few months after the seizure of James, Albany sent

* Fordun.

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an embassy or a company of secret agents to treat with Henry IV., and some of these men were the Regent's relatives,* who no doubt were anxious that James should remain where he was. Friendly engagements were contracted, and for several years peace was preserved between the governments of England and Scotland. Prince James appears to have been almost forgotten in his own country, and in England he remained a very close prisoner. He was, however, kindly and liberally treated, and King Henry caused great care to be taken of his education. Sir John de Pelham, constable of Pevensey Castle, James's first place of confinement, was a statesman and warrior of no mean fame, and a better scholar than was commonly found in his station; he had lived much abroad, and had been with Henry Bolingbroke during that exile in France which preceded the easy Revolution that placed him on the throne of England. An old writer very justly says of James—"This advantage he had by his captivity, that he was well and carefully educated."† These advantages he could not have enjoyed to anything like the same extent if he had been brought up in Scotland. He studied during his captivity Latin as well as French, Grammar, Rhetoric, Theology, and Music; and, for that time, he must have been plentifully supplied with books. We are not told who were his several masters, or what was the course and order of his studies, but it should appear that music and poetry engaged his attention at an early period of his captivity. His fame was afterwards as great as a musician as it was as a poet. "He exercised all instruments of music, and equalled the best professors thereof," says Drummond of Hawthornden. "He had studied all philosophy, but most that which concerns government."‡ He was also well trained in the art of war, and

* Rymer, Fœdera.

† Prefatory Introduction to Drummond's (of Hawthornden) History of Scotland, by Mr. Hall, of Gray's Inn.

‡ Hist. of Scotland from the year 1423 until the year 1542.

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in military and athletic exercises. When, after so many years, he returned to his own country, he was found to surpass all men in archery, in throwing the great hammer, and "putting the stone."

In the course of the year 1407, James was removed from Pevensey Castle to the Tower of London, and from the Tower to Nottingham Castle. Before these removals the Earl of Orkney and Sir Alexander Seton had been liberated and allowed to return to Scotland, but his faithful squire, William Gifford, remained with the captive king. As we hear of no more changes, it seems probable that James dwelt by the broad Trent in Nottingham Castle for the space of six years. Henry IV. died on the 20th of March, 1413. His son and successor, Henry V., immediately removed King James, and shut him up once more in the Tower of London, the faithful Gifford being still with him. To make the case still more bitter, Henry V. entered into friendly negotiations with the Regent Albany, and liberated his son, Lord Murdoch Stuart, who proceeded to Scotland to assist his father in maintaining his power, and to pave the way for his own promotion to the Regency upon the death of his parent, who was far advanced in years. King James, however, was not detained many months in the Tower. In the summer of 1414 he was conveyed to Windsor Castle, where he was allowed considerable liberty. It appears to have been shortly after his removal to Windsor that some of the Scotish nobility were, for the first time, permitted to visit and to give him the consoling assurance that he was not altogether forgotten in his native country and kingdom. Henry V., who was at this time bent upon his French conquests, and who commenced his victorious career in the summer of the following year (1415), was dissatisfied with the Regent Albany, who betrayed an inclination to aid and assist France. He had always maintained a close alliance with that country, even while at peace with England, and the Scots generally regarded the French as their natural as well as most ancient ally.

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James remained in Windsor Castle from the summer of 1414 until the summer of 1417. His apartment was in the Round Tower, and it was here that he is thought to have prosecuted his studies with most ardour and success, being about twenty years old when he first came to Windsor. "Windsor Castle," says Drummond, "kept him a prisoner; but by commandment of King Henry, he was so carefully instructed, that no prince could have been better bred in the schools of Europe." The surrounding country, the noble river, the vast and venerable forest, were fitted to promote his poetical turn, and to feed and invigorate that love of nature and nice observation of it which are displayed so remarkably in his poetry. It appears also to have been towards the latter part of this his first residence at Windsor, that his heart was warmed and his feeling refined by the passion of love—the groundwork of his greatest and, perhaps, only indisputable poem that has come down to our times.

All the first part of the 'King's Quair' (that is, the King's Quire or Book) is considered autobiographical, and no doubt is entertained that the lady therein celebrated was the fair Jane or Joanna Beaufort, who, after a long attachment, became his wife and queen. This lady was daughter of John, Earl of Somerset: her father, now dead, was son of John of Gaunt, and uncle to Henry V.: her mother, Catherine, a daughter of Holland, Earl of Kent, had for her second husband the Duke of Clarence, a younger brother of Henry V., who was at this time serving in France. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished. It appears that she frequently resided at Windsor Castle, or in that neighbourhood. James, in the poem, describes the first sight he had of her as accidental. It was the sweet month of May, and as he looked forth from the Tower of the castle all men and things seemed free and gay, except only he. He bewailed his hard lot, as he had oft times done before:—

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"Where as in ward full oft I would bewail
My deadly life, full of pain and penance,
Saying right thus, What have I guilt to fail*
My freedom in this world, and my pleasance?
Sen† every wight has thereof suffisance
That I behold, and I a crëature
Put from all this: hard is mine aventure.‡

The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom everich in his kind,
And I a man, and lacketh liberty!
What shall I sayn, what reason may I find,
That fortune should do so? Thus in my mind
My fate I would argue; but all for nought;
Was none that might that on my paines wrought.§

. . . .

The longe dayes and the nightes eke
I would bewail my fortune in this wise;
For which again‖ distress comfort to seek
My custom was on mornes for to rise,
Early as day; O happy exercise!
By thee came I to joy out of torment:—
But now to purpose of my first intent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
Fortirit¶ of my thought and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy**
To see the world and folk that went forby;††
As, for the time though I of mirthes food
Might have no more, to look it did me good."

The broad moat at the foot of the Round Tower had been converted into a garden, and in this garden were groves, and arbours, and flowers, and sweet-smelling

* What guilt have I (what have I been guilty of) so that I should want (be deprived of).
† Since. ‡ Hap, lot, fate.
§ There was no one that might do what had any effect in relieving my sufferings.
‖ Against. ¶ Tired, Fatigued.
** Haste. †† Thereby.

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shrubs. The royal poet's description of the scene is exquisite :—

"Now there was made, fast by the Toures wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
Ane herber* green, with wandes long and small
Railed about: and so with trĕes set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,†
That lifet was none walking there forby
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the bewes§ and the leaves green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And middes‖ every herber might be seen
The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That, as it seemed to a life without,
The bewes spread the herber all about.

And on the smale greene twistes sate
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnes consecrate
Of loves use, now soft now loud among,
That all the gardens and the walles rung
Right of their song and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony; and lo the text :—

Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun;
Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amorously lift up your heades all;
Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call."

While the birds are thus sweetly singing, a lady comes into the garden and passes close under the Tower :—

* A garden plot set with plants and flowers—a grove with an arbour railed with trellis-work, and close set about with trees from Herbarium.

† Knit.
‡ Living person.
§ Boughs.
‖ Amidst.

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"And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new cumyn* her to pleyne,
The fairest or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon astert,†
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abaisit tho a lyte
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delyte,
Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart become her thrall,
For ever of free will, for of menace,
There was no token in her sweet face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftsoons I leaned it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo, but only women twain;
Then gan I study in myself and seyne,
Ah! sweet, are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?"

The enamoured poet goes on to describe the choice array, the golden hair, and the rich attire of the lovely maiden, who has—

"Beauty enow to make a world to dote."

These descriptions are exceedingly elaborate, and yet full of grace and beauty. The lover envies the little dog that is playing round the lady with his bells—

"her little hound,
That with his belles playit on the ground."

The lady quits the garden, and the ecstasy of the captive king is succeeded by sadness, and he sits lone and cheerless in his chamber in the Round Tower till the sun sinks—

* Coming forth to complain.
† At whose sudden appearance the blood of all my body rushed to my heart.

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"Bidding farewell to every leaf and flower."

He then falls into a deep sleep, and is wafted in—

"A cloud of crystal, clear and fair,"

from planet to planet, till he reaches the "glad empire of blissful Venus," where he finds lovers of all classes and descriptions. The poem then becomes allegorical, demi-classical, and in truth somewhat tiresome, although natural and tender thoughts, musically expressed, are to be found even in this part. The sweet flow and melody of the verse—the musical delicacy of the poet's ear—are very remarkable. With the alteration of a few obsolete and crabbed words, and a little attention to the accentuation of the period, the 'King's Quair' will afford delight to the most delicate ear in its rythmical construction.

In the summer of 1417, Henry V., who was departing for his second French expedition, called James from Windsor Castle, and took him with him to Normandy, where the two kings landed in the beginning of August, together with the finest army that England had ever sent abroad. The campaign which ensued was a very active one, and nearly twenty sieges of towns or strong castles were commenced and concluded. It appears that James took an active part in some of these operations, and that his skill and bravery attracted universal admiration. While he was thus serving in France, his uncle, the Regent Albany, broke the truce he had solemnly concluded with Henry V., and rushed across the English border with 60,000 men. He was impelled by various strong motives: seeing the altered condition of his nephew, he thought that nothing short of a war with England could bar James's return to Scotland; and he was also bound by his French treaties to make a diversion in favour of France. The phantom King Richard had long ceased to delude even the credulous; and if it had been otherwise, the conqueror of Azincourt would not have been much troubled by his pretensions. A war Albany thought the surest means of keeping the young king from his throne; and as Henry had taken so great a force with him to France, he expected to find the

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northern counties of England an easy prey. But the Regent miscalculated. Elated by Henry's brilliant victories on the Continent, the whole of England was in a martial temper and attitude; between Trent and Tweed there was a small but admirably appointed army, and at the first news of its approach Albany called in his marauding parties and retreated with disgrace, and without striking a blow. The English force invaded Scotland and made a desert of the country near the borders. This dishonourable campaign of the Regent was ever afterwards called the "Foul Raid." Shortly after its occurrence the Regent agreed to send 7000 Scots, under the command of his second son, the Earl of Buchan, to assist the French in their own country. James remained with Henry V., and still further distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1418 and 1419. He was present at the marriage of Henry with the Princess Katherine of France at Troyes, on the 2nd of June, 1420, and at the splendid repast which was given the day after the marriage. Before this time his uncle the Regent was dead. Albany, who had reached the age of eighty, died at Stirling on the 3rd of September, 1419. His government had not been unacceptable to the aristocracy, for he made no attempts to curb their excess of power; and he seems to have charmed the Scotish clergy by a regular attendance at mass, and a declared enmity against all heterodoxy:

> "At Goddes service, and at his mass,
> In all time right devout he was.
> He was a constant Catholic;
> All Lollard he hated and heretic."*

As the Scots had entered as principals into the war, and as the Earl of Buchan was fighting valiantly against Henry V., no attempt could be made to procure the restoration of James; and Lord Murdoch Stuart, Albany's eldest son, who had himself been so many years a prisoner in England, was allowed to assume the regency quietly, and as if it were a matter of course.

* Prior Wyntoun, Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland.

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At the beginning of 1421, when Henry returned to England with his French bride, James accompanied him, and was present at the coronation of the fair Katherine, and at the magnificent banquet in Westminster Hall, where he sat "in his estate," at the left hand of the queen.* Henry then sent him back to his old abode in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle; but he had much more liberty, and more respect paid to him than before. Several Scotish lords who were dissatisfied with Murdoch's regency visited him, and it is believed that he occasionally enjoyed the society of his "milk-white dove," the Lady Jane, and of other members of the great family of Beaufort. It is also thought that it was now he began his beautiful poem, the 'King's Quair,' although from some verses in it alluding to his long and constant passion, and to the happiness he found in his marriage, it should appear that the poem was not finished until some time after his return to Scotland. But, perhaps, these verses were introduced afterwards into the otherwise completed poem. During King Henry's absence in England several disasters and serious reverses befell parts of his army in France. The Earl of Buchan and his Scots fell suddenly upon Henry's brother, the Duke of Clarence, while he was besieging a town in Anjou, and gave him a complete overthrow. Clarence was slain in the battle, and Buchan for this exploit received from the Dauphin the sword of Constable of France.† "In truth," said Pope Martin V., when he heard the news, "the Scots in France are the only antidotes of the English." Henry now applied to James, promising him his liberty and many advantages, if he could cause the Scots to quit the service of the Dauphin and return to their own country. As James had never had possession of his realm, and as he was neither sworn to his subjects, nor they by any oath of allegiance bound to him, he could do little or nothing in his captive state; and upon these representations the English king began an agreement with James and several of the Scotish lords that had come into Eng-

* Fabyan Chronicles. † Mezeray, Hist. de France.

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land. But Henry's presence was imperatively demanded in France, and before the negotiations could be brought to any head, he went over to the Continent, and again took King James with him. But this time the Scotish king was followed by the Earl of Douglas with a Scotish force of two hundred knights and squires, and two hundred mounted archers; and, when in France, he was allowed a free and undisguised intercourse with all such of the Scotish nobility as were disgusted with his cousin Murdoch, and as chose to resort to him. He again saw many sieges and battles, and many splendid festivals and pageantries. After the death of the conquering Henry, on the 31st of August, 1422, James, acting as chief mourner, followed the body to England in that funeral procession which surpassed in solemnity and magnificence everything of the sort that had been known or even conceived. The authority of the deceased king was now divided between his two brothers, the Dukes of Gloucester and Bedford, Gloucester acting as Regent in England, and Bedford as regent in France. Both these princes willingly resumed the treaty which Henry V. had commenced; and at last, on the 10th of September, 1423, the treaty was concluded by Scotish and English negotiators who had met at York. The Scots agreed to pay, as compensation for the expenses of their king's maintenance and education, the sum of 40,000*l.* "of good and lawful English money," delivering at the church of St. Paul's, London, 10,000 marks every six months until the whole amount should be discharged.* As soon as he was a free man and king, he asked the hand of the fair Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he had so long loved. According to Grafton, the Regent or Protector of the realm of England, by the consent of the whole baronage, readily assented to the match. On the 26th of November the queen dowager Katherine, with her son, the infant Henry VI., went from Westminster to Waltham Holy Cross, and thence to Hertford, where the little king kept his Christmas, having the King of Scots with

* Rymer, Fœdera.

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him.* In the following month of February (1424) "Sir James Stuart, King of Scots, married in the face of the church," in the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, the Lady Jane; and the marriage feast was kept in the palace of the bride's uncle, the great Cardinal Beaufort.† At the intercession of the cardinal, the money to be paid by the Scots was to be reduced to 30,000*l.*; and the 10,000*l.* saved were to be considered as his niece's marriage portion. In a few weeks James, with his beautiful wife, her father the Earl of Somerset, and her uncle the cardinal, and a goodly retinue of Scotish and English lords, set out for the borders; and, after an absence of very nearly nineteen years, he re-entered his native country. He kept his Easter feast at Edinburgh, and was crowned with his queen at Scone on the 20th of April. His cousin Murdoch, who had fallen into contempt, seems at this moment to have made no effort either to preserve his political power, or in any way to thwart the restored king, who was certainly received with transports of joy by the common people, and by most of the nobles. In a parliament which met at Perth, five days after the coronation, the king called attention to the feuds, factions, and abuses of law, and oppressions of the poor, which had made Scotland so unhappy a country; a complete reviewal of the disorders of the kingdom was gone into, and, as a beginning, various laws and regulations were made for their correction But legislation could not remove the roots of the evil; and some of the barons, who had enjoyed a full immunity under the Regent Murdoch, and even under his much abler father Albany, complained at the changes now attempted, and, leaguing again with Murdoch, they in many cases openly opposed the laws that were passed. James remained quiet, and, to all appearance, submitted to this fierce oligarchy; but all the while he was preparing for a great state-blow. In the month of March, 1428, when he thought himself sufficiently strong, and when he had provided himself with fitting instruments,

* Fabyan. † Id.

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he called together another parliament at Perth, and then and there suddenly arrested the ex-regent Murdoch, his youngest son Alexander, and twenty-six other barons. Walter, Murdoch's eldest son, had been seized some time before. James Stuart, another of Murdoch's sons, upon learning the arrest of his father and brother and friends, rode to the town of Dumbarton with a number of outlaws and Highlanders, surprised one of King James's uncles, called the Red Stuart of Dundonald, and slew him with thirty others; and then, setting fire to the town, fled into Ireland. A court was forthwith assembled in the palace of Stirling, over which the king himself presided; and, in the month of May, Murdoch and his two sons, Walter and Alexander, and his aged father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, were condemned by the court and beheaded on the Heading Hill, in front of Stirling Castle. After giving this terrible warning, James released the other nobles who had been apprehended. "For the king," says Drummond of Hawthornden, "like a wise physician, would take no more blood than might take away the disease, and all further causes of faction. So within twelve months he set them *all* at liberty, and received them into his wonted favour, upon promise of their loyal demeanour and dutiful obedience in time to come."

For several years James continued to occupy himself, with the assistance of his parliament, in strenuous efforts to promote the civilization and general improvement of his kingdom. A series of legislative enactments are still preserved, which comprehend the subjects of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, the regulation of weights and measures, the police of the country, its defence against foreign enemies, the administration of justice, and even the constitution of the supreme government.* These numerous enactments, which are nearly all marked with James's mind, and which show how much he had profited by his residence in England and the studies he had there prosecuted, are considered as the most complete

* Body of Scotish Acts Parl.

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collection of materials that now exist for the illustration of the internal state of any European country at this remote time. James also strengthened himself, and provided the means of calling into activity the industry and resources of his country, by concluding treaties of alliance or commerce with France, Flanders, and other foreign powers. He was heartily supported by most of his clergy, and could always count on the goodwill of the commonalty, who loved him the better for every act of severity he exercised against their old oppressors, the lawless and rapacious nobles. This severity was frequently excessive; but allowance must be made for the barbarous times in which, and the desperate men among whom, this reforming king's lot was cast. It was felt not only in Scotland, but in countries far more advanced in civilization, that the baronial fury was only to be tamed by copious blood-letting: gentler remedies had been tried and had failed, and had caused the death or ruin of the mild reformers. The armed retainers of the nobles despised industry, and lived by sword and spear. "This king," says an old Scotish writer, "was one great justiciar, which was the occasion that he did execute 3000 that were oppressors of the common weal in the first two years of his reign."* Having reduced the whole of the Lowlands to an obedience to the laws, James proceeded against the much wilder clans in the Highlands. He repaired or rebuilt the royal castle of Inverness, and there kept his court for some time. "He seemed," says Drummond, "to have arrived in some territory of the Scythians, having known or found things which none dare relate unto him; for he learned that not many miles off there were men some of whom had 1000, some 2000 robbers at their call, who were accustomed to drive preys from the more civil neighbours and borders, pilling and spoiling, polluting and ravishing, without any difference of right or wrong, holy or profane, but only following their ravenous and insolent humours. On the quieter

* Chronicle of the Kings of Scotland, from Fergus I. to James VI., published by the Maitland Club, Edinburgh, 1830.

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sort they set tribute, others they compelled to minister to them sustenance and necessaries. The God, Prince, Law, which they obey, are their barbarous chieftains, amongst which he is thought the best who doth most transcend in villainy." James made a beginning by seizing about fifty chiefs of clans. Of these some of the most desperate, as Alexander Macrore, James Campbell, and others, were executed immediately; some were kept in prison to be tried and condemned in a more deliberate manner; the rest were released and sent to their homes, having been exhorted by the king to lead a life more conformable to the law of God and man. Alexander, Lord of the Isles, was released after a captivity of two years, and the first use he made of his liberty and of the king's pardon was to call his clans and friends together to make war upon the king. James instantly marched against him, defeated him in a bloody battle, and drove him and his scattered clansmen into the hungry wilds of Lochaber. After making a vain attempt to escape into Ireland, this great chieftain disguised himself and went privately to Edinburgh; and there, on Easter Sunday, wrapped in a mourning garment, and concealed among the multitude, he stood in the church of the Holy Rood awaiting the coming of the king; and when the king came to mass he stepped out of the crowd, and, falling prostrate at his feet, implored his grace and another pardon. The gentle queen Jane interceded for him, and James gave him his life, but sent him as a prisoner to the strong castle of Tantallon. Donald Balloch, cousin to this Alexander, Lord of the Isles, now flew to arms, and a good many of the Highland clans were more than once in open insurrection; but Donald was killed in battle, and the Highlands were again pacified, though not until 300 men had perished on the gibbet.

About the year 1432 there was a greater calm in every corner of Scotland than had been known in any preceding time. The king prosecuted his internal reforms without disturbance. He founded schools, and granted them liberties and privileges. He invited learned foreigners to come and settle in the country. "Many

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famous men in all sciences, from the noblest universities in Christendom, came hither, as to the sanctuary of the Muses, where often the king himself in person graced their lessons, and, when great matters did not withdraw him, was umpire to their harmless conflicts."* He advanced learned and virtuous men to eminent places in the church; and although he lamented that his predecessor, the saintly King David, had been a grievous saint to the crown, by alienating so much crown-land in extraordinary donations to the church, he himself founded the magnificent abbey of Perth, and endowed it richly; and he improved and beautified several abbeys and cathedral churches. "The excellent skill which he had in music and delight in poesy made him affect choristers, and he was the first that established choirs in his own chapels and the cathedral churches of Scotland, organs being not much known before his reign to the nation."† Almost all the craftsmen and artisans had been killed in the long wars, and manufactures had nearly disappeared; therefore he invited industrious and ingenious mechanics from England, France, and the Low Countries, offering them good pay and privileges, and the steady protection of the law. "Of which," says Drummond, "such a fair number came, and were so graciously received, that they forgot their native countries, and here made their perpetual abode: and what till this day Scotland enjoyeth of them, owes all its beginning to these times." He had vowed upon coming to the throne, that if God would but grant him life, he would make the property of the poorest man as secure as that of the greatest baron. Learning that poverty was frequently a bar to justice, he decreed that if any man was too poor to pay the law fees, then the king, "for the love of God," should appoint him a judge to see justice done free of expense.

Even when seated on this perilous throne, which was fatal to nearly every one of his name and race, and when surrounded with difficulties, and oppressed with labour —having to see to all things himself—he yet found time

* Drummond of Hawthornden.—Hist. of Scot. † Id.

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to devote to his two darling pursuits—poetry and music. Drummond says he wrote verses, both Latin and English, of which many were extant at the time he composed his history. If the bard of Hawthornden had only given the titles of these poems and a few specimens of them, not a little controversy might have been avoided in our day. Besides the 'King's Quair,' which is indisputably his production, the two humorous poems in the Scotish dialect, called 'Peebles to the Play,' and 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' and the two famous comic ballads, 'The Gaberlunzie Man,' and 'The Jolly Beggar,' have been attributed to James. As for the two ballads, it now seems to be admitted on all sides that they were written neither by him nor by his equally accomplished and equally unfortunate descendant, James V., the victim at Flodden Field. About the authorship of the two humorous Scottish poems, opinions are still somewhat divided. Mr. George Chalmers, the best editor that the royal authors of Scotland have as yet met with, rejects 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' but assigns 'Peebles to the Play' to James I. Bishop Percy and Ritson considered the last-named piece as being indisputably the production of the first James. Lord Hailes, on the contrary, thought it contained references to a much later period and a different state of society. Gibson, Tanner, and the editor of Gawain Douglas's Virgil, give the 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' to James V., and Chalmers agrees with them and with Sibbald, the poetical chronologist, in considering this poem as the undoubted production of James V., and not of James I., whose style, versification, sentiment, and cast of thought are altogether different. On the other side, Mr. P. F. Tytler, the last biographer of these Scotish kings, says that "the absurdity of this hypothesis" was clearly exposed by his own grandfather,* and that "the *learned world* have invariably adopted" his grandfather's opinion. At the risk of being considered unlearned by Mr. Tytler,

* W. Tytler, author of A Dissertation on the Life of James I., and the first editor of the King's Quair.

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we agree with Mr. Craik* and with others who have considered the subject attentively, that neither 'Peebles to the Play,' nor 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' was written by James I., or by any poet of his time. They are both clearly the production of the same period, and of a period much later than that of the first James. Unless one be an imitation of the other, they are both from the same hand, and, we believe, they may be pretty safely allotted to James V.

During his captivity in Windsor Castle, James had diligently studied the works of Chaucer and Gower; and in the concluding stanza of the King's Quair he gracefully and gratefully acknowledges his obligations unto his

> "maisters dear,
> Gower and Chaucer, that on the steppes sate
> Of Rhetoric while they were livand here,
> Superlative as poets laureate,
> Of morality and eloquence ornate."

It was by a happy and truly poetical coincidence that the lady so suddenly seen in the garden at Windsor, and so fondly loved from that first sight, should be the grand-daughter of Chaucer's friend and patron, John of Gaunt, who married the sister of that great poet's wife. It should appear that the writings of Chaucer were altogether unknown in Scotland until the return of James I.; but from that period Chaucer became the one great model of the Scotish poets.

It has generally been thought that James was the means of improving the music as much as the poetry of his country; that he composed various airs and pieces of sacred music; and that he was in fact the father of the peculiar, plaintive, and characteristic melody of Scotland. It is probable, however, that, as in other matters, our Scotish writers have been misled by their eager wish to make that which is old more ancient than it really is. The only basis of their musical hypothesis is a single short and not very clear passage in an Italian writer of the seventeenth century. Alessandro Tassoni,

* Sketches of the Hist. of Literature and Learning in England.

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author of the mock-heroic poem 'La Secchia Rapita,' or the 'Rape of the Bucket,' and of various less known works, says in his 'Dieci Libri di Pensieri Diversi' (or 'Ten Books of Divers Thoughts,' which was published at Venice in 1636), in a chapter on the old question, whether the ancient musicians surpassed the modern or the modern the ancient,* "We may also enumerate among our musicians (*tra nostri*) James, King of Scotland, who not only composed sacred things for singing, but found out of himself a new music, pathetic and sad, and different from every other music, in the which he has since been imitated by Don Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who, in this our age, has improved music with new and admirable inventions." Tassoni gives no numeral after his King James; and when he wrote there had been six Jameses upon the throne of Scotland. Besides, James I., James IV., and James V. had been greatly distinguished by their love of music and their proficiency in it; and it appears on the whole rather more probable that the Italian meant to speak of James V., who was killed in 1513, and who was a great employer of foreign artists, than of James I., who died in the preceding century. As there is no number after the James, as no date is mentioned, and as there is no other authority than this inconclusive passage of Tassoni, the question must, at the least, be left in doubt. The author of the 'King's Quair,' the first civilizer of his country, has glory and fame enough without the disputable reputation of being the inventor of the Scotish melody. James I. was, however, highly celebrated as a musical performer; and he is said not only to have played well upon all the instruments that were then in use, but also to have far surpassed all the Irish and Scotish Highlanders as a player on the harp. Charmed with the gardens he had lived among at Windsor, he introduced a taste for gardening in his own country. The

* The whole of the tenth book of this very curious work is devoted to a comparison between ancient and modern genius. All arts, sciences, &c., are discussed by turns. The passage about Jacopo Re di Scozia occurs in the twenty-third chapter of the book on "Musici Antichi e Moderni."

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buildings, the style of living, the pageantries and amusements of the court, and even the sports and amusements of the people, were all improved by him; and in his busiest days he found time to be present at, and take part in, the popular pastimes and exercises.

But "the delicate soft time, the reign of the mild arts," and that "sweet condition of life" which James I. had brought about, were suddenly interrupted by his barbarous murder.

The patrimony of the crown had been wasted by the Regent Albany and his son Murdoch, who had alienated the royal domains in order to conciliate the selfish and factious nobility, while some of the barons had helped themselves without any grant. The king caused an examination to be made into numerous grants and titles, and, in several cases, took possession of crown lands to which they really gave no right. From this moment the barons began to cabal against him. His close connection with France roused the jealousy of England; and when, in 1435, he sent his infant daughter Margaret abroad to be betrothed to the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.), he became involved in a dispute with the English government, and these disputes led to a war. On the following year James marched with a formidable army to the border and laid siege to Roxburgh Castle, which was then occupied by Sir Ralph Gray. While he was engaged in this siege, his wife, Queen Jane, came suddenly to his camp, and, after some conference with her in private, he raised the siege, disbanded most of the army, and, accompanied by some chosen bands of his most assured friends, returned hastily towards the north. The Queen had discovered a conspiracy directed against his throne and life. This was in the month of August, 1436. The contriver and main leader of this murderous plot was Sir Robert Graham, a man of the darkest and most resolute character, "that dared give attempt upon those things which no honest man ever could think."* This Graham, being warned in time,

* Drummond of Hawthornden.

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fled into the wildest parts of the Highlands before the king could reach him. There he began to collect an armed force, while his unsuspected associates and brother conspirators, the Earl of Athole and his grandson Sir Robert Stuart, continued about the king, lulling him into security, and watching for an opportunity to take him off. Athole was the king's uncle, and between eighty and ninety years of age; his grandson, Sir Robert, held the office of chamberlain in the royal household, and had constant access to James, by whom he appears to have been implicitly trusted. As that season approached, the king announced his intention of keeping his Christmas in the great monastery of the Black Friars at St. Johnstoun (Perth). Several warnings were given to him in the shape of interpreted omens and predictions, but he would not understand them as they were meant, and he set out with his queen and court. On the right bank of the Forth a Highland spae-wife, or prophetess, or fortune-teller, raised her voice and said, "If you cross that water, you will never return alive." No doubt the spae-woman, without any supernatural means, had obtained some knowledge of the plot, or of what Sir Robert Graham was doing in the Highlands; but Sir Robert Stuart, the traitorous chamberlain, or some other attendant that was in the conspiracy, told the king that the woman must be mad or drunk. The monastery of the Black Friars was outside the town of Perth, but not far from the town walls. The king and queen reached the place in safety, and passed a very merry Christmas without any disturbance. Several more weeks glided away happily; and if the king had ever entertained any apprehensions of personal danger, they entirely vanished. On the evening of the 20th of February he was unusually gay, and had more company, and sat in the hall later than usual. Nigh upon midnight, to the relief and joy of that white-headed conspirator, the Earl of Athole, who was present, he called for the parting cup. As the company were going, the Highland sibyl who had warned him not to cross the Forth came to the hall-door and desired to speak with the king himself.

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The usher told the woman that the king was "busy in playing," and so bade her come again upon the morrow. "Well," said the woman, "it shall repent ye all that ye will not let me speak now with the king." "Thereat the usher laughed, and held her but a fool, charging her to go her way, and, therewithal, she went thence." Every man departed, and the monastery was still. "Then Robert Stuart, who was right familiar with the king, and had all his commandments in the chamber, was the last that departed; and he left the doors leading to the king's apartment open; and he had burst and blundered the locks in such wise that no man might shut them; and about midnight he laid certain planks and hurdles over the ditches that environ the garden, and upon these the said traitors entered—that is to say, Sir Robert Graham, with others of his covine, unto the number of three hundred persons." The king, who had prepared for bed, was standing in his nightgown talking and laughing with the queen, and other ladies and gentlewomen with her. "But he hearkened and heard great noise without, and great clattering of harness, and men armed, with great sight of torches. Then he remembered him, and imagined anon that it should be the false traitorous knight, his deadly enemy, Sir Robert Graham. And suddenly the queen, with all the other ladies and gentlewomen, ran to the outer chamber door, and found it open; and they would have shut it, but the locks were so blundered that they neither could nor might shut it." James called to them to make good the door as best they could, and rushing to one of the windows he attempted to burst open the iron bars with which it was secured; "but the bars were so square and so strongly soldered in the stones with molten lead," that he could not do it. He then started to the chimney and took the iron tongs, and ran into an inner cabinet, and mightily burst up a plank of the floor, "and entered adown low beneath," replacing the plank before he descended. It was a foul hiding-place for king or clown! it was all hard stone within, and had no window or issue save a square hole near the bottom. Yet through this

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hole the king might well have escaped, if he had not caused it to be blocked up with stone three days before, because when he played at the paume (tennis) the balls would often run in at that foul hole. "And so there was for the king neither rescue nor remedy, but there he must abide, alas the while! . . . . The traitors without laid at the chamber door with hammers, with levers, and with axes, so that at the last they break up all, and entered (because the doors were not fast shut) with swords, axes, glaives, bills, and other terrible and fearful weapons. Amongst the great press of the which traitors there was a fair lady sore hurt in the back; and other gentlewomen made a sorrowful shrieking, and ran away for the hideous fear of those boisterous and merciless men of arms. The traitors furiously passed forth into the chambers, and found the queen so dismayed and abashed that she could neither speak nor withdraw. And as so she stood there, so astounded as a creature that had lost her kindly reason, one of the traitors wounded her full villainously, and would have slain her if it had not been for one of Sir Robert Graham's sons, that thus spake to him and said, 'For shame of yourself! what will ye do to the queen? She is but a woman. Let us go seek the king!' And then not witting well what she did or should do in that fearful and terrible affray, the queen fled in her kirtle, her mantle hanging about her . . . . And there the traitors sought the king in all the chambers about, in the withdrawing-chamber, in the litters, under the presses, and forms, and chairs, and in all other places; yea, long they busily sought the king, but they could not find him; for either they knew not or did not recollect that cabinet. The king hearing of long time no noise nor stirring of the traitors, conceived that they had all gone away, and cried to the women that they should come with sheets and draw him out of that unclean place." The women ran at his call. "And as they were about to help up the king, one of the ladies, named Elizabeth Douglas, fell into the place to the king. Therewith one of the said traitors, called Robert Chaumbers, supposed verily, since

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they could not find in any of the said chambers the king, that he of necessity had hid himself in that cabinet. And therefore he said to his fellows, 'Come on with me, and I shall readily tell you where the king is!' For the same Thomas Chaumbers had been afore right familiar with the king in all places; and therefore knew he well all the private corners of those chambers. And so he went straight to the cabinet, and looked well about him, and saw how a plank of the floor had been broken up; and he lift up the plank, and with a torch looking in, he saw the king there beneath, and a woman with him." The fellow called in the other murderers, and one of them, named Sir John Hall, leaped down to the king with a great knife in his hand. James caught him by the throat, and threw him under his feet. "For the king was, of his person and stature, a man right manly strong." A brother of this Hall that then went down to the king was also laid prostrate; and James so maltreated them both under him, that "all, a long month after, men might see how strongly the king had holden them by the throats." "And greatly the king struggled with them, for to have bereaved them of their knives; by the which labour his hands were all sore cut. But an the king had been in anywise armed, he might well have escaped their malice by the length of his fighting with these two false traitors. For if the king might anywhile longer have saved himself, his servants, and much other people of the town, by some fortune should have had some knowledge thereof, and so have come to his succour and help. But alas, the while! it would not be! Fortune was to him adverse . . . . . Therewithal that odious and false traitor, Sir Robert Graham, seeing the king laboured so sore with those two false traitors which he had cast under his feet, and that he was faint and weary (the more pity was it!) descended down also unto the king with an horrible and mortal weapon in his hand. And then the king cried him mercy. 'Thou cruel tyrant,' quoth Graham to him, 'thou hadst never mercy of lords born of thy blood, nor of none other gentlemen that came in thy danger; therefore no mercy

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shalt thou have here!' Then said the king, 'I beseech thee that, for the salvation of my soul, ye will let me have a confessor!' Quoth the said Graham, 'Thou shalt never have other confessor than this same sword.' And therewithal he smote him through the body, and at last the good king fell down. . . . . God of his grace and goodness preserved and kept the queen out of their hands. And upon this the noise rose and sprang out, both into the court and into the town. . . . . And anon all the king's servants that were lodged in his said court, and all the other people of the same town, with one will and one assent, as the king's true men and his liege subjects, came with force and arms, with many a torch and other lights. And when the traitors heard the noise of those commons, they, with all haste possible, fled. But yet in their withdrawing, ere they were fully passed the ditches of the king's place, a worthy knight that was called Sir Davy Dunbar, alone descried and pursued them, and with his own hand slew one of them, and another he sore wounded. And as he fought with them in their fleeing they cut off three of his fingers of his one hand, and sore wounded him upon his head. And they slew another young man of the king's chamber that was good groom." *

When they brought up the butchered king, sixteen deadly wounds were found in his breast, and many other frightful gashes in his body and limbs. Thus perished

* Contemporary narrative of the Murder of King James and of the Execution of the Regicides, published by Pinkerton in the appendix of the first volume of his History of Scotland. This narrative professes to be translated from a Latin original—in all probability the Latin account published by authority at the time. It bears strong marks of having been written by an eye-witness, and it is now generally considered as authentic as it is striking. It has been said of it that few stories either in history or in fiction can compete with its grim horrors. The effect of the story has been impaired by modern fastidiousness, which has shrunk from naming or even intelligibly describing the place wherein James was killed.

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this intellectual and rarely accomplished prince, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his actual reign. He was buried in the Charterhouse of Perth, which he had founded, where the doublet in which he was slain was kept as a relic almost to the time of Drummond of Hawthornden. He had by his fair queen one son and six daughters. The son, who was immediately proclaimed as James II., was only about seven years old, and he was killed at the siege of Roxburgh Castle by the accidental bursting of a cannon before he was thirty. His eldest daughter Margaret was already married to the French Dauphin. Afterwards, one of his daughters married the Earl or Duke of Bretagne, and another Sigismund, Duke of Austria; the remaining three seem to have married into the families of Angus, Huntly, and Morton, though one of them is said to have been at one time the wife of a great lord in Holland.

The king's beloved wife, Queen Jane, survived little more than eight troublous unhappy years. Apparently more for the sake of having one strong enough to protect her than from any love, she married Sir James Stuart, commonly called the Black Knight of Lorne. After being driven from one castle to another, she died in the strong fortress of Dunbar, some time in the year 1445. Her second husband, the Black Knight, was driven from Scotland by the faction of the Douglases, and died in exile and probably in captivity.

The murderers of James fled into the Highlands, but a curse was upon them all, and within forty days all the principal conspirators were captured, condemned, and put to cruel deaths. The tortures inflicted upon Sir Robert Graham and the old Earl of Athole were horrible and atrocious; but such was the practice of the time, and there is good evidence to show that the common people rejoiced at the sight, and that they preserved in rude rhyme the memory of the execution of the accursed lords that had slain Scotland's best king and the common people's best friend. The meaner sort that were of council in the conspiracy, or that had had art and part in the plot, were simply hanged on gibbets.

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"By James," says Drummond, "abuses were reformed, defects repaired, sedition and discord were put from the nobles, equity and industry restored to the country; every man had a certainty of enjoying his own, and security. Into all men was either infused a will to do well, or a necessity of so doing imposed upon them, virtuous actions being honoured, crimes punished. The mean man did respect the great, not fear him; the great man did precede the mean, not contemn him; favour was mastered by equity, ambition by virtue: for the excellent prince, by doing well himself, had taught his subjects so to do. He was the worthiest of all the kings of Scotland till his time: of the former kings it might have been said, the nation made them kings; but this king made that people a nation." Much of the good he had done in the state was speedily undone, but his memory was endeared to the people of Scotland for all aftertimes, and the murderous knife, and the anarchy which followed his decease, could not destroy the written monuments of his rare genius and accomplishments.

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HENRY VII.

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The reign of King Henry VII. is included in the account of the Wars and the Union of the Red and White Roses written about the middle of the sixteenth century by Edward Hall, the most eloquent of our old English chroniclers; and it is also the subject of one of the noblest historical works, for its extent, in any language, the composition, about eighty years later, of Francis Bacon.

To follow a course of events turning so much upon genealogical claims and the connexion of families, it will be convenient for the reader to keep in mind the following particulars:—

The principal persons who figure in the reign of Henry VII. were descended from the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth sons of King Edward III., the line of whose eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, failed in Richard II., and whose second son William died in childhood.

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1. From Lionel Duke of Clarence, whose only child Philippa married Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, sprung, through her granddaughter Anne Mortimer, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, son of Edmund Duke of York, the kings of the House of York, Edward IV., his son Edward V., and his brother Richard III.; Edward IV.'s second son Richard Duke of York; the same king's eldest daughter Elizabeth, who eventally became the wife of Henry VII., and thus united the two roses; Edward IV.'s brother George Duke of Clarence, with his son Edward Earl of Warwick, and his daughter Margaret Countess of Salisbury; Edward IV.'s second sister Margaret, who became the wife of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; his third sister Elizabeth, who married John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and his sons John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, and Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. All these personages, of course, were Yorkists.

2. From John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, sprung the three Lancastrian kings, Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI., who were his son, grandson, and great-grandson; and, through John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, his son by a third marriage, that earl's granddaughter Margaret Beaufort, who married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and their son Henry VII.

3. From Edmund Duke of York, through his son Richard Earl of Cambridge, who, as mentioned above, married Anne Mortimer, all the persons already enumerated as descendants, through that lady, of Lionel Duke of Cambridge.

4. From Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, his daughter Anne, who married Edmund Earl of Stafford; their son Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; his grandson Henry Duke of Buckingham, the accomplice and ultimately the victim of Richard III.; his son Edward Duke of Buckingham; and other persons of the name of Stafford.

Henry VII. was born at Pembroke Castle, 21st January, 1456. His father was Edmund Tudor (or rather Tydor, pronounced Tuddor, that is Theodore), surnamed

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of Hadham, who had been created Earl of Richmond in 1452, being the son of Sir Owen Tudor and Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., and daughter of the French king Charles VI. He was thus paternally descended both from the royal house of France and also, it is said, from the ancient sovereigns of Wales, for such is the derivation assigned by the genealogists to the Tudors—if indeed, as Camden remarks (in his 'Remains') that can with any propriety be considered as the family name which was really merely the Christian name of Owen Tudor's grandfather, from whom he and his father assumed it as their patronymic. But it was his maternal extraction that gave Henry Tudor his political importance. His mother was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, whose father of the same names was the eldest of the sons of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the root of the Lancastrian house, by his third wife, Catherine Swinford. The Beauforts, as the children of Gaunt by this wife were named, having been born before marriage, and only subsequently legitimated by a patent entered on the rolls of parliament, which appears (though there is some doubt as to that point) not to have opened to them the succession to the crown, were not at first looked upon as in themselves or their descendants forming strictly a branch of the House of Lancaster; their name itself distinguished them as another family. But towards the close of the reign of Henry VI. their royal descent and proximity to the throne began to be spoken of as giving them important pretensions. After the termination of the Wars of the Roses the Somerset family remained the only representatives of the House of Lancaster, in England: there were indeed in Portugal, Spain, Germany, and Denmark nearly a dozen descendants of John of Gaunt by his two earlier marriages, some of whom at least, namely, those sprung from Henry IV., had clearly a prior place in the line of succession to the Beauforts, had the legitimation of the latter been ever so perfect; but the circumstances of the time were not such as to allow any validity to these foreign titles. After Richard

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III. obtained the throne, only two really formidable members of the House of Lancaster survived, namely, this Henry Earl of Richmond, and Henry Duke of Buckingham, whose mother was also a Margaret Beaufort, a great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt. But her father was a younger brother of the father of the Countess of Richmond, whose son therefore undoubtedly stood first in the line of the family succession.

The following anecdotes are related by Bacon at the close of his History of Henry VII.: "When the Lady Margaret, his mother, had divers grand suitors for marriage, she dreamed one night that one in the likeness of a bishop in pontifical habit did tender her Edmund Earl of Richmond, the king's father, for her husband; neither had she ever any child but the king, though she had three husbands. One day when King Henry VI., whose innocency gave him holiness, was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said, 'This is the lad that shall possess quietly that that we now strive for.'" Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, died in 1456, the same year in which his son Henry was born. Throughout the stormy period that followed, the child found a protector in his uncle Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, till, on the accession of Edward IV. in 1461, the earl was attainted and obliged to fly the country. Henry appears to have been then consigned by the new king to the charge of Sir William Herbert, Baron Herbert (afterwards created Earl of Pembroke), and to have been carried by that nobleman to his residence of Ragland Castle in Monmouthshire. Long afterwards he told the French historian Comines that he had been either in prison or under strict surveillance from the time he was five years of age. He is said however to have been brought to court on the restoration of Henry VI. in 1470, and it is to this date that the story is assigned of his having been prophetically pointed out by Henry as the person that was to bring to a close the contest between the two houses. It must have been at this time also that he was sent to Eton, if he ever really studied, as is reported by

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some, at that school. After the battle of Tewkesbury he seems to have been sent back to Ragland Castle, and to have remained there till his uncle, who had fled to France, returned secretly, and found means to carry him off to his own castle of Pembroke. Upon this Edward immediately took measures to recover possession of the boy, but his uncle at last contrived to embark with him at Tenby with the intention of proceeding to France. They were forced, however, by stress of weather to put into a port of Bretagne, and there they were detained by the duke, Francis II. But, although this prince would not suffer them to pursue their journey, he allowed them an honourable maintenance, and as much liberty as was consistent with his design that they should not pass out of his dominions, nor, although repeatedly importuned by King Edward to deliver them up, would he ever listen to the proposal. Henry continued resident in these circumstances in the town of Vannes in Bretagne till after the accession of Richard III.

As soon as it came to be known that Edward V. and his brother no longer existed, a fact which Richard III. himself took pains to publish, without any attempt to make it appear that they had not been taken off by violence, the minds of men turned to the young Earl of Richmond as the most eligible opponent to set up against the actual possessor of the crown. Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury and cardinal, has the credit of having first suggested to the heads of his party, that the crown should be offered to Henry on condition of his engaging to espouse the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and, since the death of her brothers, the undoubted heiress of the rights of the House of York. The scheme received the assent of the leaders of the various interests already confederated against Richard—of the queen dowager, of her son the Marquis of Dorset, and of the Duke of Buckingham, whatever were the motives that had induced the last-mentioned nobleman to make his sudden change from the one side to the other. Communications were immediately entered into with Henry's mother the Countess of Rich-

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mond, and she also entered cordially into the design, although her present husband Lord Stanley had all along steadily adhered to Richard, with whom he at present was. A messenger was now despatched to Henry in Bretagne, September 24, 1483, and he was informed that the general rising in his favour would take place on the 18th of October. The issue of this first attempt was eminently disastrous to the confederacy of the earl's friends. Henry sailed from St. Malo with a fleet of forty sail, which he had been enabled to provide partly by the assistance of the Duke of Bretagne; but a storm dispersed his ships as he crossed the Channel, and when he reached the English coast near Poole he deemed it prudent, with the insufficient force that he had remaining, not to land. Meanwhile the hasty, ill-combined revolt of Buckingham and his associates fell to pieces without the striking of a blow. Buckingham himself was taken and executed as a traitor; of the other chief persons engaged in the attempt, several underwent the same fate; others escaped death by flight; many were attainted, among the rest the Countess of Richmond, whose life was only spared at the intercession of her husband Lord Stanley. Henry himself returned to Bretagne, and here at Christmas, in the presence of a meeting of the English exiles to the number of five hundred, held in the cathedral of Rhedon, he solemnly swore to marry Elizabeth as soon as he should have triumphed over the usurper, and in return the assembly promised him fealty on that condition, and did him homage as their sovereign. A few months after this, however, Henry and his friends found it expedient to withdraw from Bretagne to avoid the machinations of the duke's minister Landois, who had been gained over by Richard, and had prevailed upon the duke to take measures for betraying them to the English king. They succeeded in making their escape to the French territory, where they spent another year in making preparations for a new expedition under the countenance and with the assistance of King Charles VIII. At length, on the 1st of August, 1485, Henry sailed with his fleet from Harfleur, and on

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the 7th landed at Milford-Haven in Wales. The two rivals encountered at Bosworth in Leicestershire, on the 22nd, when the result was that Henry obtained a complete victory, which, with the death of Richard, who fell in the battle, at once placed the crown on his head. This was afterwards reckoned the first day of his reign, an arrangement by which only those who had actually drawn their swords against him at Bosworth were made to be guilty of treason; and whatever acts had been done in the service of the usurper (as Richard was considered) up to the eve of that battle, were overlooked.*

Henry, immediately after this victory, "as one," says Bacon, "that had been bred under a devout mother, and was in his nature a great observer of religious forms, caused *Te Deum laudamus* to be solemnly sung in the presence of the whole army upon the place, and was himself with general applause and great cries of joy, in a kind of military election or recognition, saluted king." In the same evening he marched on with his army to Leicester, and entered in triumphal pomp that town, from whence his rival had gone forth in nearly equally gorgeous pride and state the day before. Hither, also, the dead body of Richard was brought, "naked," says Hall, "and despoiled to the skin, . . . and was trussed behind a pursuivant of arms called Blanch Sanglier, or White Boar, like a hog or a calf; the head and arms hanging on the one side of the horse, and the legs on the other side; and, all besprinkled with mire and blood, was brought to the Grey Friars' Church." Here it was interred obscurely, and without any funeral solemnity, "after many indignities and reproaches," says Bacon, "the dirges and obsequies of the common people towards tyrants." According to Hall, when his death was known, "few

* Sir Harris Nicolas, however, in his Chronology of History, pp. 309-313, although he adopts the unanimous account of the chroniclers, that Henry's reign began on the 22nd, has stated some reasons for suspecting that it was legally reckoned from the 21st, the day before the battle of Bosworth.

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lamented and many rejoiced;" and "the proud bragging white boar, which was his badge, was violently razed and plucked down from every sign and place where it might be espied." The motive assigned by the chronicler, however—"so ill was his life, that men wished the memory of him to be buried with his carrion corpse"—may be presumed to have been, at least, not the only reason for this last procedure.

The new king rested at Leicester for two days. While here, he despatched Sir Robert Willoughby to the castle of Sheriff Hutton, in Yorkshire, where both the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and her cousin Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son and heir of the late Duke of Clarence, had been confined by order of their uncle the late king. The earl, a boy in his fifteenth year, was conducted by Willoughby to the Tower of London, and there shut up; and the princess was also directed to repair with all convenient speed to the capital, "which accordingly she soon after did," Bacon tells us, "accompanied with many noblemen and ladies of honour." "In the mean season," continues this historian, "the king set forwards by easy journeys to the city of London, receiving the acclamations and applauses of the people as he went, which indeed were true and unfeigned, as might well appear in the very demonstrations and fulness of the cry. For they thought generally, that he was a prince as ordained and sent down from heaven to unite and put to an end the long dissensions of the two houses; which, although they had, in the times of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and part of Henry the Sixth on the one side, and the times of Edward the Fourth on the other, lucid intervals and happy pauses, yet they did ever hang over the kingdom ready to break forth into new perturbations and calamities. And, as his victory gave him the knee, so his purpose of marriage with the Lady Elizabeth gave him the heart; so that both knee and heart did truly bow before him." Hall says that, as he passed along on his journey, "the rustical people on every side of the ways assembled in great numbers, and with great joy clapped their hands

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and shouted, crying, 'King Henry! King Henry!'" "But," proceeds this chronicler, "when he approached near the city, the mayor, the senate, and the magistrates of the same, being all clothed in violet, met him at Shoreditch, and not only saluted and welcomed him with one voice in general, but every person particularly pressed and advanced himself gladly to touch and kiss that victorious hand which had overcome so monstrous and cruel a tyrant, giving lauds and praisings to Almighty God, and rendering immortal thanks to him by whose mean and industry the commonwealth of the realm was preserved from final destruction and perpetual calamity, and the authors of the mischief sublated and plucked away. And with great pomp and triumph he rode through the city to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, where he offered his three standards. In the one was the image of St. George; in the second was a red fiery dragon beaten upon white and green sarcenet; the third was of yellow tartern, in the which was painted a dun cow. After his prayers said, and *Te Deum* sung, he departed to the bishop's palace, and there sojourned a season, during which time plays, pastimes, and pleasures were showed in every part of the city." Bacon observes, that "to disperse the conceit and terror of a conquest," he had given orders that his journey should bear no resemblance to a warlike march, but that it should be "rather like unto the progress of a king in full peace and assurance." It is added, that "he entered the city upon a Saturday, as he had also obtained the victory upon a Saturday; which day of the week, first upon an observation, and after, upon memory and fancy, he accounted and chose as a day prosperous unto him."* He took care, however, not to begin his reign by making himself too common; he appeared, we are told, on this

* This, however, is a mistake. The 22nd of August, 1485, on which the battle of Bosworth was fought, was a Monday. But King Henry entered the city on the 27th, which would be on the Saturday thereafter, as we learn from Stow.

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occasion, "not on horseback, or in any open chariot or throne, but in a close chariot, as one that having been sometimes an enemy to the whole state, and a proscribed person, chose rather to keep state and strike a reverence into the people than to fawn upon them." But in this interpretation we may have not so much the motive or intention of Henry, as the refining political sagacity or imagination of his historian.

The reader has sufficiently seen with what fervour and fierceness of virtuous indignation the chronicler Hall is animated against the beaten party in the great civil quarrel which had thus been brought to a close. Speaking of the Lady Elizabeth, "whom," he says, "King Richard, foolishly fantasying and devilishly doting, did intend to marry," he adds, "But the damsel did not alonely disagree and repudiate that matrimony, but abhorred and detested greatly his abominable desire. At which most importunate and detestable concupiscence the common people of the realm so much grudged and maligned, that they did not only attribute the fault and crime to the king, but much more culpate and blame his privy councillors, which did not dissent but consent to so pernicious a council and so shameful a conclusion. But God, of his only goodness, preserved the Christian mind of that virtuous and immaculate virgin; and from their flagitious and facinorous act did graciously protect and defend." Sir George Buck, however, the defender of Richard, who maintains that that king never had any real intent to make Elizabeth his wife, but only entertained the proposition out of policy, has shown that both the lady and her mother had been quite ready and eager to conclude such an arrangement. The only objection they made was, that Richard's first queen was not yet dead. "But the answer," writes Buck, "which was made in the name of the king to the Lady Elizabeth concerning his queen was, that she would be no impediment of long continuance; being a very weak woman, in a consumption, and past hopes of recovery; her physicians giving their opinions she would not live past the middle of February next following; nor guessed they

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much amiss, for she died in the next month, March. When the midst and last of February [1485] was past, the Lady Elizabeth, being more impatient and jealous of the success than any one knew or conceived, writes a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, intimating first, that he was the man in whom she affied, in respect of that love her father had ever borne him, &c. Then she congratulates his many courtesies, in continuance of which she desires him to be a mediator for her to the king in the behalf of the marriage propounded between them; who, as she wrote, was her only joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought: withal insinuating that the better part of February was past, and that she feared the Queen would never die. All these be her own words, written with her own hand; and this is the sum of her letter, which remains in the autograph, or original draught under her own hand, in the magnificent cabinet of Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey." Richard's first scheme had been to marry Elizabeth to his son Edward; and it was after that prince died (in April, 1484) that he proposed to make her his own wife. Both she and her mother would probably have been equally pleased with either arrangement. At this time Richard was only in his thirty-second year, Elizabeth herself being nineteen. It is believed that after he was left a widower by the death of Queen Anne (on the 16th of March, 1485,—not without suspicion of having been poisoned), he was dissuaded from marrying Elizabeth by his two confidants, Radcliffe and Catesby, who warned him of the popular outcry such a step would excite. He then took great pains to proclaim that nothing of the kind had ever been contemplated.

All this, however, was not likely to prepossess Henry in favour of the match which circumstances imposed upon him; nor, whatever might be the national wish, was he desirous to make it appear as if he owed his crown in any degree to his marriage with the heiress of the House of York. He was accordingly in no hurry to raise Elizabeth to the throne which she was so ambitious to mount. His own coronation took place on the 30th

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of October, immediately after the disappearance of what was then a new disease, the sweating, or sweating sickness, which had broken out both in London and other parts of the kingdom towards the end (Stow says on the 21st) of September, and had proved frightfully destructive. Two Lord Mayors of London were carried off by it within a week, and four aldermen were also among its victims. The ceremony of the coronation was performed in Westminster Abbey, the crown being set upon the king's head by Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury. "At which day also," writes Bacon, "as if the crown upon his head did put perils into his thoughts, he did institute, for the better security of his person, a band of fifty archers under a captain, to attend him, by the name of yeomen of his guard; and yet, that it might be thought to be rather a matter of dignity, after the imitation of that he had known abroad, than any matter of diffidence appropriate to his own case, he made it to be understood for an ordinance not temporary, but to hold in succession for ever after."

The parliament met at Westminster that day week. It enacted that "the inheritance of the crown should be, rest, remain, and abide in the most royal person of the then sovereign lord, King Henry VII., and the heirs of his body lawfully coming, perpetually with the grace of God so to endure, and in none other;" and, when the commons, on the 10th of December, presented to his majesty the usual grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they accompanied it with a petition that he would be pleased to "take to wife and consort the Princess Elizabeth, which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." This last unusual expression, Dr. Lingard, whose translation of the original Latin entry in the rolls of parliament we make use of, conceives to mean the kings of both lines. The lords signified their concurrence by rising from their seats and bowing to the throne; and Henry answered that he was willing to comply with the request of the two houses. The marriage was accordingly solemnized on the 18th of January, 1486; "which day," says Bacon, "was cele-

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brated with greater triumph and demonstrations, especially on the people's part, of joy and gladness, than the days either of his entry or coronation, which the king rather noted than liked. And it is true that all his lifetime, while the Lady Elizabeth lived with him, for she died before him, he shewed himself no very indulgent husband towards her, though she was beautiful, gentle, and fruitful. But his aversion towards the House of York was so predominant in him, as it found place not only in his wars and councils, but in his chamber and bed."

The king now, according to Bacon, "full of confidence and assurance, as a prince that had been victorious in battle, and had prevailed with his parliament in all that he desired, and had the ring of acclamations fresh in his ears, thought the rest of his reign should be but play, and the enjoying of a kingdom." But it was not to be expected that a reign commencing in such circumstances should be undisturbed by insurrectionary attempts. A succession of such movements kept Henry in disquietude for many years. The first that occurred was that headed by Francis Viscount Lovel, in April, 1546, which was speedily and effectually put down. The disappearance of this danger was followed, in September, by the delivery of the queen, at Winchester, of her first son, who was named Arthur, after the famous old British king. "The child," Bacon remarks, "was strong and able, though he was born in the eighth month, which the physicians do prejudge"—that is, are prejudiced against, or hold to be unfavourable.

But before the end of the same year a new commotion in the state, more formidable than the last, broke out. Bacon admits that Henry, though contrary to what he deserved, was still "not without much hatred throughout the realm." "The root of all," adds the historian, "was the discountenancing of the House of York, which the general body of the realm still affected. This did alienate the hearts of the subjects from him daily more and more, especially when they saw that, after his marriage, and after a son born, the king did nevertheless not

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so much as proceed to the coronation of the queen, not vouchsafing her the honour of a matrimonial crown; for the coronation of her was not till almost two years after, when danger had taught him what to do." The dissatisfaction greatly increased when it came to be rumoured that Edward Plantagenet was intended to be secretly made away with in the Tower: the popular belief of this made Henry be thought almost as blood-thirsty a tyrant as Richard, whom he had supplanted. And all this while, Bacon confesses, it was still whispered everywhere that at least one of the children of Edward the Fourth was living. "Neither," he adds, "was the king's nature and customs greatly fit to disperse these mists, but, contrariwise, he had a fashion rather to create doubts than assurance." In this state of things, a priest of Oxford, called Richard (or, according to others, William) Simon, or Simonds, is supposed to have originated the bold project of setting up as a claimant for the crown his pupil Lambert Simnell, the son of a baker, or, as another account has it, of an organ-maker, of that town. Simnell was about fifteen years of age, and he is described by Bacon as "a comely youth, and well favoured, not without some extraordinary dignity and grace of aspect." The priest's first design is affirmed to have been to present Simnell to the world as the Duke of York, the second son of Edward IV., said to have been murdered along with his brother, Edward V., in the Tower; but it was eventually determined that he should personate Edward Plantagenet, now lying a prisoner in that fortress. The audacity of this scheme, as Bacon remarks, seems scarcely credible; for the individual to be personated was neither one who was dead, nor one who had been carried away in infancy, and was known to few; but a "youth that, till the age almost of ten years, had been brought up in a court where infinite eyes had been upon him," and, what was still more unfavourable to the project, who could be produced at any moment to confute his counterfeit. The historian concludes that some great person who knew Edward Plantagenet particularly and familiarly must have had a hand

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in the business; and he adds, "That which is most probable, out of the precedent and subsequent acts, is, that it was the queen dowager from whom this action had the principal source and motion. For certain it is, she was a busy negotiating woman, and in her withdrawing chamber had the fortunate conspiracy for the king against King Richard the Third been hatched; which the king knew, and remembered perhaps but too well; and [she] was at this time extremely discontent with the king, thinking her daughter, as the king handled the matter, not advanced, but depressed; and none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this stage-play as she could." Edward IV.'s sister, Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, also gave her countenance and effective aid to the enterprise of the pretender. "This princess," says Bacon, "having the spirit of a man, and malice of a woman, abounding in treasure by the greatness of her dower and her provident government, and being childless and without any nearer care, made it her design and enterprise to see the majesty royal of England once again replaced in her house; and had set up King Henry as a mark at whose overthrow all her actions should aim and shoot; insomuch as all the counsels of his succeeding troubles came chiefly out of that quiver. And she bare such a mortal hatred to the House of Lancaster, and personally to the king, as she was no ways mollified by the conjunction of the Houses in her niece's marriage, but rather hated her niece, as the means of the king's ascent to the crown and assurance therein." The design of the Yorkists in thus patronizing the pretensions of Simnell was of course merely to make use of him for effecting their first object, the ejection of the reigning king; after which he himself would have been very easily disposed of. It is astonishing to what a height of temporary success the project attained. Simon, having taken his pupil over to Ireland, there presented him to the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Kildare, by whom he was at once recognised as the person he called himself. Kildare had been one of the chiefs of the Yorkist party, and it is impossible to believe that he had

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not been from the first taken into the conspiracy. His acquiescence in the imposture naturally produced an immense effect. After a few days Simnell was proclaimed king, in Dublin, by the name of Edward the Sixth, with apparently the universal assent of the population of all classes. The boy, Bacon allows, became the part he acted well, and did nothing that betrayed the baseness of his real condition. The scheme, however, was too inherently hollow and flimsy to be long kept up. The first thing Henry did was to shut up the queen dowager in the nunnery of Bermondsey, and to seize all her lands and goods—with his characteristic indirectness, however, professing to visit her with that punishment for having, after her agreement for the marriage of her daughter with himself, delivered Elizabeth out of sanctuary into the hands of King Richard. At this proceeding "there was," says Bacon, "much wondering;—that a weak woman, for the yielding to the menaces and promises of a tyrant, after such a distance of time, wherein the king had shown no displeasure nor alteration, but much more after so happy a marriage between the king and her daughter, blessed with issue male, should, upon a sudden mutability or disclosure of the king's mind, be so severely handled." "This lady," adds the noble historian, "was amongst the examples of great variety of fortune. She had first, from a distressed suitor and desolate widow, been taken to the marriage bed of a bachelor king, the goodliest personage of his time; and even in his reign she had endured a strange eclipse by the king's flight and temporary depriving from the crown. She was also very happy, in that she had by him fair issue, and continued his nuptial love, helping herself by some obsequious bearing and dissembling of his pleasures, to the very end. . . . . After her husband's death, she was matter of tragedy, having lived to see her brother beheaded, and her two sons deposed from the crown, bastarded in their blood, and cruelly murdered. For this while, nevertheless, she enjoyed her liberty, state, and fortunes: but afterwards, again, upon the rise of the wheel, when she had a king to her son-in-law, and was

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made grandmother to a grandchild of the best sex, yet was she, upon dark and unknown reasons, and no less strange pretences, precipitated and banished the world into a nunnery, where it was almost thought dangerous to visit her or see her, and where, not long after, she ended her life; but was, by the king's commandment, buried with the king her husband, at Windsor." The queen of Edward IV., originally Elizabeth Woodville, or Wydville, and, before she was raised to the throne, the wife of Sir John Grey, is supposed to have survived till about the year 1492. It appears that she was not kept all this while in close confinement; when the French ambassadors were introduced to her daughter at Westminster, in November, 1489, she is, in a contemporary record, expressly stated to have been present, as well as the king's mother, the Countess of Richmond. From this and other circumstances, Dr. Lingard is inclined to doubt altogether the fact of her apprehension upon the present occasion; but a story so distinctly told by all the old authorities, by Polydore Virgil, as well as by Hall, whom Bacon follows, can hardly be supposed to be a pure fiction.

Another measure, however, that Henry adopted was more suited to tell immediately with a favourable effect upon the popular mind. On a Sunday he had the true Edward Plantagenet brought out from the Tower, and, after being carried through all the principal streets of London, conducted in solemn procession to St. Paul's, "where," says Bacon, "great store of people were assembled. And it was provided also in good fashion that divers of the nobility, and others of quality, especially of those that the king most suspected, and [that] knew the person of Plantagenet best, had communication with the young gentleman by the way, and entertained him with speech and discourse; which did in effect mar the pageant in Ireland with the subjects here, at least with so many as out of error, and not out of malice, might be misled. Nevertheless, in Ireland, where it was too late to go back, it wrought little or no effect. But, contrariwise, they turned the imposture upon the king, and

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gave out that the king, to defeat the true inheritor, and to mock the world, and blind the eyes of simple men, had tricked up a boy in the likeness of Edward Plantagenet, and showed him to the people, not sparing to profane the ceremony of a procession, the more to countenance the fable."

The affair did not end without being brought to the arbitrement of the sword. The Duchess of Burgundy having sent over a force of two thousand veterans under an experienced officer, Martin Swartz, these Germans landed at Dublin; the young Earl of Lincoln, son of Edward IV.'s sister the Duchess of Suffolk, who had recently gone over to his aunt in Burgundy, accompanying them. It was now decided that the pretender should undergo the ceremony of a coronation. In all haste, accordingly, the people from all quarters assembled, Stow tells us, "at Divelin, or Dublin, and there, in Christ's Church, they crowned their idol, honouring him with titles imperial, feasting and triumphing, rearing mighty shouts and cries, carrying him thence to the king's castle upon tall men's shoulders, that he might be seen and noted, as he was surely an honourable boy to look upon." Other accounts state that he was carried from the church to the castle on the shoulders of an English chieftain named Darcy. He was crowned by the Bishop of Meath with a diadem taken from a statue of the Virgin Mary. This was on the 24th of May, 1487. Immediately afterwards writs were issued, and a parliament summoned, in his name. Then Lincoln and the Germans, together with what Hall calls "a great multitude of beggarly Irishmen, almost all naked and unarmed, saving skaynes [daggers] and mantles," sailed for England, and landed at the pile of Foudray, in the southern extremity of Furness, Lancashire. They were encountered on the 16th of June by the royal force, under the command of the king in person, at the village of Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, and there, after a short but sharp conflict, completely put to the rout. Among those slain was the Earl of Lincoln, whom Richard III. had, after the death of his son, declared heir to the throne. Francis Lord Lovell, the other

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chief English leader of the insurrection, is said to have been seen endeavouring to swim over the Trent on horseback, and one report makes him to have been drowned in that attempt; another, to have made his way to his own house of Minster Lovell, in Oxfordshire, where it is said that about two hundred years after there was found in a chamber under ground the skeleton of a man, seated in a chair, with his head reclined on a table, which was supposed to be the fugitive lord, perhaps left there to perish through neglect. Another of the English leaders, Sir Thomas Broughton, whom the common accounts make to have been killed, is also reported by tradition to have effected his escape, and to have lived, till his death, concealed among his tenants at Witherslack, in Westmoreland. The pretender himself, and the priest his tutor, were both taken prisoners. "For Lambert," says Bacon, "the king would not take his life; both out of magnanimity, taking him but as an image of wax that others had tempered and moulded; and likewise out of wisdom, thinking that, if he suffered death, he would be forgotten too soon, but, being kept alive, he would be a perpetual spectacle, and a kind of remedy against the like enchantment of people in time to come. For which cause he was taken into service in his court to a base office in his kitchen; so that, in a kind of *mattacina* [pantomime] of human fortune, he turned a broach that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly does not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy. And afterwards he was preferred to be one of the king's falconers. As to the priest, he was committed close prisoner, and heard of no more; the king loving to seal up his own dangers." It was after the suppression of this outbreak that, on the 25th of November, the queen was at length solemnly crowned in Westminster Abbey.

But the attempts of the House of York to regain possession of the throne did not end with this first discomfiture. The imposture of Simnell was followed, after a few years, by the appearance of the more celebrated pretender Perkin Warbeck. This singular affair occupies nearly eighty octavo pages of Bacon's history, and it has

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been the subject of a world of controversy in more recent times. Of course, we can here attempt only the most rapid outline of the story. The new competitor for the throne was first heard of in the beginning of May, 1492. Bacon introduces him as a spirit or ghost, raised up to walk and vex the king by the magic arts of the Duchess of Burgundy, whom, he says, Henry's friends called Juno, "because she was to him as Juno was to Aeneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief." The proper name of the boy called Perkin Warbeck is affirmed to have been Peter Osbeck; his father having been John Osbeck, a converted Jew of Tournay, who was married to Catherine de Faro, and who was led by his business to come and reside for some time in London with his wife, in the days of King Edward IV.; "during which time," according to Bacon's account, "he had a son by her, and, being known in court, the king, either out of a religious nobleness, because he was a convert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honour to be godfather to his child, and named him Peter. But afterwards, proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, Peterkin or Perkin; for, as for the name of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken; but yet he had been so much talked on by that name, as it stuck by him after his true name of Osbeck was known." It is impossible not to be struck with an observation which the historian elsewhere makes upon the remarkable circumstance, mentioned, he tells us, by one who wrote at the time, of King Edward having been the boy's godfather, "which," he says, "as it is somewhat suspicious for a wanton prince to become gossip [that is, spiritual relation] in so mean a house, and might make a man think that he might indeed have in him some base blood of the House of York, so at the least, though that were not, it might give the occasion to the boy, in being called King Edward's godson, or perhaps, in sport, King Edward's son, to entertain such thoughts into his head." He was, it seems, very handsome; and, "more than that," says

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Bacon, "he had such a crafty and bewitching fashion, both to move pity and to induce belief, as was like a kind of fascination and enchantment to those that saw him or heard him." He had also, we are told, "been from his childhood such a wanderer, or, as the king called him, such a land-loper, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest and parents. Neither, again, could any man, by company or conversing with him, be able to say or detect well what he was, he did so flit from place to place." While he was yet a child, according to this version of the story, he was carried back to Tournay by his parents, and as he grew up he moved much about from town to town in Flanders, all the while, however, associating much with natives of England, and so acquiring a perfect command of the language. At last he was brought to the Duchess of Burgundy, who soon discerned the use that might be made of him, and, keeping him by her for a long while, though in extreme secresy, set herself diligently to tutor him for the part she designed he should play. Her scheme was that he should personate Richard Duke of York, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower, with whose age his own nearly agreed. To prevent its being suspected that she had had any hand in the matter, she shipped him off in the first instance to Portugal; and there he remained about a year, when he set sail from Lisbon in a merchant vessel, and was conveyed to Ireland at the time we have mentioned. The vessel cast anchor in the Cove of Cork, on the 5th of May, 1492. The young man, who appeared to be about twenty or twenty-one years old, immediately upon landing announced himself as the Duke of York, and wrote to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, desiring them to come to aid him in the recovery of his rights.

Soon after this, the adventurer was invited by the French king, Charles VIII., to come over to Paris, whither accordingly he proceeded; but, upon a peace being concluded between the two countries in November, he was warned by Charles to make off with himself; and he then repaired to Brussels, to the court of the Duchess of Burgundy. After questioning him about everything,

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the duchess professed to be quite satisfied that he was her nephew. "Thereupon she gave him," says Bacon, "the delicate title of the 'White Rose of England,' and appointed him a guard of thirty persons, halberdiers, clad in a party-coloured livery of murrey and blue, to attend his person. Her court likewise, and generally the Dutch and strangers, in their usage towards him, expressed no less respect. The news hereof came blazing and thundering over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive."

The effect was that a number of eminent persons soon associated themselves in a secret combination to support the pretender—among them being Sir William Stanley, the Lord Chamberlain of the Household. By these persons Sir Robert Clifford was secretly sent over to Brussels; and he, either won over by the duchess, or actually convinced, wrote back to his employers that the young man was undoubtedly the Duke of York. But Henry also now set his enginery at work. "There is a strange tradition," says Bacon, "that the king, being lost in a wood of suspicions, and not knowing whom to trust, had both intelligence with the confessors and chaplains of divers great men, and, for the better credit of his espials [spies] abroad with the contrary side, did use to have them cursed at St. Paul's by name amongst the bead-roll of the king's enemies, according to the custom of those times. These espials plied their charge so roundly, as the king had an anatomy of Perkin alive; and was likewise well informed of the particular correspondent conspirators in England; and many other mysteries were revealed; and Sir Robert Clifford in especial won to be assured to the king, and industrious and officious for his service." In 1494 the chief conspirators were most of them suddenly seized at once, and several of them were instantly sent to the block. Early in the next year, Clifford, having come over to England, boldly, in the presence of the king and the council, accused Stanley, who had till now been left untouched. "The king," says the historian, "seemed to be much amazed at the naming of this lord, as if he had heard the news of some

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strange and fearful prodigy." Stanley had saved Henry's life at the battle of Bosworth, and had in the moment of victory set the crown he had won upon his head; the revolution had raised him to be one of the principal persons in the state, and had brought him vast wealth, as well as the highest honours; and he had since been united in close relationship to the new royal family by the marriage of his brother with the king's mother.* But his guilt was so clear that he scarcely attempted to deny it; and, after a few weeks, he was arraigned and condemned to die; and on the 16th of February he was brought to Tower Hill, and there beheaded.

In the summer of this year, 1495, the pretender made a descent, with a few hundred followers, upon the coast between Sandwich and Deal, but was immediately repulsed by the royal forces. In the fight, besides those of the invaders or rebels that were slain, a hundred and sixty-nine were taken prisoners. "They were brought to London," we are told, "all railed in ropes, and were executed some of them at London and Wapping, and the rest at divers places upon the sea-coast of Kent, Sussex, and Norfolk, for sea-marks, or light-houses, to teach Perkin's people to avoid the coast."

In the beginning of the next year Perkin was forced to leave Flanders, by an arrangement which Henry succeeded in making with the archduke. He then, after trying Ireland, and seeing little prospect of encourage-

* Bacon's account is:—"At Bosworth-field the king was beset, and in a manner inclosed round about by the troops of King Richard, and in manifest danger of his life; when this Stanley was sent by his brother, with three thousand men, to his rescue, which he performed so that King Richard was slain upon the place. . . . . For which service the king gave him great gifts; made him his counsellor and chamberlain; and, somewhat contrary to his nature, had winked at the great spoils of Bosworth-field, which came almost wholly to this man's hands, to his infinite enriching." His elder brother, who married the Countess of Richmond, was Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards created Earl of Derby. He was her third husband; she, his second wife.

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ment there, sailed to Scotland, where he was received with great kindness by the young king, James IV., who was at the time eager to find an occasion of quarrel with Henry. James actually gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Huntly, a near kinswoman of his own, and a lady of distinguished beauty. Early in the following year, 1497, he and James invaded England, but were not joined by any portion of the population; and the attempt was repeated a few months afterwards with no better success. Perkin next made his appearance in Cornwall, which was at this time agitated and in confusion from a recent revolt of the people against the collection of a newly imposed tax, which had not been put down till after the insurgents had advanced upon London as far as Blackheath, where they were met by the royal forces, and defeated with great slaughter. He was joined by numbers of the Cornish men; but, after an unsuccessful attack upon the city of Exeter, when on the 21st of September his followers and the royal army were drawn up in array against each other near Taunton, ready to join battle on the following day, he rode off with a guard of sixty men, and took refuge in the sanctuary of Beaulieu in Hampshire, upon which his adherents threw down their arms. He afterwards surrendered himself upon condition that his life should be saved; and, being brought to London, he was paraded on horseback through the principal streets, and was then ordered to confine himself within the precincts of the palace. After leading this life for about six months, he one day made his escape; but he was soon retaken; and then, after having been compelled to stand two days in the common stocks, the first at Westminster Hall, the second in Cheapside, and to read to the people a confession to which he had previously put his signature, he was committed to the Tower. In August of the following year, 1499, he and Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, were detected in a project for effecting their escape together from that fortress; on which they were both separately arraigned and found guilty of treason; and Warbeck was executed at Tyburn on the 23rd

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of November, Warwick on Tower Hill a few days after. On the scaffold Perkin recited his former confession, "taking on his death," says Stow, "the same to be true; and so he and John a Water [formerly Mayor of Cork, who was executed along with him] asked the king forgiveness, and took their deaths patiently."

When Perkin first fled to sanctuary, instant means had been taken to get possession of the Lady Catherine Gordon, then residing in St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, where she had been placed by her husband, "whom," says Bacon, "in all fortunes she entirely loved, adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex." "The king," he adds, "sent in the greater diligence, not knowing whether she might be with child, whereby the business would not have ended in Perkin's person. When she was brought to the king, it was commonly said that the king received her not only with compassion but with affection; pity giving more impression to her excellent beauty. Wherefore, comforting her, to serve as well his eye as his fame, he sent her to his queen to remain with her; giving her very honourable allowance for the support of her estate, which she enjoyed both during the king's life and many years after. The name of the White Rose, which had been given to her husband's false title, was continued in common speech to her true beauty."

From this time Henry's reign was one of complete internal tranquillity, of which he chiefly took advantage to augment his revenue and his hoarded treasures—extracting money from his subjects on all sorts of pretences, which were not the less oppressive for being generally legal in their form and colour. The English law at this time, if only stretched as far as it would go, was abundantly sufficient for the purposes of the most exorbitant tyranny. The chief instruments of Henry's rapacity were two lawyers, Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, names immortalized by the detestation of their country.

Henry was early in his reign involved in the politics of the Continent by the quarrel which arose between

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Francis Duke of Bretagne and Charles VIII. of France, with both of whom he had been connected before he came to the throne, and each of whom applied to him for his assistance. This quarrel, by the death of Francis, soon after it broke out, leaving only two daughters, one of whom also soon afterwards died, became in fact a contest for the possession of Bretagne on the part of France. This was an object to which the public mind in England was strongly opposed; but, although Henry was forced to appear to go along with the national feeling, he deferred taking any steps to prevent the subjugation of the Bretons till it was too late. The money that was eagerly voted by parliament to fit out an expedition, he collected very carefully; but, instead of fighting, he endeavoured to manage the matter by the cheaper method of negotiation.—Afterwards indeed, in the spring of 1489, he found himself compelled to equip a small force, which proceeded to Bretagne; but he had previously assured the French government that if the troops were sent they should act only on the defensive—an engagement which was faithfully kept. Charles eventually compelled the Duchess of Bretagne to marry him, after she had been affianced to Maximilian, the King of the Romans; and the duchy was thus finally annexed to the French crown. The indignation in England at this result forced Henry to conduct an army to France in person, in the beginning of October, 1492; but he had already secretly arranged a peace with Charles, and before there was any fighting the treaty was published in the beginning of November. By this treaty, called the Treaty of Estaples, Charles bound himself to pay Henry the sum of 149,000*l.* sterling, in half-yearly instalments of 25,000 francs. In 1496, notwithstanding this peace, Henry joined the league of the Pope, the King of the Romans, the King of Castile, the Duke of Milan, and the republic of Venice, which, after Charles had overrun the kingdom of Naples in 1494, had in a few months expelled him from his sudden conquest; but when Charles died, in 1498, the treaty of Estaples was renewed with his successor Louis XII., and conti-

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used to regulate the relations of the two kingdoms to the end of the reign.

By successive truces with James III. and James IV., the peace with Scotland was preserved till 1495, when, on the recommendation of the French king and the Duchess of Burgundy, Perkin Warbeck was received in that kingdom as the rightful heir of the English crown. After Warbeck's final discomfiture, however, in 1497, a new truce was concluded between the two countries, to last till the expiration of a year after both kings should be dead; and this led in 1502 to a treaty of perpetual peace, cemented by the marriage of James with Henry's eldest daughter, the Princess Margaret. This marriage, from which flowed, after the lapse of a century, the important political result of the union of the two crowns, was solemnized at Edinburgh on the 8th of August, 1503. It was reported, Bacon informs us, that, when the project of the marriage was discussed in the council of the English king, an objection was raised on the ground that it might possibly lead to the kingdom of England falling to the king of Scotland. "Whereunto," continues the historian, "the king himself replied, that, if that should be, Scotland would be but an accession to England, and not England to Scotland, for that the greater would draw the less; and that it was a safer union for England than that of France. This passed as an oracle, and silenced those that moved the question."

Nearly two years before this, namely, on the 14th of November, 1501, a marriage, long contemplated and agreed upon, had been solemnized between Henry's eldest son Arthur, prince of Wales, and Catherine, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand, King of Castile. Arthur however, who was a prince of the highest promise, died within six months after; and then it was arranged that Catherine should be married to his surviving brother Henry. The marriage of Catherine and Arthur proved still more momentous in its consequences than that of Margaret and James.

Queen Elizabeth died on February 11th, 1503, a few days after giving birth to a daughter; on which Henry

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lost no time in proceeding to turn his widowhood to account in the acquirement of some political advantage, or in the augmentation of his riches, now his ruling passion, by means of a new matrimonial alliance. One disappointment after another, however, met him in this pursuit; and, after having first made application to the widow of the King of Naples; then concluded a treaty with the Archduke Philip, husband of Joanna, Queen of Castile, for the hand of his sister Margaret, widow of the Duke of Savoy; and finally, on the death of Philip, in September, 1506, once more changed his ground, and proposed himself as the husband of Philip's widow, the Queen Joanna, who was insane—he died before he could accomplish his object. His death took place at Richmond, as the royal palace at Sheen was now called, 22nd April, 1509, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign and the fifty-third of his age.

The children of Henry VII. by his queen Elizabeth of York were—1. Arthur, born 20th September, 1486, created Prince of Wales 1489, married to Catherine of Spain (to whom he had been contracted eleven years before), 14th November, 1501, died at Ludlow Castle, 2nd April, 1502; 2. Margaret, born 29th November, 1489, married to King James IV. of Scotland, 8th August, 1503, died 1539; 3. Henry, born 28th June, 1491, succeeded his father as Henry VIII., and died 28th January, 1547; 4. Elizabeth, born 2nd July, 1492, died 14th September, 1495; 5. Mary, born 1498, married to Louis XII. of France, 5th November, 1514, and secondly, in 1515, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, died 25th June, 1533; 6. Edmund, born 21st February, 1499, soon after created Duke of Somerset, died in infancy; 7. Edward, born February, 1500, died young; and 8. Catherine, born 2nd February, 1503, died a few days after her mother.

Bacon has drawn this king as a hero of policy and craft, who may almost compete with the 'Principe' of Macchiavel, if we make allowance for the greater ruthlessness and more sanguinary spirit natural to the Italian blood. It may be admitted that this great writer, in the

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elaboration of his design, has been drawn into some degree of exaggeration or over-refinement; and he has probably also softened the more repulsive features in Henry's moral character, as much as he has unduly exalted his intellectual endowments. But the difficult position which he occupied, and the success with which he maintained himself in it, vindicate the title of this sovereign to be regarded as at least one of the greatest masters of king-craft that figure in history. Bacon compares him, justly enough, to Louis XI. of France and Ferdinand of Spain, designating the three as "the *tres magi* of kings of those ages." The age in which Henry lived was that of the birth of modern policy, and that in which the foundations were laid of the still enduring system of the European states. Nothing that was then established has been greatly shaken since; all the changes that have since taken place have been little more than the growth and development of the arrangements that were then made and the principles that were called into action. This reign therefore may be considered as the beginning of the modern history of England.

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The life of Dean Colet was neither a long nor an eventful one, and an outline of its course may be given in small space. His father was Sir Henry Colet, knight, a distinguished citizen of London, and member of the Mercers' Company, who twice held the office of lord-mayor, first in 1486, and again in 1495; his mother's name was Christian Knevet; and John was the eldest of twenty-two children, eleven boys and as many girls—of all of whom he appears to have been the only survivor at the death of his father, in 1510. As for his mother, she outlived himself, and reached a great age.

Colet was born at his father's house in the parish of St. Anthonine's, now commonly called St. Antholine's, London, in 1466. He received the rudiments of his classical education at what was then the most eminent school in London, that called St. Anthony's, which was in Threadneedle Street, near where the French church lately stood, and where the Hall of Commerce is now

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DEAN COLET.

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built—a spot of ancient eminence, having probably been the site of a building of distinction in the Roman time, as the beautiful tessellated pavement discovered when the church was taken down a few years ago would seem to attest. About the year 1483 he was sent to Oxford, it is supposed to Magdalen College, and there he spent seven years in the study of logic, philosophy, and mathematics. Meanwhile, having been intended for the ecclesiastical profession, he had, after the irregular custom that then prevailed, been presented by his relation Sir William Knevet to the rectory of Denington in Suffolk, so early as the year 1485, while he was still under age, and before he had taken holy orders; and five years after he was presented by his father to another rectory, that of Thyrning in Huntingdonshire. The latter preferment he appears to have soon after resigned; the former he retained to his dying day. It is supposed to have been in 1493 that he left England to improve himself by travel on the Continent; he visited both France and Italy, and did not return home till 1497. In Italy he made the acquaintance of Lilly, Linacer, Latimer, and others of his countrymen who were then studying Greek there under the learned exiles from Constantinople, or their pupils and successors; and he also himself acquired a knowledge of that language, of which little or nothing was as yet understood at Oxford. While he was abroad, he had been presented to a prebend in the church of York, and to another in that of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and also to a canonry in the latter church. Yet his ordination even as a deacon did not take place till after his return. He now retired to Oxford, and he appears to have read lectures in divinity there for the next four or five years. It was at Oxford that, in the latter part of the year 1497, he first met Erasmus, with whom he continued in the most intimate friendship from this time till his death, and to whose notices of him in his letters and other writings we are indebted for the most interesting particulars of Colet that have been handed down to us. In 1502 he obtained a prebend in the church of Salisbury, on which he resigned the one he held in that of St. Mar-

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tin's-le-Grand; but he was shortly after instituted to another in St. Paul's Cathedral. It appears, too, that along with his rectory of Denington he had up to this time held the vicarage of Stepney; for he is stated to have resigned that living on being made dean of St. Paul's, to which eminent dignity he was raised in 1505. He had taken his degree of doctor in divinity the preceding year. He was also, in his capacity of dean, rector of the Guild of Jesus in St. Paul's church; and he was one of the preachers in ordinary to the king, Henry VIII.

With all these church livings Colet was of course very well off; and, when he came into the inheritance of all his father's property on the death of Sir Henry in 1510, he must have been a person of considerable wealth. He appears to have formed the design which has principally immortalized his name, the founding of a classical school in his native city, some years before his father's death; but it was not fully carried into effect till then; and the foundation of St. Paul's school is properly dated in the year 1510.

Some years after this date, finding his strength decaying, though he was still not in advanced life, he became anxious to find some monastery or other place of religious retirement, in which he might close his days in quiet and solitude. But, before he could determine upon his retreat, he was attacked by the disease then called the sweating sickness, the repeated visitations of which proved so destructive in England, and also in other countries, in the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century; and, after several recoveries and relapses, he sunk under it, at a house which he had built for himself near the royal palace of Richmond, on the 16th of September, 1519.

Colet presents himself to us in various capacities: as a man; as a clergyman, preacher, and divine; as a scholar; and as a great public benefactor, to whom posterity has been indebted in every age that has elapsed since that in which he lived. His personal appearance has been preserved both in description, and in picture and sculpture.

From a drawing representing him in his ecclesiastical attire, in a manuscript of the two first Gospels which had belonged to him, and which is now in the public library at Cambridge, he seems to have been eminently handsome. Erasmus also describes him as both comely and tall. The same friend reports, that Colet declared himself to be by natural disposition inclined to indulge in all the ordinary ways of the world; but he had subdued these tendencies by the most determined self-discipline. "He conquered, and then commanded himself," says his modern biographer, Dr. Knight, abstracting in English the account given by Erasmus, "and brought his high spirit to be subject to reason; so that he would bear a reproof even from his own servant. His disposition to sleep and luxury he restrained by a continual abstinence from suppers, a strict sobriety, a close application to his studies, and by serious and religious conversation. . . . And yet, whenever opportunities offered themselves, either of jesting with facetious persons, or talking familiarly with the female sex, or of appearing at feasts and great entertainments, there nature would break forth, and you might see some little signs and tokens of it. For which reason he very much forbore acquaintance with laymen, and especially all public entertainments, where, if necessity brought him, he picked out some learned friend and talked Latin with him to avoid the profane discourse of the table, and in the mean time he would eat but of one dish, and take but one or two draughts of beer, refraining commonly from wine, which yet he relished with delight if very good, but drank it in the most sparing manner. Being always jealous of himself, he would therefore be constantly upon his guard, and cautious to the last degree of offending anybody; and he so behaved himself in all the minute circumstances of human life as if he well knew the eyes of all people were fixed upon him. There never was a more flowing wit; which, for that reason, delighted in the like society; but even then he chose rather to divert to such discourse as savoured most of religion and eternal life. And if ever he indulged him-

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self in any light and pleasant stories, he would still give some turn of philosophy and serious application to them. He was a great lover of little children, admiring the pretty innocence and simplicity in them; and he would often observe how our Saviour had set them for our example, being wont to compare them to the angels above." The only detriment which he contracted from this constant self-observance and asceticism seems to have been some slight severity of temper; which, however, he also, as well as its opposite vices, generally kept under control. Yet it was a principle with him that boys should occasionally be soundly whipped, even when they had committed no fault, to break their spirits or to humiliate them, as he expressed it. He would sometimes have one of the boys of his school brought to him while he was at dinner, and subjected in his presence to what he considered this salutary discipline. On this point his milder or easier-natured friend Erasmus differed from him, as also upon the matter of going to bed supperless. Erasmus hints, too, that Colet was not without a tincture of avarice; he sometimes did not respond to the applications of the great scholar for pecuniary assistance so liberally or so readily as the latter could have wished, or he would accompany his bounty with unasked advices and cautions; but such complaints are very apt to be made by habitual borrowers, or beggars rather; and Erasmus was one of the most inveterate of that class, always receiving, always in want. He admits that Colet would supply him when nobody else would—when the charity of all his other friends had been tired out and run dry; and he further admits, that if Colet ever really showed anything like stinginess, it was not that he wanted to hoard his money, but only to bestow it on the worthiest objects, to apply it to the best use.

As a theologian, Colet occupies a very eminent place among the forerunners of the Reformation—among those who, without leaving the communion of the Romish Church, had yet abandoned many of its doctrines, as well as laboured to expose and remedy its corruptions, before the great popular revolt which finally separated from that

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communion a third of Christendom. Although he held so many preferments, he at least did what he could to provide that the duties, whenever there were any, should be properly performed, either by himself or a deputy. Erasmus tells us, that when he was appointed to his principal office, the deanery of St. Paul's, as if he had been called to the labours, not to the dignity, of the place, he "restored the decayed discipline of his cathedral church, and brought in what was a new practice there, preaching himself upon Sundays and all solemn festivals." These sermons, it is added, were always attended by a numerous auditory, including amongst others the chief magistrates of the city. It appears that Colet's example had a good effect in making the deans of several other churches introduce the same practice of preaching. Colet's theological writings, some of which exist in manuscript, appear to contain very little doctrine that can be called peculiarly Romish. The only repository of divine truth which he recognised seems to have been the Bible, the obscurities and difficulties in which he interprets by comparison of one passage with another, and by the common lights of reason and learning, not by either tradition or the decisions of popes and councils; and his interpretations in various instances were contradictory to those upon which the church of Rome founds its peculiar doctrines. He was also accustomed to inveigh strongly against the pride, luxury, avarice, ignorance, and idleness of the clergy; the open profligacy of many of their number; and the general disorder into which the religious houses had fallen in his time—an evil which was already so universally felt that no new monastery or nunnery had been founded in England for many years, and the system of such institutions was thus pining away from mere neglect long before the fatal blow given to it by Henry the Eighth. One or two of the popish doctrines or practices Colet even ventured the length of distinctly dissenting from and condemning; in particular, the celibacy of the clergy, and, to a certain extent also, auricular confession. For the freedom with which he was

wont to express himself upon these and other points, he was more than once exposed to some annoyance and danger. One of the persons who looked upon him with suspicion and dislike for the general complexion of his opinions, was Fitz James, Bishop of London. "The dean," Erasmus informs us, "had never stood right with the bishop, who was a very rigid Scotist, and the more jealous of the dean because his lectures and sermons were chiefly employed in opening the sense of the Scriptures; which, being in the new way of learning, was called heresy. And, in truth, at that time, any divine that had more learning or piety than the grosser part of his order, or did touch or talk of any thing out of the common road of the church of Rome, was counted a perverse heretic, or at least suspected of the crime of heretical pravity. The bishop upon this score accuses the dean to the archbishop as a dangerous man; and, calling in the assistance of two other bishops of equal bigotry and no less virulency, he began to create him a great deal of trouble and vexation; using no other weapon but that of the charge of heresy, which was then reckoned the most fatal engine for the destruction of their enemies. So the bishop drew up certain articles against the dean. One was, that the said Dr. Colet had taught that images were not to be worshipped. A second was, that he had preached against the temporal possessions of the bishops, by denying that the repeated exhortation of Christ to Peter, to feed his sheep, could be at all meant of hospitality, or the worldly ways of entertainment, because the apostles were then poor, and unable to give any such reception. A third was, that he had preached against some men's reading their sermons in a cold unaffected manner, whereby he must needs mean to reflect upon the bishop himself, who, by reason of his old age, had taken up that idler way of preaching. But Archbishop Wareham, who knew the integrity and worth of Dr. Colet, undertook to defend the innocent party; and, from a judge, became his advocate and patron, and dismissed him without giving him

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the trouble of putting in any formal answer."* The bishop, nevertheless, was not quieted by this first failure; and some time after he and his friends were much excited by the hope of being able to represent Colet to the king as a disaffected and dangerous person, on the ground of one of his sermons, in which he had spoken of reconciling the quarrels and differences of Christian states and princes by persuasion; and had exhorted his hearers to conquer those evil passions, out of which, he said, came wars and fightings among men. The sermon was preached before his majesty, who had just declared war against France; and, a little disturbed at the doctrine, Henry, immediately after the service, sent for the preacher. Colet waited on his majesty in the Franciscan monastery adjoining the royal palace at Greenwich; they met in the garden of the monastery, where the king went to walk; and as soon as the dean came up to him his majesty dismissed all his attendants. The rest of the story may be given in the words of Colet's modern biographer:—"The Bishop of London and his party, who hated the dean, and especially friar Bricot, were waiting in the palace, full of hope and expectation that the preacher would fall under the suspicion of treason, and the king's highest displeasure upon it, and would immediately be sent from the court to the Tower. But, on the contrary, as the king and Dean Colet were alone in the garden, his highness commanded him to be covered, and then spoke to him in this friendly manner:—'Master Dean, that you may fear no harm, I sent for you at this time; not to interrupt your holy labours in preaching, which I would rather encourage and promote, but to disburthen my own conscience of some scruples upon it, and by your ghostly advice to direct myself in the present posture of my affairs.' The king then told him that he was now engaged in a war against the French king, not at his own desire, but by force and urgent necessity for the defence of his kingdom; and therefore,

* Translated by Dr. Knight, in his Life of Colet, 8vo. Lon. 1724; pp. 88-90.

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though the doctor, in his truly Christian sermon, had spoken admirably well of Christian love and charity.... yet, since this was a war, not of choice, but of necessity ..... he must desire him in another sermon to defend the lawfulness of such a war as was defensive, and should be entered upon for the honour and safety of our country. Dean Colet with all dutiful readiness obeyed the king's command; and at the next opportunity, in the same grave and eloquent way, he spoke of the grounds of a lawful war among Christian states and princes with such strength of reason and Scripture, that he not only confirmed the king and his nobles in their intended enterprise, but even raised the spirits of the common people, before cool and indifferent in that matter. At the end of this last sermon the king thanked him publicly before all the people; and said to his nobles, who stood about him:—'Well, let every one choose his own doctor, but this shall be my doctor before all other whatsoever.' And so the king took a glass of wine, and drank to him very graciously, and dismissed him with all the marks of affection; promising him any favour at court he would ask for. After this great honour done him by the king, his enemies, that stood gaping like wolves for a prey, slunk away with shame and vexation; and the dean, now secure from their envy and malice, went on in his constant course of preaching, and had always a full audience, as well of courtiers as of citizens, who were all pleased, and even charmed, with his excellent way of preaching."*

Inclined upon principle, if not by original disposition, to the utmost plainness and simplicity in all things, Colet, somewhat of an ascetic and a puritan in religion, was also something of a utilitarian in scholarship. He had a high value for learning, and appreciated the importance of whatever contributed to make knowledge sound and correct; but whatever was, or seemed to be, merely ornamental, he was apt to disregard or despise. He and his friend Erasmus differed entirely upon

* Life of Colet, pp. 205-208.

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the subject of rhetoric, which Colet seems to have looked upon as only another name for falsehood and misrepresentation, or at least thought to be good only for confusing or disguising the truth. Its efficacy in arousing the passions and the imagination he certainly would not have admitted as any defence of it; for it was an essential part of his creed, that the imagination and the passions ought in all circumstances to be as far as possible subdued and kept down, and that the less part they were allowed to have in human affairs the better. Yet this is the only ground or apology for the employment of what is commonly called eloquence in writing or speaking. Colet would have had the reason or judgment to be the only faculty of the mind ever called into exercise, the only part of our nature ever appealed to. And with his robust and homely tastes he did not relish or approve of any tendency to subtlety or over-refinement even in reasoning. The logic of the schools he despised and hated, denouncing alike both Thomists and Scotists (as the followers of Thomas Aquinas, and their opponents, the followers of Duns Scotus, were denominated) as triflers and abusers of the gift of speech. In this feeling his religious opinions and tendencies took part with his literary tastes; for the schoolmen were the great defenders of Romanism, both theological and political; and the strongest antagonism and hostility also subsisted between their old logic and the new learning, directed in great part to the original language and better interpretation of the Christian Scriptures, which preceded and mainly helped to produce the Reformation. This was also no doubt the motive of much of Colet's zeal for the advancement of Greek scholarship, in which, as we have seen, he sought to accomplish himself after he had finished the ordinary course of study, and for the public and permanent teaching of which, as we shall presently find, he was one of the first persons who made provision in England. But, although a good, he never himself became a great scholar; and his name has only a place in the history of learning in connexion with the great classical school of which he was the founder.

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There had been in very early times a school connected with the cathedral church of St. Paul's, as there were with most of the other principal churches and monasteries throughout the kingdom. But, like many of the other better parts of the Romish system, this seminary, in Colet's days, appears to have fallen into complete decay, and to have subsisted, if at all, in little more than in name and form. His own institution, which entirely superseded it, was founded by him, as we have already stated, about nine years before his death, and its settlement and superintendence principally occupied the remainder of his life. The best account of how he proceeded is that given by Erasmus, who says, "Upon the death of his father, when by right of inheritance he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much toward the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus, a magnificent fabric, to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters; and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first, namely, the porch and entrance, is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain, to be drawn at pleasure. . . . . The fourth or last apartment is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places; nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen; and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all boys of course; but to choose them according to their parts and capacities. Their wise and sagacious founder . . . . . after he had finished all, left the perpetual care and over-

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sight of the estate, and government of it, not to the clergy, not to the bishop, not to the chapter, nor to any great minister at court; but amongst the married laymen, to the Company of Mercers, men of probity and reputation. And when he was asked the reason of so committing this trust, he answered to this effect:—that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but, for his part, he found less corruption in such a body of citizens than in any other order or degree of mankind."*

But the nature of the original establishment, and also some points in the character of the founder, will be best illustrated by a few extracts from the statutes, as drawn up by Colet himself. They are dated the 18th of June, 1518.

The school is described as founded "in the honour of Christ Jesu *in pueritia*, and of his blessed moder Mary." The high or head master is directed to be "a man whole in body, honest and virtuous, and learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek, if such may be gotten, a wedded man, a single man, or a priest that hath no benefice with cure, nor service that may let the due business in the school." His wages are appointed to be "a mark a week, and a livery gown of four nobles, delivered in cloth."

The number of children received in the school is directed to be a hundred and fifty-three (in allusion, it is supposed, to the number of fish taken by St. Peter, as recorded by the evangelist John, chapter xxi. verse 11), "of all nations and countries indifferently." One of the rules with regard to the scholars is, that "in the school, in no time in the year, they shall use tallow candle in no wise, but alonely wax candle, at the costs of their friends." Colet, though he hated show and luxury, was a great lover of cleanliness: he dressed only in black, while many of the other clergy of his degree arrayed themselves in purple: but he was always remarkable for the neatness of his attire, and also for the good condition and order of his house and everything about him. Other

* Translated in Life by Knight, pp. 110-113.

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rules which he lays down for the boys are the following:—"Also I will they bring no meat, nor drink, nor bottle, nor use in the school no breakfasts nor drinkings in the time of learning in no wise; if they need drink, let them be provided in some other place. I will they use no cock-fighting, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at St. Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling and loss of time. I will also that they shall have no remedies [that is, holidays]. If the master granteth any remedies, he shall forfeit 40*s.* *totiens quotiens* [for every time], except the king, or an archbishop, or a bishop present in his own person in the school desire it. All these children shall every Childermas-day come to Paul's church and hear the Child Bishop Sermon; and after be at the High Mass; and each of them offer a penny to the Child Bishop; and with them the masters and surveyors of the school." This festival of the Boy Bishop is remarked as almost the only popish observance attendance upon which the dean enjoined upon those educated at his school.

Some instructions are given as to what should be taught and what books should be read in the school. Generally it is explained that the purpose of the seminary is to afford instruction both in Latin and Greek, but always as far as possible in connection with Christian truth. He recommends, therefore, that Lactantius, Prudentius, and other Christian authors who wrote in Latin be used; but at the same time he wholly banishes and excludes, along with everything immoral, whatever corruption or adulteration of style "the later blind world brought in," "which," he facetiously adds, "more rather may be called blotterature than literature."

Finally, Colet shows his good sense in a very unusual provision with which he concludes, under the title of "Liberty to declare the Statutes." Notwithstanding all that he has laid down under previous heads, "yet because," as he well says, "in time to come many things may and shall survive and grow, by many occasions and causes which at the making of this book was not possible to come to mind," he leaves entire liberty to the Com-

pany of Mercers, to whom he had intrusted the government of the institution, "to add and diminish of this book, and to supply in it every default; and also to declare in it every obscurity and darkness, as time and place and just occasion shall require."

Colet's first head master was William Lilly, the principal author of the Latin grammar which goes under his name. Lilly had visited not only Italy but Rhodes to acquire and perfect himself in the Greek language, which he is said to have been the first person who taught at Oxford, at least after the revival of letters. He was a married man with many children; and he lived and presided over St. Paul's school till the year 1522, when he was carried off by the plague.

Colet's allowance to his head master of a mark (13*s.* 4*d.*) a week, with two houses (one attached to the school; the other, as an occasional country retreat, at Stepney), was a liberal provision according to the value of money at that day. The revenues of the school, however, derived from land, have of course since greatly increased: they amounted, as Colet calculated them, to about 120*l.*, and are understood to be now nearly 6000*l.* The estates lie chiefly in Buckinghamshire.

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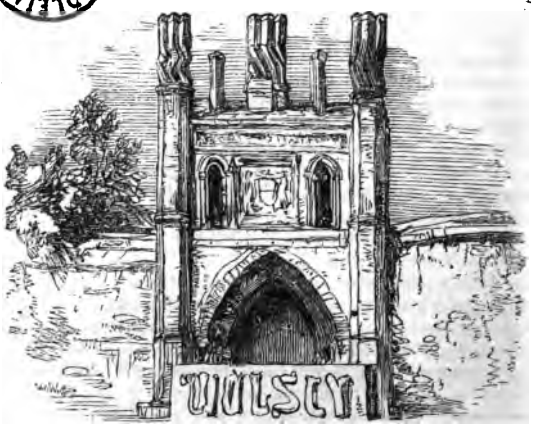

THOMAS WOLSEY was born in the year 1471, in the pleasant and prosperous town of Ipswich in Suffolk. This place, being the chief port of a very rich agricultural and pastoral district, and a great mart of the trade carried on with Holland and the whole of the Low Countries, had from very early times been a thriving town. A considerable portion of that great staple the wool of England had been annually exported from the port of Ipswich and the broad Orwell to the Netherlands, and a very frequent intercourse had been steadily kept up between the men of Ipswich, and the more civilized and manufacturing people of Flanders, Brabant, and Holland. A full century and a half before the birth of Wolsey, Ipswich was one of the most trading of our English cities. At his time commerce had brought both civilization and wealth; and shortly after his death, when the Reformation began in England, the people of Ipswich, and the county of Suffolk generally, were among

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CARDINAL WOLSEY.

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the foremost and steadiest that embraced the new doctrines; for in their foreign intercourse they had made themselves acquainted with the object and the operations of Luther and the earliest German Reformers, and their superior enlightenment rendered them more open to conviction than the population of any other of the island. At the date of the birth of our great and last prince of the Roman Church Luther was not born; but the mental development and the prosperity of Ipswich stood remarkably high. Many of the trading burghers were exceedingly wealthy.

It is quite certain that Thomas Wolsey was the son of plebeian parents, but it is not quite so certain that his father was a mere butcher. It was a poet, and a most bitter satirist, his contemporary John Skelton, who first designated Wolsey as the "butcher's dog," as a man of "greasy genealogy," and "that was cast out of a butcher's stall." Lord Herbert of Cherbury says indeed in plain prose that Wolsey was a butcher's son; Shakspere makes the angry Duke of Buckingham call the Lord Cardinal "this butcher's cur," and speak of "this Ipswich fellow's insolence;" but the words proceed from the mouth of an exasperated enemy. The probabilities are that Wolsey's father was a substantial yeoman that may have sold the wool of his flocks to the woolstaplers, and have fattened sheep and cattle for the stalls, without being himself a butcher. It is unquestionable that Robert and Joan Wolsey, his parents, were reputable persons, and possessed of sufficient means to provide a learned education for their son. It is true that children of poor and obscure parents did occasionally obtain the advantages of such an education; but in these cases the youths were devoted to the cloisters, and received gratuitously the instruction of the monks. Such was not the case of Thomas Wolsey. He received preparatory instruction, at the cost of his father, in Suffolk, and was then sent at the same charge to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated at the age of fifteen, gaining by his early advancement to academical honours the nickname of the "boy-Bachelor." He became fellow of

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his college, teacher of a school connected with it; and was ordained. Greek was not as yet taught in either of the universities; but the Cardinal's letters and state papers in Latin show that he had diligently studied the Roman classics; and the high reputation he indisputably enjoyed at Oxford, may be taken as good evidence that he cultivated all such learning as was accessible at that time. It is also to be mentioned to his honour that he afterwards, in the days of his greatness, founded a Greek professorship in the college he built at Oxford, and published a general address to the schoolmasters of England, ordering them to institute their youth in the most elegant literature.*

While master of the school attached to Magdalen College, Wolsey had for his pupils three sons of Thomas Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and to his acquaintance with this noble and powerful family the future Lord Cardinal owed his first humble preferment in the church, being presented by the marquess to the living of Lymington in Somersetshire. At this time Wolsey was twenty-nine years old. He was not distinguished at any period of his life by temperance and sobriety, and a command of his passions; and in the hot season of youth he is said to have been publicly guilty of various indiscretions. Thus it is said by Bishop Godwin that almost as soon as he had set footing in his Somersetshire living, "he was very disgracefully entertained by Sir Amias Pawlet, who clapped him in the stocks, a punishment not usually inflicted upon any but beggars and base people."† This Protestant prelate does not give the cause of this punishment, but communicative tradition says that Wolsey had gotten drunk at a neighbouring fair. "What the matter was," says Bishop Godwin, "that so exasperated Sir Amias Pawlet against Wolsey, a man not of

* Warton, Hist. Eng. Poet.—G. L. Craik, Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England.

† Bishop Godwin wrote his History of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, in the time of King James. It was first published in 1616. Godwin also has the story of Wolsey's father being a butcher.

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least account, I know not: this I know, that Wolsey being afterwards made Cardinal, and Lord Chancellor of England, so grievously punished this injury, that Sir Amias was fain to dance attendance at London some years, and by all manner of obsequiousness to curry favour with him. There remains to this day a sufficient testimony hereof in a building over the gate of the Middle Temple in London, built by the knight at the time of his attendance there, and decked round about very sumptuously with the Cardinal's arms, the knight hoping thereby somewhat to allay the wrath of the incensed prelate." But Wolsey had qualities which could not be obscured, and a spirit that would not be depressed by any temporary disgrace. It is thought that his mind soon looked beyond his poor rural benefice. He certainly did not stay long at Lymington. Among other Somersetshire gentlemen, to whom he recommended himself by his wit and vivacity and captivating address, was Sir John Nafant, Treasurer of Calais, then an English possession and a great emporium of our trade. It appears that at first this knight engaged him as his chaplain: but that being incapacitated by age and sickness, and finding Wolsey admirably qualified for business, he soon appointed him his deputy in the office of Calais Treasurer, and afterwards conceived such a liking for him that he introduced him to King Henry VII. and obtained for him a nomination of king's chaplain. This crafty king, who was very sagacious in judging of the abilities and character of men, and who is said never to have employed or promoted a dull man, was charmed with the alacrity of his new almoner. According to Bishop Godwin, Wolsey's introduction to the king was brought about more indirectly by Sir John Nafant making him first known to Henry the Seventh's favourite minister Fox, who was at that time Bishop of Winchester and Lord Privy Seal, and, like his master, "a man that knew right how to judge of good wits." "And he (Fox) finding this young man to be very sprightful, of learning sufficient, and very active in despatch of affairs, so highly recommended him to King Henry the Seventh, who

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relied much upon Fox's faith and wisdom, that he thought it good forthwith to employ him in affairs of great moment. What need many words? He so far pleased the king that in short time he became a great man." In these times the clergy were not barred from any state employment, and Henry the Seventh, making more account of their literature than of the pedigree and warlike qualities of the lay aristocracy, generally employed them in the various offices of government, and rarely if ever used any other ambassadors. Wolsey owed his next great rise to his skill as a negotiator and his rapidity as a traveller. The subject of Wolsey's first embassy, or as Bacon calls it, "this his first piece," was matrimonial: the grand cause of his final downfall was a divorce. Henry VII., in his old age, had determined to take to himself another wife, and was looking through all Europe for a rich and fair one. After sundry disappointments he obtained a promise of the hand of Lady Margaret, duchess dowager of Savoy, only daughter to the Emperor Maximilian, and sister to Philip, King of Castile, "a lady wise and of great good fame." In furtherance of this match it was found necessary to send a trusty, quick-witted, and quick-moving envoy into Flanders; and Wolsey, being named by Henry, went and returned to court before his royal master thought he had had time to get out of England. In the end the negotiation came to nothing; but the king was so much pleased with Wolsey's conduct that he procured for him the valuable deanery of Lincoln, to which he was appointed in February, 1508. In the following year the king died, and was succeeded by Henry VIII. The character and habits of the young sovereign differed in all essentials from those of the old one, but they were much more favourable to the advancement of a man of Wolsey's turn, and accordingly we find the expert, gay, and courtly Dean of Lincoln rising rapidly in favour and greatness from the beginning of this new reign. As he had lived a good deal about the court, and had alike distinguished himself by his aptitude for business and by his captivating manners, he must have attracted the notice of

the gay young heir to the throne. He had also another advantage over the grey-headed ministers of Henry VII., for he was in the prime of life, and could pursue pleasure and amusement with as much heart and skill as state business. "The young prince," says Bishop Godwin, "coming to the crown, was wholly taken with his smooth tongue and pliable behaviour." Wolsey's first promotion under Henry VIII. is, however, attributed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury and others, to the political jealousies of the time. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, lord privy seal and principal secretary of state, is said to have been jealous of the influence of the Earl of Surrey, the Lord Treasurer, and to have introduced Wolsey into the council with the view of strengthening his party, hoping to benefit by his "quick and stirring wit," without being disquieted by his ambition. And as Bishop Fox appears to have been one of Wolsey's earliest patrons at court, he may have committed the mistake of counting on his submission and entire dependence, or of considering that his want of high birth would prevent his reaching the high offices of state. "Wolsey," says Lord Herbert, "was already a chaplain in the household and almoner, and from thence raised to the place of a counsellor. Being in this nearness, he knew as well how to discourse with the young king, in matter of learning, (the king being much addicted to the reading of Thomas Aquinas,) as to comply with him in his delights; insomuch, as (saith Polydore) he would sing, dance, laugh, jest, and play with those youths in whose attendance and company the king much delighted; briefly (to use Polydore's words), he made his private house *voluptatum omnium sacrarium, quo regem frequenter ducebat*, a receptacle for pleasures of all kinds, where he frequently entertained the king. He omitted not yet, in the midst of all these jollities, to speak seriously, so representing all businesses to the king, as he got much credit with him, and this, again, was confirmed by those gallants, who contributed no little thereunto, whereupon he began to tell the king, that he should sometimes follow his studies in school divinity, and sometimes take his pleasure, and leave the

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care of public affairs to him: promising that what was amiss in his kingdom should be rectified. Likewise, he omitted not to infuse fears and jealousies of all those whom he conceived the king might affect. Whereby he became so perfect a courtier that he had soon attained to the height of favour. For as princes have arts to govern kingdoms, courtiers have those by which they govern their princes, when through any indisposition they grow unapt for affairs." Tradition is too unvarying and there is too much substantial evidence of the facts to allow us to doubt that Wolsey encouraged Henry's natural turn to dissipation, took an active part in his expensive and loose pleasures, and turned to his own advantage all his art as a most accomplished courtier and all his influence as a favourite; but it may still be doubted whether there was any man about the court or government of Henry VIII. that would have made a better or a more disinterested minister. He could turn from pleasure to business with a happy facility, and in the midst of the amusements of the court he devoted much time to public affairs; his naturally joyous and confident disposition made him averse from acts of cruelty and oppression, and when the extravagance and the capricious and absurd wars of his master drove him to the necessity of laying on irregular taxes, he so gilded the pill or honeyed it over with sweet words, that for some time no complaints were raised against him or against the king. If allowances be made for the times in which he lived, it must be confessed that the absolute favourite and minister of a despotic prince was seldom less arbitrary or tyrannical. His leading maxim was rather to win and persuade men than to terrify them. Henry, according to an old writer, had at this time as little inclination to trouble himself with business, as a wild ox has to be yoked to the plough. Wolsey did everything for him, and reaped the fruit of his labour in rich gifts and rapid promotions. Before Henry VIII. had finished the first year of his reign he was made Lord Almoner, and presented with some valuable lands in the parish of St. Bride, Fleet Street, which Empson, one of

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the extortionate finance managers of Henry VII., had forfeited to the crown upon his attainder and execution. In the next year, 1510, Wolsey became Rector of Torrington; in 1511, Canon of Windsor and Registrar of the Order of the Garter; in 1512, Prebendary of York; in 1513, Dean of York and Bishop of Tournay in France; in 1514, Bishop of Lincoln, and in the same year Archbishop of York. By this time he had not only checked the power and ambition of my Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Surrey, but had also completely eclipsed his patrons, the Lord Privy Seal and Secretary Fox, bishop of Winchester. Fox, who had never shown any lack of ambition or indifference to wealth, and whose own rise to greatness had been very rapid under Henry VII., had possessed a great capacity for business, and had acquired no inconsiderable fame as a deviser and manager of feasts, pageants, and court-entertainments; but in the despatch of business his greatest speed was slowness compared with the pace of Wolsey; and his other conceptions appear to have been tame and niggardly when put in contrast with the magnificent devices of the son of the Ipswich burgher, who was a refiner of the sensual pleasures, and whose talent in pageantries and festivities may indeed be said to have amounted to genius. Bishop Fox, too, had grown old and parsimonious, and had the uncourtly habit of complaining of the vast expenditure of the young, gay, and most ostentatious king. Finding himself disregarded at court, and completely overshadowed in the state by the plebeian churchman he had patronized and brought into the council to serve him, the old man in 1515 retired in disgust to his diocese, and spent the rest of his life in discharge of the duties of his episcopal office, and in works of munificence and piety. The same year, 1515, which witnessed the retirement of Fox, saw Wolsey elevated to the rank of a Cardinal, and to the office of Chancellor of England. The Cardinal's hat was given to him by Pope Leo the Tenth (whose character and tastes in many respects resembled his own), in order to gratify the powerful King of England, and to keep him steady to the league

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against the French king, who, among other schemes of conquest, was contemplating the reduction of a great part of Italy; for the great seal Wolsey was indebted to the resignation and retirement of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor, who, like Bishop Fox, had found his authority reduced to nothing.* In the very next year after these high promotions, in consequence of services rendered, or in the hope of securing other services and an active co-operation on the part of King Henry in the continental wars, Leo X. made Wolsey his legate *à latere* in England, a commission which gave him great wealth and an almost unlimited power over the English clergy. He was likewise allowed to farm, for the foreign bishops who held them, the revenues of the dioceses of Bath and Worcester, the latter of which two sees had been given to Julius de' Medici, cousin to Leo X., and afterwards Pope Clement VII. It appears that Wolsey paid these foreign churchmen fixed stipends far below the annual proceeds which he drew from the dioceses. He had also in commendam the rich abbey of St. Alban's. All these enormous revenues were further increased by stipends received from the Kings of France and Spain, and from the Doge of Venice, and by occasional gifts made to him by other princes. All the powers of Europe were eager to secure the friendship of the English king, and applied to Wolsey as the only means of effecting the desired end. He had few scruples about taking this foreign money, but he seems always to have made the king privy to the transactions, and it is pretty

* Wolsey received the great seals on Christmas-eve, the 24th of December, 1515. The solemn act of delivering them to him, and the oath of office he took, are given in Rymer's Fœdera. The last clause of the oath is worth notice. It is this:—"And ye shall do and purchase the king's profit in all that ye may, as God help you and the Holy Evangelists." It must have been found difficult to reconcile this part of the oath with a preceding clause, which says, "And ye shall do right to all manner of people, poor and rich, after the laws and usages of this realm."

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evident that a good part of this money either went directly into the king's privy purse or was spent by the Lord Cardinal in splendid entertainments for him. By the year 1517 Wolsey had the whole power in the state, both civil and ecclesiastical, and an income of enormous amount. Pope Leo himself scarcely lived with more splendour and magnificence. Wolsey's taste was rather for spending than accumulating. He became most gorgeous in his dress, retinue, housekeeping, and all other things; his portly figure was set off with silks and satins of the finest texture, and richest scarlet and crimson dye. Polydore Virgil says that he was the first among all priests, bishops, and cardinals that ever wore silks for his uppermost vestment. His neck and shoulders were covered with a tippet of costly sables; his gloves were of red silk; his hat of a cardinal was scarlet; his shoes were silver gilt, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. The eye of imagination is almost dazzled by this warm and glowing picture, which was drawn by one of Wolsey's own servants.* He maintained a train of one hundred persons, among whom were nine or ten lords, the beggared descendants of proud barons who had lost their lives or fortunes, or both, in the long War of the Roses, which had so broken the power of the ancient aristocracy, and which had laid the way for the despotism of the House of Tudor. Besides these lords he had fifteen knights and forty squires in his service. All his domestics were splendidly attired: his very cook wore a silk or velvet jerkin, and a chain of gold round his neck. Whenever he appeared in public, his cardinal's hat was borne before him by a person of rank; two priests, the tallest and best-looking that could be found, immediately preceded him, carrying two ponderous silver crosses, one to denote his dignity as Cardinal, the other as Archbishop of York; two gentlemen, each bearing a silver staff, walked before the two priests; and in front of all went his pursuivant-at-arms, carrying on his shoulder a huge mace of silver gilt. Most of his

* Cavendish.

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followers were mounted upon spirited horses, perfect in training, and splendidly caparisoned; but he himself, as a priest, rode a mule, with saddle and saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, and stirrups of silver gilt. At his levee, which he held every morning at an early hour, after a very short mass, he always appeared clad all in red. The king, who loved show and parade beyond all precedent, seems really to have prided himself in the splendour of his favourite; and it is thought that jealousy was avoided by his considering all this pomp and glory as a mere reflection of his own: he had raised him from poverty to this enormous wealth, and he may have reflected, that by his arbitrary and unopposed will he could at any moment cast him down and seize whatever he had. Even the nation was less jealous of the low-born minister than might have been expected; for Wolsey's wealth was like an overflowing river that reached far and near; he was a liberal and punctual paymaster; he fed thousands of artists and artisans; he constantly gave alms to the poor, and very frequently largesses to the people. At the same time he encouraged men of learning and letters, exerted himself most strenuously for the revival of Greek and pure classical literature, and endowed schools and colleges, without waiting, as Bishop Fox and others had done, for the season of old age or disappointment, or for the hour of death, to make this noble use of riches. At court, no doubt, there were many lords who daily bent the knee to him and flattered him, full of envy and hatred; but with the people, with the great body of the nation, Wolsey appears to have been a favourite, until the king's increasing wants made him put his hands too frequently into the people's pockets. As chancellor, he was praised for the strict justice he dispensed, although his severity too often resembled that exercised under Henry's father by Empson and Dudley, who fined rich offenders rather in proportion to their wealth than in proportion to their offences. He, however, repressed with a strong hand the arbitrary power which some members of the aristocracy still attempted to exercise in

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the remoter parts of the kingdom; and he put down thieves and robbers by improving the police, or by encouraging the sheriffs and local magistrates. He allowed none to maltreat or oppress the poor, he erected a court of requests where the complaints and claims of the needy were to be heard; and he introduced other things in the civil government of the kingdom that were very acceptable to the people, and that were continued and improved after his time. "Herein," says Bishop Godwin, "he alike manifested his wisdom and love of his country. Certainly they that lived in that age would not stick to say, that this kingdom never flourished more than when Wolsey did, to whose wisdom they attributed the wealth and safety that they enjoyed, and the due administration of justice to all without exception."

His foreign policy was bad, and even base; but much of this is to be laid to the account of the capricious, violent, and jealous character of the master he served. England occupied a position which might have enabled her to be the arbitress of Europe, and which might have given such weight to a wise and liberal policy as would have checked the long wars waged between the French kings and the emperors Maximilian and Charles V. But Henry was avid for military glory, and, without any genius for war, conceited himself into the hope and belief that he was to be a greater soldier and conqueror in France than Henry V.; and, to say the truth, the English people were at first disposed to be of this opinion, and therefore to encourage his warlike propensities. In the fourth year of his reign he rushed into the war as a principal by invading France. The Emperor Maximilian and his other allies could not, or would not, do that which he had expected; and so, breaking off from them all, he suddenly, in the summer of 1514, concluded a treaty of family and political alliance with Louis XII. of France. Louis XII. died shortly after, but his brilliant and more warlike successor Francis I. flattered the vanity of Henry, who confirmed the league which had so recently been made, and by so doing encouraged Francis to cross the Alps. Then, in a very short time, the glory

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which the young French king was acquiring in Italy excited the jealousy of Henry, and an outcry was raised in the English court against French ambition and encroachment. If Henry had not already spent all the treasures which his father had left him, he would instantly have declared war against Francis. To tempt him to this step the poor and faithless Maximilian hinted that he was weary of the weight of the imperial crown, and might be easily persuaded to resign it to the English king, for some present assistance, or for a proper consideration in money. Henry's egregious vanity took the bait; and the Earl of Worcester and Doctor Cuthbert Tunstall, afterwards Bishop of Durham, were sent to the emperor's court to negotiate for this cession of the imperial crown. Schemes were laid at home for the raising of money and the equipment of great armies. But Tunstall, one of the most accomplished scholars in Europe, and an excellent statesman and man of business, presently discovered the specious cheat which Maximilian was attempting to practise, and boldly and bluntly told his master that the constitutions of the Germanic empire and other circumstances rendered it utterly impossible that he could ever be emperor even by name. "But the crown of England," said this patriotic priest, and with not less truth than patriotism, "is an empire of itself, much better than now this empire of Rome." Tunstall also told Henry, that he really believed that Maximilian's offer had only been made in order to get thereby some money, and that the emperor's court was a place of great dissimulation, where no promises were kept.* Upon this Henry's jealousies of Francis I. gave way to other and fresher feelings, and, instead of declaring war, in order to make the French king evacuate Italy, he concluded with him a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive. During the negotiations which preceded this treaty Wolsey was gratified by French money, but it is

* Original Letters illustrative of English History, edited by Sir Henry Ellis. The originals are in the British Museum.

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pretty clear that his master's disappointment and irritation led to this sudden change of policy, and were too violent to be resisted. At the beginning of the following year, 1519, when Maximilian died unexpectedly, and when Francis proposed himself as a candidate for the vacant dignity, Henry promised the French king his countenance and support. Yet, after doing this, he sent the learned Richard Pace to the German electors, to announce himself as a candidate. Then, as the Archduke Charles began the canvass, and showed that his better qualifications, his wise policy, and his immense resources must secure him the election, Henry, from that common desire men feel for being on the winning side, or from some new offence taken to Francis, or in a miserable attempt at manœuvre, wrote to assure Charles of his earnest wishes for his success; and at this very time Sir Thomas Boleyn, one of Henry's ambassadors at the diet, was repeating to Francis the most solemn assurances that Henry would support him. Charles the Fifth was elected on the 28th of June, 1519. The eagerness with which both he and his dissappointed rival Francis attempted to secure the friendship of the King of England, was a tribute paid to the power and importance of the nation; but Henry was incapable of benefiting either himself or his people, or the cause of peace and humanity in Europe, by the advantages afforded him by his enviable position. The correspondence preserved in the State Paper Office, and published a few years since, shows that the imperious and constantly changing will and the gusty passions of the king directed, far more than Wolsey's schemes and projects, the foreign policy or no policy of these times. If the Cardinal had been allowed to take the lead in foreign as in home affairs, although the policy might not have been much more elevated, it would certainly have been somewhat more regular and consistent. Just before the imperial election, Henry had proposed to Francis a personal interview, to take place between the English town of Calais and the French king's town of Boulogne. Francis now requested Henry to keep this engagement, and the meeting was fixed for

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the summer of 1520. The Emperor Charles was greatly alarmed hereat, and his ambassadors in England did all they could to keep the king at home. But Henry, who longed to display his magnificence, was firm to his purpose. As he was collecting his finery for embarkation at Dover, he received news that the emperor was in the Channel. According to the commonly received account, Henry was taken by surprise, but not so his minister; for Wolsey had been secretly corresponding with the emperor, and had concerted this opportune visit, and Charles had granted his "most dear friend" a pension of 7000 ducats, secured upon two Spanish bishoprics. The emperor anchored at Hithe near Dover on the 26th of May, and was there received by my Lord Cardinal in great state. Henry met him at Dover and conducted him to Canterbury, where the two sovereigns laid their offerings on the tomb of Thomas à Becket. Charles spent three days in England, and during that time he is said to have had many conferences with Wolsey, and to have encouraged the Cardinal to aspire to the tiara or triple crown of Rome, promising him his support if Leo X. should die. He treated Wolsey with great reverence, and affected to submit to his superior judgment in state affairs; he also gave him many magnificent presents—"a great part of the spoils of Mexico"—says Lord Herbert of Cherbury. On the fourth day Charles re-embarked at Sandwich, and set sail for his Netherlands dominion, trusting that, by anticipating Francis and by winning the Cardinal, he had prevented any evil consequences that might otherwise have arisen out of the more formal meeting of Henry and the French king. On the same day Henry, with the Cardinal, the queen, and the whole court, sailed for Calais to keep that appointment. The place fixed upon, and afterwards styled the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," was within the English pale, between Guisnes and Ardres. The manner of meeting, together with the whole ceremonial and pageant, was left by both monarchs to Wolsey. Francis thought to flatter the vanity of the Cardinal by this arrangement; but the concession was a trifle compared with Charles's promises to make the Cardinal a Pope.

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In the long and costly pageantries exhibited in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, none could vie in magnificence with Wolsey, although it was said of some of the French nobles that they carried their entire estates on their backs. According to an old writer, who had a surpassing love for all shows and gaudy dresses and dazzling pageantries, and who was thereby qualified to be the proper historian of such a reign, the Frenchmen were so struck with Wolsey's splendour and magnificence that they afterwards "*made books*, showing the triumphant doings of the Cardinal's *royalty;* as, of the number of his gentlemen, knights, and lords, all in crimson velvet, with marvellous number of chains of gold; the multitude of horses, mules, coursers and carriages that went before him with sumpters and coffers; his great silver crosses and pillars, and his embroidered cushions; the great and honourable number of bishops giving their attendance on him, and the mighty and great number of servants, as yeoman and grooms, all clad in scarlet."* Before the ten days of tilting, tourneying, fighting at the barriers, and feasting and dancing began, Wolsey spent two whole days in arranging an additional treaty with the French sovereign. Francis, whose head and heart were full of his Italian conquests, readily agreed to pay a high price for the neutrality of the King of England in the war with the Emperor Charles, which he saw was inevitable: he renewed the recent marriage treaty, and, in addition to the money therein promised, he bound himself and his successors to pay to Henry and his successors the yearly sum of one hundred thousand crowns, in the event of the marriage between their children being solemnized, and the issue of that marriage seated on the English throne. Many extravagant professions of friendship were made on either side; and by the royal word of Henry, as well as by the treaty, Francis was led to believe that he should have nothing to fear from England in his contest with the Emperor Charles for the dominion of Italy. Yet the first thing Henry did on

* Hall.

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quitting the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was to go to Gravelines and pay a visit to the more sober-minded and politic emperor. Charles accompanied him back to Calais, to pay, as was given out, his respects to his dear aunt Catherine, Queen of England; but, in reality, to concert measures with those who had so recently pledged themselves to his rival's interests. The emperor flattered the vanity of his dear uncle Henry by attempting to appoint him umpire for the settling of all differences between him and the French King; and he again assured Wolsey that he would aid him in the next vacancy at Rome. Splendid entertainments were given at Calais; and when, after three days, Charles took his leave, he was "mounted on a brave horse covered with a cloth of gold richly beset with stones which the king had given him." "He would often," adds Bishop Godwin, "speak of his aunt's happiness, that was matched to so magnificent a prince." Henry and his court soon returned to London, "all safe in body, but empty in purse." The most lasting effect produced by the Field of the Cloth of Gold was the ruin of many of the nobility, who, in their desire to please the gorgeous king and outshine the French, had contracted enormous debts. Even under that despotism there were some men who expressed their disapprobation of the ruinous and useless expense. One of the loudest of these murmurers was Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who had long been an object of dislike and jealousy to the king. The origin of the duke's misfortunes was his close connection with royalty by his descent from the ancient line of the Plantagenets. His next misfortune was his great wealth, which tempted the impoverished king to make it his own by a sentence of attainder and forfeiture. He had also been guilty of the folly of listening to one Hopkins, a Carthusian friar, who had gained great reputation as an astrologer and fortune-teller, and who had predicted or hinted to him that his young son would be Henry's successor on the throne of England. Eight years before, when he was much less jealous and suspicious than now, Henry had cut off the head of the Duke of Suffolk for no other

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crime than that of his royal birth. Before leaving England for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he had been alarmed at a report that the Duke of Buckingham was augmenting the number of his armed retainers: he had called into the Star Chamber one Sir William Bulmer for having deserted the royal household to take service in that of Buckingham, and although he had pardoned that knight, he had in so doing made use of ambiguous expressions against the duke. The ill-will and fears and angry passions of the king are quite enough to account for the cruel fate of this great nobleman, without charging the capital guilt upon Wolsey, whose revenge had certainly not been of a fierce or sanguinary kind. It is clear, however, that there was no friendship between the unfortunate duke and the Cardinal, and there is good ground for believing that if Wolsey did not urge on the duke's ruin, he did little to prevent it. Lord Herbert says that on one occasion the choleric Duke of Buckingham had drawn his dagger against the Lord Cardinal. Bishop Godwin says that Buckingham could by no means bear with the intolerable pride of the Cardinal. "There goes a tale," adds the bishop, "that the duke once holding the basin to the king, the Cardinal, when the king had done, presently dipped his hands in the same water: the duke, disdaining to debase himself to the service of a priest, shed the water in his shoes. The Cardinal, therewith incensed, threatened him that he would sit upon his skirts." All the historians of the following century, and the traditions to which the greatest of our poets always adhered, bear Shakspere out in representing the high-born duke as a scoffer at the pride and pomp of the plebeian Cardinal, and in assigning Wolsey's revenge as an immediate cause of his arrest: yet still we cannot but think that there was a stronger cause in the king's own heart. The duke, who was living quietly on one of his estates in Gloucestershire, was basely inveigled up to town by an invitation from the king. His suspicions were first awakened at Windsor, by seeing that he was closely watched and followed by three knights of the king's body-guard and some servants-at-arms. Making

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no vain or desperate effort to escape, he continued his journey to Westminster, where he took his barge, in order to go by water to Greenwich, where the court then was. On his way he stopped at my Lord Cardinal's quay, or the jetty at York House; but the Cardinal made his servants say that he was indisposed; and he would not see the uneasy face of the doomed nobleman. Between Wolsey's residence and London Bridge the duke's barge was boarded by the captain of the body-guard and a company of his men; and Buckingham was attached as a traitor and conveyed to the Tower, to the great regret and astonishment of the people. Seventeen slavish peers, chosen by the king, and the Duke of Norfolk as high steward, constituted the tribunal which sent Buckingham to the block as a convicted and attainted traitor. It was while the blood of Buckingham was fresh upon him that King Henry took the field as champion of the holy Roman mother church. Three days after the duke's execution he wrote, with his own hand, a terrible letter to Lewis of Bavaria, denouncing the Reformation as "a fire which hath been kindled by Luther, and fanned by the arts of the devil." The royal polemic was the more incensed against the German reformer, because Luther had spoken disrespectfully of St. Thomas Aquinas, his favourite author. After recommending the Bavarian prince to burn Luther and all his books, he himself took up the controversy, and wrote what he at least considered as a full refutation of the detestable and damnable errors of the German innovator. He was assisted in this composition by the learning of Wolsey and More, and probably by other scholars; but he took all the praise to himself; and his ambassador at Rome presented the Defence of the Seven Sacraments to Leo X., who declared it to be sprinkled with the dew of ecclesiastical grace, and conferred upon Henry the title of Defender of the Faith.

Shortly after this, upon the application of the French king, the Cardinal went over to Calais to act in the name of his master, as umpire between Francis and Charles. He found the pretensions of the two rivals irreconcileable; and his inclinations and interests, or his reliance

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upon the emperor's promise to promote the grand scheme of his ambition at Rome, led him to take part with Charles, who moreover was by far the most successful of the two great belligerents. Dismissing the ambassadors of Francis, he repaired to the city of Bruges, where the Emperor Charles received him with wonderful respect. The Cardinal's pomp and magnificence excited universal amazement. It was reported that gentlemen of the first rank served him on their knees. "He spent a huge mass of money in that ambassage, not against his will; for he by all means sought the emperor's favour, hoping that Leo X., although much younger than he, either cut off by treachery or his own intemperance, might leave the world before him."* On the 19th of August, 1521, this impartial arbitrator wrote from Bruges to his master Henry, that the emperor earnestly required his grace forthwith to declare war against France, and that he, Wolsey, had finally convinced the emperor that it would be better to defer for a time this declaration of hostilities. These last expressions were very grateful to Henry, who wished to keep his treaty with the emperor secret, in order to continue to draw his pension from Francis till the last moment. He therefore praised Wolsey for his "high wisdom." Returning to Calais, the Cardinal declared to the reassembled French diplomatists, that their master Francis had been the aggressor in the war, and that the King of England was bound by treaty to assist his ally the emperor. In the month of October the mask was dropped, and a league was signed at Calais between the pope, the emperor, and the English king. On the first of December following, Leo X. died suddenly at Rome. Adrian, Cardinal of Tortosa, a Fleming by birth, who had been tutor to the emperor, was elected by a conclave, in which not so much as the name of Wolsey appears to have been mentioned. For this time the disappointment and resentment of the great English Cardinal were moderated by the reflection that Adrian was a very infirm old

* Bishop Godwin.

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man. In a few months—in May, 1522—the emperor came on a visit to King Henry, and spent more than a month in England, during which it was agreed that Henry should invade the north of France with forty thousand men, and that Charles should invade the southern provinces of that kingdom with an equal force. The two contracting powers were to divide between them the conquered provinces, but Henry was promised the larger share. This unprincipled war brought heavy taxes and no glory to the English nation, and Henry grew weary of it before it had lasted six months. In the month of September, 1523, Pope Adrian died, after a pontificate of only twenty months and six days. This time Wolsey was not only named, but he also obtained some considerable number of votes in the conclave. Yet in the end Giulio de' Medici, the cousin of Leo X., got the tiara. Again to all appearance Wolsey bore his disappointment with an unruffled mind, though this time he could scarcely flatter himself with another chance, for the successful candidate was young and vigorous. The new pope, however, forthwith appointed him legate for life, enlarging his authority and giving him permission to suppress certain religious houses in England. Early in the year 1525 the French king was thoroughly defeated and taken prisoner by the Spaniards and Imperialists, in the great battle of Pavia; and hereupon Henry, who, a short time before, had been secretly negotiating with Francis, with the view of breaking with Charles, brushed up his insane hope of seating himself on the French throne. He sent to the emperor to propose that he should put himself at the head of a great army, and march upon Paris, where he, the King of England, would meet him with another great army, when they might amicably partition the kingdom between them. But Henry at the same time intimated that he, by right of lawful inheritance, must ascend the French throne, and that Charles must rest satisfied with the provinces he claimed in France as the representative of the House of Burgundy. Without waiting for the emperor's answer, he began to raise more troops and to levy more money

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by way of benevolence, and by other illegal and equally arbitrary means. Parliament, which had become almost a nullity, was not consulted; but the judges of England did not blush to affirm that the king might tax his people in any way which seemed to him best. Daring and great as had been the growing of the Tudor despotism, the people would not so read the law; in Wolsey's native county of Suffolk four thousand men flew to arms; the men of Kent drove away all the fiscal agents of the court, and the people of other counties prepared to follow these examples. The court was dismayed, and by a fresh proclamation the illegal demands were annulled. It was reported, and certainly believed by many, that Wolsey had been all along opposed to this irregular taxation, and that it was at his advice and prayer the king had annulled his first proclamation. "But the people took all this for a mock, and said, God save the king—for the Cardinal he is known well enough."* And from this time it should appear that the decline of the Cardinal's popularity was very rapid. Moreover in the course of this year some misunderstandings arose between the king and him: Wolsey wished to annex the revenues of the few monasteries he had suppressed with the pope's licence to the new college he intended to found at Oxford; Henry wished to keep those revenues for himself. Some exaggerated accounts of these differences reached Martin Luther, who sat down and wrote a long letter for Henry, calling Wolsey "the monster, the nuisance to God and man," "the pest of the kingdom, and caterpillar of England." The reformer said that he understood his grace had now begun to loathe that wicked sort of men, and in his mind to favour the true doctrine. But before this letter reached England the quarrel between king and cardinal was made up; and Henry told the reformer that Wolsey was the best, the most faithful, the most religious of men, and that he, Luther, was a monster of impiety.

As the Emperor Charles would not enter into Henry's

* Hall's Chronicles.

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wild scheme, Henry resolved to contract forthwith an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the French regency. The negotiations were driven on with amazing speed, and the treaty was concluded in the month of August, 1525. France engaged to pay a high price for it: King Henry was to get for himself two millions of crowns, and an annual pension of a hundred thousand; Wolsey got thirty thousand crowns in compensation for the bishopric of Tournay, and a hundred thousand more were promised him. The emperor, after making his own hard terms with the French king, released him from his captivity, in January, 1526. Henry took the unnecessary pains to urge Francis to break the treaty which had been extorted from him in his prison at Madrid, and pledged himself to support the French in the war which must follow, and never to make peace with Charles without the consent of his dear ally. The pope readily absolved Francis from the oaths he had taken at Madrid, and entered into the league with the Kings of France and England, bringing with him the Duke of Milan, the Florentines, the Venetians, and some minor Italian states. The league, for which Henry did next to nothing, led to the sacking of Rome, the ruin of most of the Italian states, and the firm establishment of Charles in Lombardy and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. On the 6th of May, 1527, the Constable Bourbon, a traitor and rebel to the King of France, and who on this occasion acted rather for himself than for the emperor, scaled the walls of Rome with ten thousand desperate mercenaries at his back. The constable was killed in the act of storming, but Rome was taken; the pope and his cardinals shut themselves up in the castle of St. Angelo, the holy city was sacked, and the foreign bands committed in it nearly every possible crime and atrocity. The news reached England at the end of May; and on the 2nd of June, Wolsey, who appears to have felt the blow sincerely and deeply, wrote a letter to Henry, calling upon him as Defender of the Faith to relieve and succour the pope who was pressed by siege in the castle of St. Angelo.

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The king, who was already engaged in those amorous matters which were soon to change him into the bitterest enemy of Rome, and to cause Wolsey's ruin, responded rather coolly to the Cardinal's letter. He could do nothing, he said, by means of arms in Italy; and it was but a mockery to tell Wolsey that if money could help the pope he might take it—for his treasury was empty. In July, however, Wolsey was allowed to proceed on another embassy to France; and it is said that he even took three hundred thousand crowns with him to assist the French king in making some immediate effort on behalf of the pope.* This was the last of the Cardinal's grand displays. Perhaps he had never before exhibited so much pomp. On setting forth from London he was accompanied by nine hundred lords and gentlemen, among whom were the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of London, the Earl of Derby, the Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, and many knights of high name, all splendidly dressed and mounted: the cardinal's servants and retainers swelled the number of the party to two thousand; and there was a long line of carts, carriages, and sumpter mules guarded by bowmen and spearmen. The French Cardinal of Lorraine met him at his landing in the name of the king and clergy of France. The Cardinal was received in France as if he had been a king. By the French king's orders he was permitted in all such places as he passed through on his journey, "to release, pardon, and put at liberty all such transgressors as be detained in prison, of whatsoever quality their offence." On the 4th of August, Francis himself welcomed the Cardinal, having advanced a mile and a half from the city of Amiens to meet him on the road. The gallant king met him with his bonnet in his hand, and then embraced him "with most hearty kind loving countenance and manner."† Four separate treaties with Francis were soon concluded: the first confirmed the recent engagement of perpetual alliance between England and France;

* Guicciardini.

† Letters from Wolsey to the king, in State Papers, published by order of government.

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the second related to intermarriage; the third fixed the subsidies to be furnished by England for the war in Italy, which was to be conducted by Francis in aid of the pope, and for the acquisition to himself of Lombardy and Naples; and the last of the four stipulated that, until the pope should be liberated and enabled to resume the government of the church, whatsoever should be determined in France by the clergy of the Gallican church, and in England by the Cardinal-legate Wolsey and the principal members of the English church, convoked on the king's authority, should be held good and valid, even as if the pope had decreed and spoken it. The great Italian historian of the period says that Wolsey aspired to be a pro-pope or universal vicar in France, England, and Germany during the pontiff's imprisonment, and that the king of France made a pretence of gratifying him in this ambitious wish;* but the charge, though often repeated, does not appear to be supported by fact. It has been more plausibly supposed that the object of the last treaty, or that part of it which went to place the whole authority of the Anglican church in the hands of the king and Wolsey, and to make that authority decisive in all matters, was to invest the Cardinal or the king with full power to manage "the great and secret affair," or the divorce of Queen Catherine, upon which Henry had already determined. Letters written at the time by Wolsey to his impatient master contain passages which go to support this hypothesis. We unhesitatingly take the word of the Cardinal's faithful attendant and minute biographer for the fact, that during his last and most splendid embassy Wolsey was cast down with grief and anxiety. He was too thorough a churchman not to feel the degradation of the tiara; and perhaps he already foresaw that Henry, being once put in possession of the supreme authority over the English church, would grow too fond of the power ever to resign it. None of the Protestant historians of the following century, or even of a much more recent period, were able to comprehend the character of Wolsey as a prince of the Roman church, or to draw a distinction between his conduct and disposition

* Guicciardini.

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as a courtier and man of the world, and his fixed principles as a cardinal and churchman. The sacred college contained many cardinals as fond of worldly pomp and pleasure as he, and more profligate, self-seeking, ambitious than he had ever been, yet when the system was in danger these very cardinals braved torture and death for the cause of the pope.

Shortly after Wolsey's return to England the French king despatched an embassy to our court still further to confirm the league, and to invest Henry with the order of St. Michael. The Cardinal had just finished his palace at Hampton, and there he entertained for four or five days the noble Montmorency and his numerous suite. Among the latter was du Bellay the historian, who has left upon record an account of the magnificence of the palace. "The chambers," he says, "had hangings of wonderful value, and every place did glitter with innumerable vessels of gold and silver: there were two hundred and four-score beds, the furniture to most of them being silk, and all for the entertainment of strangers only." But during Wolsey's recent absence in France, the king had taken counsel of other men; and perhaps it is a proof of Wolsey's uneasiness and declining favour, that he now gave this splendid palace, with all its furniture, to the king. Henry took the gorgeous bribe; but he could no longer take to his heart any man that did not give up his whole soul and conscience to his plan of espousing Anne Boleyn. It is said that Wolsey was not opposed to the divorce from Queen Catherine, but that he intended his master should marry the sister of the French king. All this, however, is at the very least doubtful, for Queen Catherine had always been the friend of the Cardinal, and from the time when the divorce was first mooted Wolsey appears to have been a disquieted and unhappy man. He had not courage enough openly to disobey his tyrannical master, but he evidently entered upon the business with a misgiving mind and a heavy heart. As Pope Clement escaped from Rome disguised as a gardener, and assembled a court within the strong walls of Orvieto, Wolsey could no longer settle the

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matter as legate and pope's vicar in England. Clement sent Cardinal Campeggio to act with Wolsey in this delicate commission. When the English Cardinal ventured to explain some doubts and difficulties which he had encountered among the English canonists, all his past services were forgotten in the king's one absorbing passion, and Henry answered him "with terrible terms." The English Cardinal took his seat in the great hall of the Blackfriars with his Italian brother, and summoned Queen Catherine before them; but his heart was not in the business, Campeggio would not proceed in the matter, and, by Pope Clement's authority, adjourned the court. It was clear that the court of Rome would not grant the divorce; and this sealed the doom of the already falling Wolsey. Anne Boleyn, who had vowed an eternal friendship to him only the year before in consequence of some concessions and compliances, had now bent heart and soul on his destruction. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and brother-in-law to the king, whom Wolsey had stung to the quick at the trial in the hall of the Blackfriars, the great Duke of Norfolk, and others of the old nobility, the Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's father, and many more great lords and knights, who for nearly twenty years had bent the knee before the royal favourite, now leagued against him, and made common cause with Anne, who was plainly about to become their queen, with or without the pope's sanction to the divorce. They represented that Wolsey had never wished for the divorce except in favour of his French matrimonial scheme; that he had constantly been bribed and bought by France; and that he was in very deed a traitor to King Henry. Henry turned a ready ear to all this, and already in conceit devoured Wolsey's immense wealth, which he thought to be even greater than it was. The courtiers laid wagers that the Cardinal's game was up.* They also began to talk at dinner-time, that when once the Cardinal was dead or ruined they would relieve the English church of its superfluous

* Cavendish.

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wealth.* Soon after the rising of the court in the Blackfriars the amorous king set out on a progress: Anne Boleyn was with him, and Wolsey was not. The Cardinal, however, soon rode after the king, and joined the royal household at Grafton in Northamptonshire. Freezing was the reception he met with; all the great lords and courtiers shunned him as if he brought the plague or sweating sickness with him; and he was told that no apartment had been prepared for him. Only Sir Henry Norris entreated him to make use of his room, for changing his riding dress into more courtly apparel. Yet to the astonishment and dismay of the betting courtiers the king received the Cardinal with an appearance of his old familiarity and affection, discoursing with him for some time in the deep embrasure of a window, and dismissing him very courteously. That same day Henry dined with Anne Boleyn in her chamber, and before he rose from table or came out of that chamber he gave the fascinating Anne a promise that he would never more admit the Cardinal to an interview or hear the tongue of Wolsey again. On the morrow, when at an early hour the Cardinal presented himself, he found that the king was mounting and riding away without noticing him: he was ordered back to London, and he never more saw his master's face. At the commencement of Michaelmas term, 1529, when Wolsey went as Chancellor to the Court of Chancery, the law officers treated him as disrespectfully as the courtiers had done; and on that same day two informations were filed against him in the Court of King's Bench, charging him with having, as legate, transgressed the statute of premunire. His long life as a courtier had deprived him of the spirit of a man. Without an effort he submitted himself to the scourge, and ordering his counsel to admit his guilt, where he was innocent, he abjectly threw himself upon the king's mercy, saying he knew not how he had offended. Some allowance is, however, to be made for this weakness or mean-

* Letters written at the moment, from the English court, by the French ambassador, the Bishop of Bayeux.

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ness of spirit: the absolute king was about to begin a reign of terror, and the law was administered by trembling slaves; submission might avert Henry's fatal wrath, but resistance was sure to provoke it; the whole court was leagued and banded against him, and as matters now stood, the church could no longer shield him. The Court of King's Bench, upon his plea of guilty, pronounced their sentence—that he was out of the protection of the law, that his lands, goods, and chattels were forfeited, and that his person was at the mercy of the king. With the hope of being allowed to retain his rank and property in the church, he drew up a deed transferring his entire personal estate to his gracious master, from whose bounty, he said, he had derived it all. The property thus surrendered was valued at half a million of crowns; but neither the amount nor the promptitude of the surrender could disarm persecution. He was presently told that he must quit York Place, as the king meant to live there himself, and that he must confine himself to his house at Esher. To this Wolsey only replied by prostrations and protestations of submission. When his implacable enemies, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, who had both owed many favours to him in the days of his greatness, went to demand from him the great seals and to insult him in his fallen fortunes, Wolsey summoned up a little more heart. "The great seal of England was delivered to me by the hands of my sovereign, I hold it by his majesty's letters patent, and I may not deliver it at the simple word of any lord!" The two dukes represented to their master that the Cardinal was refractory and insolent; and they returned the next day with a written order, under the royal sign manual. The Cardinal read the paper and immediately resigned the seal. "Sir," said his treasurer Sir William Gascoigne, "I am heartily sorry for your grace, as I understand you shall go to the Tower." "It is a false and a blasphemous statement," exclaimed the Cardinal: "have you no better comfort than this for your master in his adversity? But I thank God that I have never done aught to bring me under arrest, albeit it hath pleased the

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king to take to himself my house ready furnished at this time." He then issued from his sumptuous palace at Whitehall, and entered his barge. The Thames was covered with boats full of people, who hooted and shouted, and told him how happy they were to see him sent to the Tower. Their triumph was indeed ungenerous and misplaced, for the words of Wolsey's faithful attendant were fully verified; and right soon there came another hungry and lean minister "that bit nearer the bone than the old one."* And instead of descending the river to the Tower, Wolsey ascended it to Putney. As he was travelling by land from Putney to Esher, Sir John Norris, one of the royal chamberlains, overtook him on the rise of a hill, and presented him with a ring from the king, who had taken it from his own finger, with "a very comfortable message." "Therefore," added Sir John, "take patience, for I trust to see you in better estate than ever." The Lord Cardinal alighted from his mule, fell upon his knees in the road, pulled off his cap, and humbly thanked God for such happy intelligence from his lord the king. He told the chamberlain that his glad tidings were worth half a kingdom; but, as he had nothing left except the clothes on his back, he could make him no suitable reward. He, however, gave Sir John a small gold chain and crucifix. "As for my sovereign," he said, "sorry am I that I have no worthy token to send him! But stay, here is my fool, that rides beside me. I beseech thee take him to court, and give him to his majesty. I assure thee, for any nobleman's pleasure, he is worth a thousand pounds." The poor fool was so much attached to his old master, the Cardinal, that he would not leave him until forcibly carried off by six stout yeomen, who delivered him to the king. But other attendants besides his poor buffoon were fondly attached to Wolsey. It seems to have cost a pang even to his ambitious secretary Thomas Cromwell, ere he could quit him in his solitude and poverty at Esher, and get him to Court "to make or mar." Those

* Cavendish.

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beautiful solitudes were gloomy and horrid to the Cardinal without the smiles of the king, and without the pomp to which he had been accustomed. But he was so closely shorn as nearly to be wanting at this time in the ordinary comforts of life. He soon fell prostrate with despondency and sickness. "I have been to visit the Cardinal in his misfortunes," writes the French ambassador, "and have seen the most striking change of fortune. He explained to me his hard case in the worst rhetoric that was ever heard. Both his tongue and his heart failed him. He recommended himself to the pity of the king and Madame (Francis and his mother), with sighs and tears, and, at last, left me, without having said anything half so moving as his appearance. His face is dwindled to one half of its natural size. In truth his misery is such, that his enemies, Englishmen as they are, cannot help pitying him: still they will carry things to extremities. As for his legation, the seals, his great authority, he thinks no more of them. He is ready to give up everything, even the shirt from his back, and to live in a hermitage, if the king would but desist from his displeasure." The Cardinal wrote the most abject letters to his "most gracious and merciful and most pious sovereign lord," calling himself a poor heavy and wretched priest that was dying for want of the light of his countenance; but Henry gave him no further comfort till he heard that he was consumed by a slow fever, and was generally thought to be dying. Then the king somewhat relented towards the man who had been his friend for so many years; and he not only said that he would lose 20,000*l.* rather than that Wolsey should die, but he also sent his physicians and some presents and tokens of friendship to Esher. Wolsey revived marvellously at these signs of grace.

At this great crisis in the history of the country, when Henry was on the point of defying the pope and breaking from his communion because he would not assent to the divorce, it was thought expedient to summon a parliament. On the 1st of December, 1530, a bill of im-

peachment against Wolsey, containing forty-four articles, mostly of a vague and ridiculous description, was presented to the Commons, who, after an eloquent speech from Thomas Cromwell, who was already rising fast in the king's service, threw it out. The Cardinal now mended rapidly. If he had been allowed to retain his numerous church preferments he would still have been very wealthy. But in the beginning of the following year he was formally deprived of everything except the archbishopric of York and the bishopric of Winchester, and the far greater part of the revenue of the latter was appropriated by the king, who divided it among the Viscount Rochford (Anne Boleyn's father), the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Sandys, Sir John Russell, and other laymen, who, if not all favourable to the contemplated changes in the national religion, were all eager enough to share the spoils of the national church. In return, however, Wolsey received a free pardon, and some plate, furniture, and a little money for his present expenses. He was also permitted to come nearer to the court, and he removed from Esher to Richmond. But Anne Boleyn and her party took the alarm, and the king being as amorous as ever, and not yet free from his matrimonial bondage to Catherine, was easily induced to order him to reside in the north of England within his archbishopric. The Duke of Norfolk was Anne Boleyn's uncle; he was uncle to two beheaded queens, for the beautiful young Catherine Howard was also his niece. None were more eager than he to drive the Cardinal to a distance from the king. Meeting Thomas Cromwell one day, he said to him, "Master Cromwell, methinks the Cardinal, thy master, makes no haste to go northward. Tell him, if he go not away I will tear him with my teeth!" These words being reported to the Lord Cardinal at Richmond by Cromwell, his lordship said, "Then, Tom, it is time to be going!" The king sent him a little money for his journey, and he set out a short time before Easter.* Lingering at every stage, in the fond

* Cavendish.

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hope of being recalled to court, Wolsey travelled to York. Yet, when once there, and with work to do, his mind seemed reconciled to the change, and he appeared to devote his whole soul to his ecclesiastical duties. Casting off his courtly pride and arrogance, he became meek and mild as a primitive apostle—courteous and affable to all men. The gentlemen of Yorkshire he entertained at a plain but hospitable table; to the poor he gave liberal alms, and (what was far better), abundant employment to three hundred of them in repairing the churches and houses of the see. He won the hearts both of clergy and laity. But this winning of men's hearts did not suit the selfish and vindictive faction who now ruled at court, and who were alarmed not only at the Lord Cardinal's popularity, but also at a correspondence he was carrying on with the French king and with the pope. How they discovered this correspondence, or what was the real nature of it—or, in fact, whether there was any correspondence at all beyond some wishes expressed to the French ambassador that Francis would intercede in his behalf with Henry—is not very clear. But they made Henry believe that there was such correspondence, and that it was of a treasonable nature, and for the thwarting of the marriage with Anne Boleyn.

The clergy of York, delighted with their metropolitan, waited upon Wolsey in a body, and begged that he would be installed in his cathedral according to the custom of his predecessors, which he had not hitherto observed. Wolsey consented on condition that the thing should be done with as little pomp and expense as possible; and the first Monday after All Saints was fixed for the ceremony. As soon as this was known, the neighbouring nobility and gentry sent into York great store of venison, wine, and other things needful. "Who," exclaims his affectionate servant and biographer, "was ever less beloved in the north than my Lord Cardinal—God have his soul!—before he was among them? Who better beloved after he had been there a while? We hate ofttimes whom we have cause to love. It was a wonder to see how they were turned; how of utter enemies

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they became his dear friends."* The Lord Cardinal, however, was disquieted by bad omens. Apparently he had never risen above those superstitions of the time, and his misfortunes, and his too certain knowledge of the power and malice of his enemies, may have rendered him the more sensitive and superstitious. One day as he was rising from dinner, Doctor Agostino, his Venetian physician, caught with his loose gown the great silver cross which was always placed at the end of the table, and threw it down on the head of Doctor Bonner, who had not yet risen from the table. Wolsey eagerly inquired whether blood had been drawn by this accident; and upon being told that it was so, he shook his head, and said, "It is *malum omen*." He afterwards explained to Cavendish, who was present, "that by the cross he understood himself; by Agostino, who threw it down, the person who should accuse him; and that Doctor Bonner, whose head was broken, to the effusion of blood, prefigured his death, which shortly came to pass." On the 4th of November, three days before that fixed for the installation in York Minster, as the Lord Cardinal was sitting at dinner in his house at Caywood, near York city, he was suddenly told that the Earl of Northumberland, with Sir Walter Walsh, had arrived from court, and was dismounting in the yard. He expressed regret that he had not arrived before dinner began, for the Earl had been brought up in his household, and he did not doubt that, as a friend, he had been chosen by the king to be the bearer of good news. He arose with a cheerful countenance to welcome Northumberland as he came into the hall. Seeing that the earl was rather numerously attended, and that most of the men with him were old servants of the family, he said, "Ah, my lord, I perceive that you observe the precepts and instructions which I gave you when you were abiding with me in your youth—to cherish your father's old servants. These be they that will not only serve and love you, but live and die with you." And the Cardinal then took the earl

* Cavendish.

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affectionately by the hand, and led him into a bed-chamber. Northumberland was much affected, and hesitated for a while, but at length he laid a trembling hand on the old man's shoulder, and said in a faltering voice, "My lord, I arrest you of high treason!" For a season Wolsey stood rooted to the ground, mute as well as motionless, and when he recovered speech it was only to utter unmanly and unavailing lamentations, accompanied by torrents of tears. He was innocent, he said, innocent not only of treason, but of all offence to the king; if they would but confront him with his accusers, he would have no fear of proving his innocence; but this was known, and for this his powerful enemies would deprive him of every chance of a fair trial, and bring him to the scaffold by falsehood and treachery: and then he wept again. His great popularity in that country was known and feared. The king had ordered Northumberland to execute his commission with quickness and quietness, lest there should be commotion and interruption; and the noble earl, unannounced, had crept into the court-yard at Caywood like a bailiff or a thief-taker. When the object of the earl's coming was known, the people showed a lively sympathy for the Cardinal, and might, no doubt, have been easily induced, by a few words from his mouth, to rescue him and convey him to the coast, whence he might have escaped to the Netherlands, or to the more friendly territories of the French king; but he was as passive as any doomed victim of an Eastern sultan, and followed Northumberland without making any effort for his life. The sad journey began on a Sunday morning. "Many people," says Cavendish, "were at the gate of the house lamenting: there were above three thousand, who, as they saw the Cardinal, cried out 'God save your Grace! God save your Grace! The foul evil take them that have taken you away from us!' And thus they ran after him through the town of Caywood, for he was there right well beloved, both of rich and poor." When he reached Sheffield Park, the seat of Lord Shrewsbury, steward of the king's household, he was sick and faint,

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and shortly after his arrival he was seized with a dysentery which confined him to his bed for a fortnight. The noble master of the mansion made use of much "comfortable discourse;" and even when Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, arrived with a small guard to take charge of the prisoner, he told Wolsey that he was in no danger, that the king would remember his long services and past friendship, and that this storm would soon blow over. It appears that Shrewsbury did not use these words in kindness and commiseration, but that he was afraid that Wolsey might yet throw himself under the protection of the people, and so effect his escape. On resuming his slow journey, he was so reduced in strength that he could scarcely sit on his mule without support. Some of the men in Kingston's guard had formerly been in his own service, and these men "could not abstain from weeping, considering that he was their old master, and now in such miserable case. The Cardinal took them by the hand, and as he rode by the way he would sometimes talk with one and sometimes with another of them. On the third evening he reached Leicester Abbey; he was received at the gate by the lord abbot and the monks holding lighted torches, the hour being late. "Father," said he to the abbot, as he dismounted, "I am come to lay my bones among you." The monks carried the Lord Cardinal to his bed, from which he never rose again. In the course of the following day and night he swooned repeatedly; and on the second morning his affectionate servants saw to their great grief that he was dying. Cavendish, his chamberlain, and the most affectionate and faithful of them all, says, "As I stood by his bed-side about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cup-board, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bed-side, said, 'Who is there?' 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir, if I might see your grace well,' quoth I. 'What is it of the clock,' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in

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the morning.' 'Eight of the clock!' quoth he, 'that cannot be;' rehearsing diverse times, 'Eight of the clock! Eight of the clock!' 'Nay, nay,' quoth he at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock; for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'" The clock, however, had struck eight, and he did not die that morning. The lieutenant of the Tower tormented him in his last moments about money, saying that my lord of Northumberland had discovered, by a book found at Caywood, that he had lately borrowed fourteen hundred pounds, of which not so much as a penny had been found. Kingston further said that Northumberland had told the king about this loan, and that his grace was very pressing for the same. The dying Cardinal replied that all that he ever had, had been by him held as the king's; that he never aimed at more than the bare use of it during life, to be all left to his grace at death; but that as for this money, it was none of his, but borrowed, to be bestowed upon his poor faithful servants, from divers of his friends; to wit, 200*l.* from Sir Richard Gresham, 200*l.* from the dean of his college at Oxford, and five sums of 200*l.* each from other friends, and he hoped that the king, who would have all his property, would see these sums repaid. In course of the opening day and following night he had repeated fainting fits. Early on the following morning the hand of death was clearly upon him; but his intellect was still clear and his mind composed. He called to him Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower. As the lieutenant came into the chamber of death, he bade the Cardinal good-morrow, and asked him how he did. "Sir," said Wolsey, "I tarry but the will and pleasure of God to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hands." "And now, Master Kingston," he continued, "I pray you have me commended most humbly to his majesty; and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to his gracious remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially respecting Queen Catherine and himself, and then shall his conscience know whether I have offended

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him or not. He is a prince of most royal courage, and hath a princely heart; for, rather than miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom. And I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. And, Master Kingston, this I will say—Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is my just reward for my pains and diligence, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince." Here his voice failed him, and the abbot of the house, being summoned, administered extreme unction. The clock then struck eight, and in the striking thereof the Cardinal breathed his last. He was in the sixtieth year of his age.*

Kingston immediately sent one of his guards post to London, and ordered the funeral for the very next day, he being in a great hurry to get back to court. The mayor of Leicester and others of the town were brought into the abbey to see that the Cardinal was "personally dead," and so prevent false reports that he was yet alive. His body was laid in a coffin; his shirt of hair and his over-shirt of fine holland were taken off and put within the coffin; and his mitre, cross, ring, pallium, and other insignia were laid upon the coffin. They buried him in the Ladie Chapel in the church of Leicester Abbey, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The morning after the interment a grand funeral-service was performed; and then, adds Cavendish, "We prepared for our journey to the court, where we attended his Majesty. The next day I was sent for to the king, conducted by Master Norris, where the king was in his nightgown of Rochet velvet, furred with sables, before whom I kneeled the space of an hour, during which time his Majesty examined me of divers particulars concerning my Lord Cardinal, wishing rather than twenty thousand pounds that he had lived. He asked me concerning the four-

* Cavendish.

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teen hundred pounds which Master Kingston moved to my lord: Quoth I, "I think I can perfectly tell your grace where it is and who hath it." "Can you," quoth the king. "I pray tell me, and you shall not be unrewarded." "Sir," quoth I, "after the departure of Master Vincent from my lord at Scrooby, who had the custody, leaving it with my lord in divers bags, he delivered it to a certain priest, safely to be kept to his use." "Is this true?" quoth the king. "Yea," quoth I, "without doubt the priest will not deny it before me, for I was at the delivery thereof, who hath gotten divers other rich ornaments which are not registered in the book of my lord's inventory or other writings, whereby any man is able to charge him therewith but myself." "Then," said the king, "let me alone for keeping this secret between me and you: howbeit three may keep counsel if two be away; and if I knew my cap were privy to my counsel, I would cast it into the fire and burn it; and for your honesty and truth, you shall be our servant in our chamber, as you were in your master's." Such was the manner in which the prince of most royal courage and princely heart dwelt upon the death of the servant and bosom friend of twenty years; of his favourite who had sacrificed soul and conscience in his service, and whose worst deeds had assuredly been done for his selfish gratification.

When far worse ministers succeeded, supplanting and being rapidly supplanted by court-intrigue and their own base treachery; when the people were bitten not only nearer to the bone, but into the bone; when capital executions and insurrections, which had been but little known in Wolsey's time, became things of almost daily occurrence, and when England was turned into a shambles, men tenderly remembered and regretted the great Cardinal, and sighed for the by-gone times. If their conduct be fairly and carefully examined, and if the truth be honestly spoken without the Protestant bias which is calculated to do far more harm than good to the cause of the Protestant Church of England, it will be allowed that there was not one minister or statesman of any note, either in the

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remaining years of Henry VIII. or during the reign of his son Edward VI., but was as eager for money and power as Wolsey, without having his liberality, his munificence, his taste, his passionate love of letters and the arts, and his generosity to all who could advance them in the country. Wolsey, out of the revenues of a few suppressed nunneries and monasteries, endowed colleges and schools: his successors, after throwing a part at the feet of the tyrant Henry or the corrupt and low-minded protector Somerset, divided among themselves the vast spoils of the whole monastic world and clergy of England, and did nothing for our seats of learning, nothing for the education of the people, nothing for the relief of the poor, and next to nothing for the solace of the sick, the maimed, and the blind. What they got, they kept for themselves. After laying their hands upon everything else, they seriously debated whether they should not suppress, as useless or as unsound in doctrine, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and divide their lands and revenues. The little that was gotten out of their greedy hands was gotten after a hard struggle, and almost by miracle. In some cases the spoilers were visited by death-bed compunctions, and bequeathed to schools or charitable institutions property which they could no longer enjoy. But Wolsey, in the year 1525, when his health was sound and his faculty for enjoyment unimpaired, founded the Cardinal's, now Christchurch College, Oxford, and gave to that university several new professorships. About 1527 he began to erect a college in his native town of Ipswich, giving an ample and apparently a magnificent endowment out of the lands and tenements belonging to the monastery of St. Peter and other suppressed priories or cells in that town or neighbourhood, intending, as he himself said, that "Many scholars" should be "brought up and maintained" therein, and "always trained in virtue—to the end that a perpetual memory of God shall be kept and honoured."* He wrote to the French court

* Letter to the Count de Beaumont, grand master and marshal of France.

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to request that a new quarry might be opened at Caen to supply him with good stone for the buildings, which he intended to be magnificent as well as enduring. Ipswich College was never finished; the portions which had been erected were destroyed soon after his sudden fall from greatness, and the appropriated revenues were seized. Nothing now remains of the edifice except the gateway, which is mostly built of compact red brick, and much in the style of the Cardinal's buildings at Hampton Court. Even this interesting and very picturesque relic is going to decay, and will soon disappear unless the good feeling and taste of the people of Ipswich should do something to preserve it as a memorial of the most illustrious man that was ever native of their town. This college lay very near the Cardinal's heart. In 1528, when the divorce case of his master was commencing, and when he was oppressed with business and cares of all kinds, he drew up in Latin the rules of his school in Ipswich, which are yet extant. They have been printed in an 'Essay on a System of Classical Instruction,'* and contain the course of Latin studies which Wolsey prescribed for the eight classes into which he divided the school. It appears to have been his intention that this noble establishment at Ipswich should be preparatory for youths whose studies were to be finished in his own college at Oxford. Christchurch College survived the storm of violence and rapine, and still survives, but the several professorships he had established were soon suppressed.

Wolsey had a natural son, who went by the name of Thomas Winter, and who received from his father no fewer than eleven benefices. He is said to have had two other children, but there is no good evidence of the fact. In judging of him we must always bear in mind the general loose morality of the times in which he lived, a period of nepotism and debauchery among the highest of the Roman churchmen. There can be no doubt that he used his influence, abroad as well as at home, for his

* London: John Taylor, 1825.

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own aggrandizement; but if he loved to get, he loved to spend; he was never sordid, and a great part of his wealth always went to objects which tended to raise the civilization of his country. The splendid Gothic church architecture had been elaborated into wonderful richness, at the expense of its original grand simplicity, in the time of Henry VII.; but Wolsey was one of the first, if not the very first, to attempt to give beauty and magnificence as well as comfort to our domestic architecture. "His part in the death of the Duke of Buckingham," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was his most conspicuous crime: the circumstance most favourable to him is the attachment of dependants." We still hold it as being at the least doubtful whether he took any active part against Buckingham, or even whether he could have prevented the legal murder of that nobleman. The man who had often pleaded on his knees for three hours together without success, may have pleaded for Buckingham in vain, or may have been deterred by fear from making any attempt to persuade Henry from his appetite for blood. Wolsey was never a man of high courage. For many a year he must have felt that he was living encaged with a lion that could be kept quiet only by submission and coaxing. At the very first and very faint show of a different conduct, the royal monster struck his claws to his heart. The great redeeming circumstance of the attachment of his dependants is indisputable. His servants adhered to him even when there was danger in so doing, and they wept for him when he died. Thus there is at least one inaccuracy in the well-known lines which Samuel Johnson wrote upon his fall:—

"At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, *and his followers fly;*
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial Lord.

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With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings."*

* Vanity of Human Wishes.

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SIR THOMAS MORE.

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THOMAS MORE was born in Milk-street, Cheapside, in the city of London, in the year 1480, or nine years after the birth of Cardinal Wolsey. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench. Sir John lived to the advanced age of ninety, dying in 1533, only two years before his great son, who had so much reverence for him, that when he was Chancellor of England, in passing through Westminster Hall to the Chancery, he never failed to fall on his knees and ask his father's blessing if he saw the old man sitting in the court. Thomas was educated at St. Anthony's school in Threadneedle-street, one of the many free schools which then existed in London, "to teach all that will come." The master of St. Anthony's was Nicholas Hart, a scholar of some celebrity. About his fifteenth year young More was placed in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. This was in accordance

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with the custom of those times, when the sons even of great noblemen were sent to be brought up in the houses of great prelates. Thus, as we have seen in the life of Cardinal Wolsey, the young Earl of Northumberland had been trained in that great churchman's household. These prelates seem always to have entertained some men of learning, from whose instructions the young men committed to their charge or service derived many advantages. In after times More neatly characterised Morton as "a man of great natural wit, very well learned, and honorable in behaviour, *lacking nowise ways to win favor*." The Cardinal, who loved natural wit in others, became much attached to him. At Christmas there were merry plays given in the lord cardinal's palace. "At Christmas-tide," says his son-in-law and biographer, Roper, "More would suddenly sometimes step in among the players, and, never studying for the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside. In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him to the nobles that dined with him—'This child here, waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man.'"* When Thomas More entered the household of the primate Morton he became known to the learned John Colet, the founder of St. Paul's school, who used to say —"There was but one wit in England, and that was young Thomas More." Having remained about two years with the Cardinal, More, in 1497, went to Oxford. He had rooms in St. Mary's Hall, but carried on his studies at Canterbury College. Here he studied Greek, which was now beginning to be publicly taught in the University, though not without strong opposition. More was uncommonly fortunate in his instructors; his Greek professor was the learned and pains-taking Grocyn, one of the great revivers of true classical literature, a native of Bristol, an alumnus of Winchester school, and a student of New College, Oxford, whose great object it had been

* Roper, Life of Sir Thomas More, edited by Singer.

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to obtain a perfect knowledge of the Greek language, and who for that end had gone into Italy and had spent two or three years in that country, studying under Demetrius Chalcondylas, Poliziano, and Hermolaus Barbarus. Grocyn had returned to Oxford, and had begun to teach Greek—for the first time as it ought to be taught—about six years before More repaired to that university, the members of which were now divided into two factions, called the Greeks and the Trojans. More, from his first arrival, appears to have rallied under the Greek banner, and to have laughed at those who considered that religion and morality were endangered by reading Homer. Grocyn was an enthusiast, not only for his Greek, but for every species of learning; contemned riches and honours, and was so generous and open-handed as to be always ready to give, out of the little he possessed, to friends and scholars: he was, if not a wit, a great humourist, and his admiring pupil More seems to have caught some of his eccentricities. More also derived instruction in Greek from the learned Lynacer, who like Grocyn had travelled in Italy to study the language under scholars who had fled from Constantinople at the taking of that city by the Turks. His son-in-law Roper indeed calls Lynacer his Greek master; but it appears that the learned physician only gave occasional lectures at Oxford, while Grocyn was established there as a regular teacher of Greek. More had not been long at Oxford (probably only a few weeks) when he became acquainted with Erasmus, who resided there in constant communion and fellowship with Grocyn during the greater part of the years 1497 and 1498. The learned Dutchman, who was thirty years old, formed a most intimate friendship with More, who was only in his eighteenth year; and this friendship continued for life. When More had risen high in the world, and had the power of serving men of learning and merit, nothing seems to have given him more delight than the attending to any recommendation sent him from the Continent by Erasmus in favour of a poor scholar. It was during his happy residence at Oxford that More wrote the greater

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part of his English poems. He seems to have been held in the highest esteem as well for his wit and humour and sociable qualities, as for his industry and learning. Upon quitting Oxford he took up the study of the law, first at New Inn and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn. He must have laboured very hard at his new studies, for he was soon as noted a man among lawyers as he had been at Oxford among classical scholars. His legal knowledge and reputation obtained for him the post of reader at Furnival's Inn, where, for the space of three years, he delivered lectures on the law. About the same time he delivered theological lectures at St. Lawrence's Church in the Old Jewry, on the work of St. Augustin, 'De Civitate Dei.' Roper mentions that these lectures were attended by the erudite Grocyn, and "by all the chief learned of the city of London." He was always fond of theology, and for some time balanced in the choice of a profession between the church and the law; but at last he decided for the paternal profession. To prepare himself by diligent and uninterrupted study, he took up his lodging among the monks of the Charter-house, the Chartreux or Carthusians of London, where he remained for the space of four years, and "until he resorted to the house of one Mr. Colte, a gentleman of Essex." This worthy gentleman had three fair daughters; More preferred the second, as being rather "the fairest and best favoured," but he took pity on the eldest, considering that it would be "great grief and some shame to her" to see a younger sister married first; and so he "framed his affections towards the eldest." But Jane Colte made him an excellent and loving wife, and he was fondly attached to her as long as she lived. He lodged her in Bucklersbury, and resumed his studies at Lincoln's Inn. The date of his becoming a barrister is uncertain. It appears that he soon acquired an extensive practice. He was appointed one of the under sheriffs of London, at that time a post of considerable importance, for the under sheriff was judge of the sheriff's court, which then possessed a far more extensive jurisdiction than it does now. Lord Herbert of Cherbury calls him Judge of

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the Sheriff Court in London. He was considered one of the most eloquent speakers of his day; and it is said that even before the accession of Henry VIII. there was no case of consequence before any court of law in which he was not engaged as counsel. Roper says that he was returned to parliament before he had finished reading in the inns of court. In the last parliament of Henry VII. More was of the House of Commons, where he boldly opposed a subsidy demanded by the king for the marriage of his eldest daughter Mary. Henry VII., a prince who never forgave what he considered an injury, and who, as Bacon says of him, "would sometimes strain up his laws to his prerogative," allowing the laws to be "no impediment to him to work his will," was in the habit of letting loose those terrible finers and extortioners Empson and Dudley upon the parliamentary opposition, and, not unfrequently, to wreak his vengeance upon person as well as upon property. A gentleman of the bed-chamber who had attended the debate in the Commons told the king that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose. Hereupon there was much royal wrath; and "forasmuch as he nothing having, nothing could lose, his Grace devised a causeless quarrel against his father, keeping him in the Tower till he had made him pay to him one hundred pounds in fine."* More, it is said, was so alarmed that he made up his mind to fly the country; but the old king died shortly afterwards and saved him from this hard necessity. As the connexion between the royal court and the city was then very close, and as Henry VIII. and Wolsey were very frequently in the city and in very familiar communication with the principal citizens, the learned, witty, and alert More must have become known to both these personages at an early period.

Soon after the accession of the young king, we find More, by his Majesty's consent, sent abroad by the English merchants to settle "certain great causes betwixt them and the merchants of the Steel-yard." He

* Roper.

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was greatly applauded for his success in this mission. The government seized at Southampton a rich ship belonging to the pope. The pope's ambassador retained More as counsel, none being so meet as he, who could readily translate and repeat in Latin all that was said on either side. More gained the cause, and much honour thereby.* Already he had been repeatedly urged by Wolsey to enter the king's service; but he was well satisfied with the emoluments of his profession, and was very shy of going to court. But the capital was now ringing with his fame and his witty sayings, and the absolute Henry would no longer be refused. Having no better place then vacant, he made More Master of Requests; and thus commenced a faithful service which lasted twenty years and above. "A good part thereof," says his son-in-law, "used the king upon holidays, when he had done his own devotions, to send for him into his traverse, and there sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs, to sit and confer with him; and otherwise in the night would he have him up into the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of so pleasant a disposition, it pleased the king and Queen Catherine, after the court had supped—yea, at the time of their supper—to send for him to be merry with them. When he perceived them to delight so much in his talk, that he could not in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired), or be absent from the court two days together, but that he should be thither sent for again: he much misliking this restraint of liberty, began hereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature; and so, by little and little from his former accustomed mirth, to disuse himself, that he was by them no more so frequently sent for."† In 1515 he was sent with Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, and afterwards Bishop of Durham, to transact some important diplomatic business in the Netherlands

* Roper. † Ibid.

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and in France. He appears to have corresponded directly with Wolsey, and to have sought that powerful man's patronage and friendship with much assiduity. The Cardinal was much pleased with his services, and favoured his promotion without any visible sign of jealousy. In 1516 More was admitted into the privy council, and received other signal marks of royal favour. It was about this time that More wrote his 'History of Richard the Third,' and his more celebrated work, 'Utopia, or the Happy Republic.' The history was written in good bold vernacular English, the political romance in elegant Latin. The history is but a fragment, breaking off suddenly at the point when Morton, Bishop of Ely (afterwards primate and chancellor, and More's patron) endeavours to persuade the Duke of Buckingham to declare against Richard as a tyrant and usurper, and leaving untold the miserable failure and fate of Buckingham, the complicated intrigues of the Earl of Richmond, and the grand catastrophe of Bosworth field. But what More tells us is in many respects valuable: he evidently derived much information from his patron, Morton, who was one of the chief actors in those revolutions, and some portions of the narrative are given with extraordinary vigour and effect. Shakspere has followed, and has scarcely improved upon, the terrible scene in the Tower, where Richard arrests the members of the council, and sends Lord Hastings to the block. More imitates Livy in putting long-winded speeches into the mouths of historical personages, and in explaining, by means of such speeches, many of the circumstances of the story, and the feelings with which they were regarded at the time of their occurrence. On the whole, however, the narrative is easy and flowing, and far superior to any prose composition of the sort which preceded it in England. More, indeed, may be taken as the first historian England produced: those who had gone before him were, indeed, only chroniclers and annalists. The 'Utopia' was published first at Louvain in 1516, and afterwards at Basle in 1518. The object of this work was to exhibit a perfect commonwealth in an imaginary island. The ima-

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ginary society existing in this fabled island is constructed on the principle that no one in the state shall have a right to separate property, since separate property is said to involve an inequality of distribution, and thus to occasion great suffering to those who are obliged to labour, and mental depravation to those who live on the labours of others. Slavery, however, is admitted as an element, but no family possesses more than two slaves. Agriculture, and a taste for rural pursuits, are kept alive by a residence in the country; but the civilization of city life is not lost sight of, for one half of a household passes two years in the town, while the other half lives in the country, and they all take the town and country life, turn and turn about, and each time for a space of two years. It is reasonably doubted whether the fundamental principles of this republic, and the political opinions expressed in the 'Utopia,' are to be seriously considered as More's real sentiments, or as a model which he would have men to imitate. Such a republic, if it could be made, would be a dead flat, without variety or spirit; a dry, hard, rectangular thing; a moral chess-board; a formality more stiff and chilling than that of the Chinese empire: but the indestructible feelings of human nature should seem to be eternally opposed to its construction. Nevertheless this romance in politics is very pleasant and improving reading, abounding with noble and original thoughts, and being exceedingly suggestive of wholesome and humane reflections. Even at that period, when the law was so merciless that thieves and footpads were gibbeted so fast that there were frequently twenty on one gibbet, he made the discovery that crime was not diminished by this terrible abuse of capital punishments; and he not only recommended the adoption of a humane penal code as favourable to the diminution of crime, but he also earnestly advocated, in his 'Utopia,' a better education and training for the people, as the surest of all means for bettering the condition of the poor and the general morality of the country. "Not only you in England," said he, "but a great part of the world, follow the example of some bad schoolmasters, that are readier

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to chastise their scholars than to teach them." And in another page: "If you suffer your people to be ill educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded but that you first make thieves, and then punish them?" This was said at the beginning of the sixteenth century under Henry the Eighth, when it was a novel and startling truth. Alas! we may still repeat it, and in good measure as a reproach, in the middle of the nineteenth century. The work abounds with pleasantry and humour, and a subdued and unmalicious irony. The humour and the quiet satire are, indeed, the most prominent characteristics of this little book, which is much more frequently named than read. The title of 'Utopia' has passed into a proverb; but very few people peruse the romance either in its original Latin or in its very satisfactory English translation. It may certainly be included among the various old works to which Swift was considerably indebted in conceiving 'Gulliver's Travels.' But More has none of Swift's gall and black bile. The same stories were told of the 'Utopia' that were afterwards related about 'Gulliver's Travels.' People took the imaginary island for a real one, "inasmuch that many great learned men, as Budeus and Johannes Paludanus, upon a fervent zeal, wished that some excellent divines might be sent thither to preach the Gospel; yea, there were here amongst us at home sundry good men and learned divines very desirous to undertake the voyage, to bring the people to the faith, whose manners they did so well like."*

More, the busiest man in a busy and absorbing profession, had but little leisure to devote to his literary pursuits. He tells us himself, in his introduction to that work, that he wrote the 'Utopia' by snatches when he was overwhelmed with business; and that, indeed, all the time which he could gain for himself was that which he stole from his sleep and meals.

* Fuller, Worthies.

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In the year 1517, when the London apprentices, in their wanton turbulence and ignorant hatred of foreigners, made the terrible riot or insurrection which got the name of the "Evil May-day," More went out among the desperate mobs and endeavoured to restore tranquillity by reasoning with them; but, though he was much respected and beloved, "as being a native of that city," he could do no good. The subdued rioters were not forgiven until four or five of them were hanged, drawn, and quartered; about ten of them hanged on gibbets erected in the streets of the city; and some four hundred of them brought before the king in Westminster Hall, with halters round their necks, barefooted, stripped to their very shirts, and bound, one by one, to a long thick rope. In the course of the year 1519 More resigned his office of under-sheriff, or Judge of the Sheriff's Court, and in the second year after this (in 1521) he was knighted and made treasurer of the Exchequer. He was now very frequently at court, where the king appears to have consulted him on all matters connected with learning and education. The hostility of a part of the clergy to Greek still continued, and one of the Trojans or Scotists ventured to abuse the language of Homer in a sermon preached before the king. After sermon-time Henry called the priest into his presence, and ordered him to discuss the subject with Sir Thomas More. More, with his wit, learning, and long-practised skill in debate, beat the poor preacher so completely that he had no argument to produce; and so, falling on his knees before the king, he begged pardon, and said that the words he had spoken in the pulpit against Greek had been put into his mouth by the Holy Ghost. "Not so," said Henry, "but by the spirit of foolishness." "And pray," continued the king to the perplexed and abashed monk, "have you ever read any of the works of Erasmus?" ("For the king had been told," says Erasmus, the relater of this story, "that the preacher had abused *me*.") To the king's question the fallen Trojan replied, "Alas! No!" "Then," rejoined the king, "are you not a very great fool to pretend to criticize that which you have never

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read ?" The forlorn preacher, bethinking himself, said that now he did remember having once perused a thing they called Moria—meaning Erasmus's little book, 'Encomium Moriæ,' or 'The Praise of Folly.' "And may it please your highness," said Sir Richard Pace, who was present, and a true Greek, "was not the reader made for the book? Could he have chosen better?" The poor Trojan was dismissed with strict orders never more to presume to preach before the king.* Sir Thomas was employed by Henry in other public missions to France and the Netherlands; and when he was at home and Wolsey was abroad, Henry often made use of his hand in writing his instructions to the cardinal. Several of these letters in More's handwriting are preserved in the British Museum and in the State-Paper Office.† In his private letters to Erasmus he laments his hard fate in being obliged to leave his friends and his books to discharge these perplexing and disagreeable commissions. And certainly little pleasure or honour for such a man as More was to be gained by serving in Henry's crooked and always tricky diplomacy. In the year 1522, when the Emperor Charles V. paid his second visit to England, and was conducted into the city of London in triumph, More was selected, on account of his wit and scholarship, to welcome the emperor at the city gates; and there he delivered in choice Latin an eloquent oration, which greatly pleased Charles without displeasing the jealous Henry.

In the parliament which met in 1523 More was chosen Speaker. He maintained the dignity of his post at the risk of giving offence to the all-potent cardinal. Finding the Commons slow in passing some money bills, Wolsey resolved to go down to the house in person in order to make them quicken their speed. Although such a visit was a breach of privilege, the Commons, after some debate, agreed that the cardinal should be ad-

* Erasmi Epist.

† Some of them have been published by the Record Commission, in State Papers relating to the Reign of Henry VIII.

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mitted and heard, but not answered in the house. The gorgeous favourite, in all his pomp, and attended by an army of servants and retainers, entered the house, and after dwelling upon the great expenses of the war against Francis I., demanded forthwith a vote of the fifth of every man's goods. When he had done he looked to More, as the Speaker, for an answer; but More sat as silent as a statue. He then spoke to a member; but the member only rose from his seat to show his respect, and then sat down again without saying a word. The cardinal then spoke to another gentleman, but he only rose and sat down again. All the members were determined not to commit the privileges of the house: they were as silent in their seats as a set of Chinese mandarins on a mantel-piece. The fiery cardinal soon lost his little patience. "Gentlemen," said he, "as I am sent here immediately from the king, it is not unreasonable to expect an answer; yet here is without doubt a surprising and most obstinate silence!" As none spoke, he turned once more to the Speaker, and demanded an explanation. More, reverently falling on his knees, to express, we suppose, his reverence to the king, excused the silence of the members. "They were abashed," he insinuated, "at the sight of so noble a personage, his presence being enough to overcome the wisest and most learned men in the realm; but his coming thither," he observed, "was far from expedient, and contrary to the ancient liberties of the house; and as to requiring a reply from him individually, the thing was simply impossible. The members had, indeed, trusted him with their voices; but unless each could infuse the essence of their several wits into his head, he alone, in so weighty a matter, was unable to make his grace an answer."* The cardinal rose up in a rage and quitted the house. It appears, however, that in the debates which followed the departure of the cardinal, Sir Thomas More spoke stiffly for the court, and pleaded that four shillings in every pound was not too much to vote for the king. The demand

* Roper.

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was lessened by one-half; but the Commons would not consent to pay even two shillings in the pound, and the most stormy debate that had ever yet been known was kept up for fifteen or sixteen days. The cardinal again went down to the house, but with no better success than before; no words could he get from them except that it was not their practice to answer strangers or debate in their presence. The king then sent for Montague, a leading member of the house, who was afterwards chief justice. When Montague fell on his knees before the king, Henry clapped his hand upon his head, and exclaimed, "Ho! man, will they not suffer my bill to pass? Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours shall be off!" The bill was passed, but not until the amount of the tax had been considerably diminished. It is said that Wolsey took great offence at More's conduct on this occasion, and at some satirical expressions he had used in the house against the cardinal's pomp and pride; but the feeling of resentment could not have been strong, for More continued to thrive and rise, and in 1525 the king made him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Perhaps his pleadings for the four shillings in the pound may have conciliated both the king and cardinal. Yet from his conduct to More, Wolsey seems entitled to the benefit of the doubt that he was much less jealous and vindictive than he has been generally represented. The presenting of the Speaker by the Commons for the recognition of the sovereign was then a great deal more than the mere matter of form which it now is. Wolsey considered that it was he that had put More in the Speaker's chair; and after the parliament had risen, he, "in his gallery at Whitehall," complained and said—"Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker!" Sir Thomas, who had had nothing but labour and anxiety in the office, said—"Your grace not offended, so would I too!" and then, "to wind such quarrel out of the cardinal's head, he began to talk of the gallery, saying, 'I like this new gallery of yours even better than your gallery at Hampton Court.'" Roper says that Wolsey, as a punishment, would have

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sent More on an unpleasant embassy to Spain, but it is quite clear from the narrative of this best of biographers that neither the anger of Wolsey nor that of the king lasted long. It is, indeed, immediately after this little storm that the biographer mentions that the king, "for the pleasure he took in his company, would suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him," and to walk with him in his "fair garden." The correspondence between More and the cardinal continued to be rather friendly and familiar than otherwise, More's humility and deference being generally reserved for the conclusion of his letters, which he invariably signed (after prayer for the cardinal's honour and health) "your humble orator and most bounden beadsman, Thomas More:" compliments there are, indeed, in abundance, and a sort of admission throughout that he, More, has owed his fortune or promotion to Wolsey.

Wherever his religious scruples were touched, More was wonderfully bold and upright. When Henry was making up his mind to the extreme measure of divorcing Queen Catherine, he put into More's hands a treatise he had written on the subject, requesting his advice. Sir Thomas tried to excuse himself by saying he was no divine. The king bade him confer with some of the bishops. More, knowing how difficult and impossible it would be to get an unbiassed judgment from any of the tyrant's own subjects, entreated Henry to consult such "as neither in respect of their own worldly commodity, nor for fear of his princely authority," would be led to deceive him. The king asked who were those to whom he would refer him for an opinion. More replied by naming St. Jerome, St. Augustin, and the great fathers of the church. The king was disappointed and displeased, but he did not make Sir Thomas feel any present effect of his displeasure. More, however, became very uneasy, foreseeing the violence and bloodshed that this perplexing business of the divorce would occasion. He told his son-in-law Roper that he would gladly die or be put into a sack and cast into the Thames, upon condition that three things were well determined: "The first, that whereas

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the most part of Christian princes be at mortal wars, they were all at universal peace: the second, that whereas the church of Christ is at this present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were settled in perfect uniformity of religion: the third, that whereas the matter of the king's marriage is now come in question, it were to the glory of God and the quietness of all parties brought to a good conclusion."

When this "matter of the king's marriage" drove Wolsey in disgrace from the court, the king looked about for some lawyer of high reputation and influence over his brethren to succeed him as Lord Chancellor. In the whole profession there was none stood so high as More; but the king appears to have doubted whether he would be sufficiently submissive, or whether he would, in every case, place the prerogative of the crown above the law. After some hesitation Sir Thomas was, however, named to the vacant dignity on the 25th of October, 1529. In taking his seat as Chancellor, More spoke honourably and tenderly of his predecessor Wolsey, and very humbly of his own qualifications. "But when I look upon this seat," said he; "when I think how great and what kind of personages have possessed this place before me; when I call to mind who he was that sat in it last of all—a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience, what a prosperous and favourable fortune he had for a great space, and how at the last he had a most grievous fall, and died inglorious—I have cause enough by my predecessor's example to think honour but slippery, and this dignity not so grateful to me as it may seem to others; for both is it a hard matter to follow with like paces or praises a man of such admirable wit, prudence, authority, and splendour, to whom I may seem but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is down; and also the sudden and unexpected fall of so great a man as he was, doth terribly put me in mind that this honour ought not to please me too much, nor the lustre of this glistering seat dazzle my eyes." * Yet, when Wolsey's impeachment was brought into Parliament, More was obliged to

* More, Life of More.

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make a sacrifice of his good feelings to please the tyrant, and to call Henry "the father and shepherd of his people," and Wolsey "a great rotten wether," that had been separated from the sound sheep, because he had juggled with the good king craftily and untruly.* More, however, discharged the duties of his new dignity with astonishing impartiality and integrity. This made him many enemies. But not even the bitterest of these ever attempted to charge him with a corrupt exercise of his power as chancellor. Though, like his friend Erasmus, and many of the learned and disinterested professors of the ancient faith, More—who, in his 'Utopia,' had satirized the idle and luxurious monks more severely than any other class of men—was not indisposed to extensive changes in the discipline, rituals, and management of the Roman church, he was still, in all capital points of faith, a believing and devout Catholic, looking with consternation upon the doctrines of Luther and the other reformers, and regarding the schism in the Christian church as the sure source of long and terrible wars, if not as the origin of a universal anarchy. But fear, which is one of the greatest sources of cruelty, did not make More cruel. Fox, the Martyrologist, who wrote with the zeal of a partisan, at a time when the horrors of the Marian persecution were fresh and vivid in the recollection of the nation, and who was not unfrequently incorrect, appears to have been the first to assert in print that More was guilty of great cruelty in persecuting the Protestants during his chancellorship. Burnet, in his 'History of the Reformation,' followed Fox without inquiry; and as later writers followed Burnet, the cruel charge has been very generally affixed to the otherwise applauded and pure reputation of More. It has been well said that, even if the fact were true, it could not justly be brought as a serious charge against More's character in an age in which all sects and parties that had the power persecuted their opponents.† But we have, on the contrary, the strong testimony of Erasmus, that

* Parl. Hist., vol. iii. p. 41.

† Penny Cyclopædia, art. More.

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" whilst More was chancellor, no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas." This, too, is confirmed by More's own expressed declarations, in his 'Apology,' published in 1533, the year after his downfall from power, when he was surrounded by busy and powerful enemies, and when his assertion, if false, could easily have been contradicted. It appears to have been a few days after, and not before More's retirement, that Thomas Bilney, a learned and amiable man, was burned at Smithfield for having attempted to expose the doctrinal errors of popery.

It is said that More's attention to business was so exemplary, and his despatch of it so wonderful, that he left not a single cause depending in the Chancery Court. The following epigram is an old one:—

When More some years had chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen,
Till *More* be there again.

While he held the great seal, More was obliged to perform several offices which went against his conscience. Thus, as chancellor, he was sent down to the House of Commons with twelve peers, spiritual and temporal, to declare all that the king had done for dissolving his marriage with Catherine; to repeat the fiction the king had set up as sufficient justification of the divorce; and to show that Henry, like a virtuous prince, and for the safety of his conscience and the peace of his kingdom, had consulted divers universities, not only at home, but also abroad, even in the pope's dominions. At this time no man seemed to stand better than he did with the king. More, however, seems never to have forgotten the selfish, capricious, and tyrannical character of his royal master. The king, says his best biographer, one day paid More an unexpected visit, coming to dine with him at his house at Chelsea, and after dinner walked with him for an hour in his garden with his arm round the chancellor's neck. As soon as his majesty was gone, Mr. Roper, son-in-law to Sir Thomas, observed to him

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how happy he was, since the king had treated him with a familiarity which he had never shown to any person before, except once to Cardinal Wolsey. "I thank the Lord," said More, "I find his grace a very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within the realm. However, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go."*

He was constant in his attendance at church, and, being a good musician, he always sang in the choir. "The Duke of Norfolk coming on a time to Chelsea to dine with him, fortuned to find him in the church in the choir, with a surplice on his back, singing; to whom, after service, as they went homeward arm in arm, the duke said—'God's body, God's body, my Lord Chancellor! What! a parish clerk! a parish clerk! You dishonour the king and his office!' 'Nay,' quoth Sir Thomas, smiling on the duke, 'your grace may not think that your king and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby account his office dishonoured.'"†

When the king again pressed him "about the marriage with Mistress Anne," the chancellor fell upon his knees and reminded Henry of his own words, on his delivering the great seal to him—"First look upon God, and after God upon me;" and he protested that though it pained him not to be able to serve his grace in that matter, he could in nowise commit a breach of that original injunction. Henry said he was content to accept his service otherwise, and would continue his favour, never more molesting his conscience with that matter. But More was too well acquainted with the king's unsteadiness, with the influence which Mistress Anne exercised over him, and with the vindictive spirit of her party, to feel any security in this solemn promise. The faction which had overthrown the powerful Wolsey would not hesitate to attempt his ruin, and could hardly

* Roper. † Ibid.

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fail in their object. He foresaw that the rapid progress of events which were bringing on the king's marriage with Anne would call for the use of the great seal, which his conscience would not allow him to use in that matter. Nor could he possibly be blind to the temper of the court and the occurrences of the day, which went to prove that all law was to be laid prostrate, that a reign of terror was at hand, and that the religious fury of contending faiths would be superadded to the dark intrigues and spites of selfish political factions. Thus situated, More drew his honest cloak about him, and retired from the stage. It was not until he had made long and importunate suit through "his singular dear friend" the Duke of Norfolk, that he obtained permission to resign the great seal into his majesty's hands.* Henry received it with thanks and praise for his past conduct, and promised to be a good and gracious master unto him in all time to come. And after this the Duke of Norfolk was commanded to declare in the most public manner that his majesty had, with much pain, yielded to the prayer of Sir Thomas More to be released from his office.

So honest in his office as chancellor, and at all times, had been this successful lawyer, diplomatist, and statesman, that, after resigning the chancellorship, and paying his debts, his whole fortune in gold and silver was not worth a hundred pounds, and his whole income, independent of grants from the crown, did not amount to more than fifty pounds per annum. Though never rich, he was much richer than this before he entered the king's service. He had spent much for his sovereign, whose royal grants did not exceed, all together, fifty pounds a-year. He indulged his merry humour when other men's hearts would have been well nigh broken. His wife Alice

* More pleaded bad health, and apparently not without reason. He says, in a letter to Thomas Cromwell, "This disease of mine is thought to have grown by the stooping and leaning on my breast that I have used in writing."

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(the second of his bed), like most other women, was fond of rank and titles, and other worldly vanities, and delighted in hearing her husband called My Lord. On the morning after his resignation More went with his lady to Chelsea church, where, as was his custom, he sat with other gentlemen in the choir, while the ladies sat or kneeled by themselves in the body of the church. In the days of his chancellorship it had been usual for one of his household to go to the lady at the end of the service and say, "My Lord is gone." This morning Sir Thomas went himself to his wife, and pulling off his cap, and bowing humbly, said, "Madam, my Lordship is gone." His wife being but slow in understanding a joke—although she must have had great practice, as More was always joking—could not conceive what he meant; and when the light broke upon her, she thought it no joke at all, but gave way to a fit of passion and mortification. But when More called his family together to discuss seriously how they were all to live upon the little that was left to him, he could not restrain his merry happy humour. Seeing his children and grandchildren perplexed and silent, he said—"Well! I have been brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and also in the King's Court, from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet I have at present left me little above a hundred pounds the year; so that now, if we like to live together, we must be content to be contributaries together. But we must not fall to the lowest fare first: we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful men, and of good years, do live full well; which, if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year go one step to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented: if that year exceed our ability, we will the next year descend to Oxford fare, where many grave, learned, and ancient fathers are continually conversant. If our abilities stretch not to maintain either; then may we yet with bags and wallets go a-begging together, and, hoping for charity, at every man's door to sing Salve Regina; and so still keep company and be merry to-

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gether."* What a contrast is this to the manner in which the gorgeous and extra-dependent Wolsey bore his misfortunes!

More went both manfully and merrily to work in the trying task of reducing his establishment, so as to fit his altered income. Every great man entertained his fool or jester. There was no amusing fashionable company without a fool. The king had his fool, and one of great celebrity; his ministers had each his fool; his archbishops and bishops could not do without them. Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor, in whose house More had been trained, had a fool of good repute; and More has given that fool an imperishable existence in the first book of his 'Utopia.' Upon attaining to greatness, More himself retained a fool—Henry Patenson, the Henricus Patensonus Morio of Erasmus, who salutes him in the dedication to More of the 'Praise of Folly,' and who mentions him in several of his epistles; but these men of the cap and bells were expensive, and the ex-chancellor must now part with his; and casting about him where he might best bestow his fool, he sent him to the lord mayor for the time being. His gentlemen and yeomen he recommended to the service of some peers and prelates; and his eight lusty watermen, and his state-barge (state-carriages were not as yet, and the river Thames was "the silent highway"), he sent to Sir Thomas Audley, his successor in the chancellorship. Having provided for his dependants, he felt no sting in poverty. In his common intercourse with his friends he was serene and facetious, and his serenity was not disturbed when tyranny and danger were present to his mind's eye. He said to his beloved family that there was a happiness in suffering for conscience' sake and the love of God, and that if his wife and children would but hold up their hearts, and not weaken his, he would run merrily to death. It required a fiend-like malice to strike at such a man!

When obliged to appear in public, he retained all his wit and readiness at repartee. A member of the house of Manners, who by the king's capricious favours had come

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* Roper.

suddenly to some title or dignity, was inflated by the accident: he had been a great friend to More in his prosperity, but perceiving the king and world to frown upon him, he wanted to insult and pick a quarrel with the ex-chancellor, and so said, in More's hearing, "*Honores mutant mores.*" "Sir," replied Sir Thomas, "Honours change a Manners, but not More."

In the month of January, 1533, Henry was privately married to Anne Boleyn in a remote garret of the palace of Whitehall, formerly York House, and the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, by Dr. Lee, one of the court chaplains, who was told by the king that the church of Rome had granted a divorce, and that the pope's instrument to that effect was under lock and key in the royal closet. On the 30th of March Cranmer was consecrated as Archbishop of Canterbury, taking the oaths of canonical obedience to the pope. On the 12th of May Cranmer declared the discarded Queen Catherine to be truly and manifestly contumacious; on the 23rd of May he pronounced her marriage to be null and void; and on the 28th of the same month he declared that his master had already been lawfully married to the Lady Anne; that their marriage was and had been public and manifest; and that he now confirmed it by his judicial and pastoral authority. On the 1st of June, only four days after the confirmation of her marriage at Lambeth, Anne Boleyn, "being somewhat big with child," was crowned and anointed at Westminster, Cranmer officiating and setting the crown upon her head. Henry, who had all along been excessively anxious to obtain at least More's tacit assent to these proceedings, had commanded his old friend and brother diplomatist, Cuthbert Tunstall (now Bishop of Durham), and other prelates, to desire his attendance at the coronation. These bishops wrote a letter to persuade More to comply with the wishes of the tyrant, and knowing his honest poverty, they sent him twenty pounds to buy a court dress. The ex-chancellor, who knew right well that the court of Rome had not granted, and never would grant, the divorce from Catherine, and who felt that all the recent proceedings in which Cran-

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mer had taken so conspicuous a part were contrary to the Christian law, and abhorrent to his own conscience, not only declined going to the abbey, but warned his friends the bishops as to the consequences which might follow their attendance at the coronation. He said: "Take heed, my lords: by procuring your lordships to be present at the coronation, they will next ask you to preach for the setting forth thereof, and finally to write books to all the world in defence thereof." We have little doubt that this answer was as much as a death-warrant to him that made it. On the 11th of July the pope annulled the judgment given by Cranmer, and published his bull of excommunication against Henry and Anne. Then began in earnest the terrible storm, which lasted with scarcely any interruption for twenty years, and which was accompanied by an amount of misery, bloodshed, crime, and meanness never equalled iu the history of this country. Henry, retaining all the dogmas of the old religion, and being readier than ever to burn Protestants, threw off entirely the authority of the pope, and declared himself supreme head of the English church. A fearful persecution was commenced against all such priests and monks as would not submit to and applaud the sudden changes; and because these ecclesiastics, and the great body of the people, expressed much sympathy for the king's discarded wife, poor Catherine, in her retirement or prison at Ampthill, was treated with execrable barbarity. These persecutions only gave a louder tongue to the discontents and murmurings they were meant to repress. Two monks from the pulpit, Friar Peto and Friar Elstow, preaching before the king at Greenwich, told him to his face that his marriage with Anne Boleyn was unlawful, and would provoke the vengeance of heaven. Other people, who were rather to be set down as enthusiasts than as impostors, began to see supernatural visions and to utter prophecies; and they found a credulous people prone to believe whatever they uttered. The most famed of the seers was Elizabeth Barton, a young woman of *Allington*, called the "Holy Maid of Kent." She had been subject to fits

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and a strange kind of disease, and when the fits were upon her there came from her distorted mouth very strange sounds and words. The incoherent sentences which the maid uttered were caught up as prophecies, and she herself was induced to believe that she was a prophetess. Her epilepsy and her fancied revelations were of no recent date: they had been known in the country for years. They seem to have first attracted notice at the time when Cardinal Wolsey, with the pope's licence, was suppressing some few nunneries and friaries. The Holy Maid of Kent, however, was not seriously molested during the time of Wolsey, who had a mind superior to such persecutions. Some discontented priests took up the maid and her awful vaticinations. She announced that in a dream she had seen God and Cardinal Wolsey together, and had heard the Almighty declare that unless the lord cardinal used his authority properly, it should be sorely laid to his charge. The priests not only took down her words in writing, but caused them to be printed and circulated. The king showed some of these sibylline leaves to More, of whose learning and wit he then made so much account, and More told him that he found nothing in the maid's words worth notice; "for, seeing that some part fell in rythm, and that, God wot, full rude also, for any reason that he saw therein, a right simple woman might speak it of her own wit well enough." His learned friend John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, agreed with More that the maid might do what she had done without accomplices, and that her pretended miraculous gifts were undeserving of further notice. It appears, however, that as the stream of the prophecy went on in a broader and clearer channel, both Fisher and More were excited by it. The learned of that age were seldom entirely exempt from superstition: it was a part of the Catholic faith to believe miracles, as well new as old, and perhaps the sudden fall and miserable death of Wolsey were considered as the fulfilment of the prophecy. More, in a letter written in the end of 1532, while he was yet chancellor, told Thomas Cromwell that

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he durst not and would not be bold in judging the maid's miracles. In the course of the same year, More is said to have been induced by some monks, who were afterwards executed as the maid's accomplices, to see the prophetess. But it is said that he refused to hear her speak any words about the king. The doom of the prophetess was precipitated by her venturing to prophesy (apparently at the beginning of 1533) that if Henry put away Catherine, he would die some infamous death before seven months, and be succeeded on the throne by Catherine's daughter, the pious princess Mary. The jealous eye of the government was now upon her: of a sudden, Elizabeth and a number of her alleged accomplices were apprehended and brought to that tyrannical and terrible court the Star Chamber. According to a contemporary annalist, the matter was investigated "by the great labour, diligence, and painstaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer) and the Lord Cromwell, and one called Hugh Latimer, a priest, which shortly after was made Bishop of Worcester."* In the month of November, 1533, the Holy Maid and her friends were sentenced by the Star Chamber to stand on a sort of pillory at Paul's Cross, and there publicly declare that the whole business of the visions and prophesyings had been a deliberate piece of imposture. They all confessed as commanded, but evidently in the hope of saving their lives and escaping any further punishment. It is even believed that the ministers who had tried them had given a promise to this effect, in order to extract from them the public declaration. As the king gave a much better proof of the maid's being no true prophetess, by doing that which she had warned him not to do, and by outliving the term she had fixed for his death, the maid and her companions might have been safely dismissed with contempt. But they were all sent back to prison; and when the slavish and brutalized parliament met in the month of January of the following year, 1534, they passed a bill of at-

* Hall.

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tainder of treason against the maid; Bocking, a monk of Canterbury; Maister, the rector of her parish of Allington; Dering, a monk; Gold, bachelor of divinity; Rich, a friar; and Risby, a gentleman; and then a bill of misprision of treason against several other persons of greater note, who were charged with having had communications with the false prophetess, and with having concealed her treasonable predictions. On the 21st of April, the poor maid and the six men attainted of treason were conveyed to Tyburn, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered in the old bestial manner. According to the somewhat suspected authority of the contemporary annalists who belonged to the party adverse to her, the poor prophetess, at the place of execution, not only repeated the declaration which she had made at St. Paul's Cross, but also confessed that she had been prompted by learned men, who had endeavoured to turn her prophesyings to their own advantage. Among those accused of holding correspondence with the holy maid were Edward Thwaites, gentleman; Thomas Laurence, registrar to the Archdeacon of Canterbury; John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and Sir Thomas More, late lord chancellor. But More's name was struck out of the bill of misprision of treason before the bill was submitted to parliament. This was done by the king, in the vain belief that he could terrify a fearless man by the prospect of so narrow an escape, and win him over to compliances by his present gratitude or by his fears for the future. Accordingly the attempt was made; More was summoned before the present Chancellor Audley, the Lord Archbishop Cranmer, the Duke of Norfolk, and the unscrupulous Thomas Cromwell; but he stood firm and erect, and was neither to be moved by their entreaties nor by their threats, although these last were delivered in the king's name, and were loud and terrible. Hereupon Henry swore that More's name should be put into the bloody statute, and that he would go himself to the House to see the bill pass quickly. The chancellor and some of his colleagues, more anxious to save appearances than to support law and justice, had implored their

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master to forbear, lest he should be dishonoured throughout Christendom. These ministers said that More's innocence with respect to the prophesyings of the Kentish maid was so clear, that mayhap the parliament would not pass the bill at all if his name were in it; that it would be better for the king to wait awhile for the gratification of his vengeance against More, and they doubted not soon to find a meet occasion "to serve his turn." To the last cheering prospect the bloodthirsty tyrant yielded, and More's name was not inserted. When his beloved daughter Margaret Roper spoke with a transport of joy to her father about this escape, More said, "In faith, Meg, what is put off is not given up—*quod differtur non aufertur*." When the Duke of Norfolk said to him, "By the mass! Master More, it is perilous striving with princes! The anger of a prince brings death!" the imperturbable man replied, "Is that all, my Lord? Then the difference between you and me is but this, that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow." And before this reign of terror closed, the great Norfolk was attainted of treason, his accomplished son the Earl of Surrey was beheaded, and he himself only escaped by Henry's dying in the night before the morning fixed for his execution.

Ministers soon found the opportunity they wished for to serve their master's turn. An infamous statute was hurried through parliament, making it high treason after the 1st of May, 1534, to write, speak, do, or say anything against the king's lawful matrimony with Queen Anne, and enjoining all persons to take an oath to maintain the whole contents of the statute. On the 30th of March, the day of closing the session, when there was no time for debating upon it, the Chancellor Audley read the king's letters patent prescribing the form of the oath to be taken, and appointing Archbishop Cranmer, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the chancellor to be commissioners for exacting and receiving the said oath. This was a trap for More and Fisher, but it caught many others. Within a fortnight Sir Thomas was summoned from his quiet house at Chelsea, to which he never re-

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turned again, to the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, there to appear before Cranmer and the three other oath-commissioners. On his way across the river he whispered to his son-in-law, "Son Roper! I thank our Lord the field is won!" By this he meant that he had triumphed over his natural affections, and was ready to die rather than sully his conscience. The commissioners made him read the statute and the form of the oath, and then called upon him to swear. This More declined doing, but at the same time offered to swear to the maintenance of the order of succession to the throne as established by parliament. He could not, he said, swear to the whole contents without offending against his own conscience; but he was quite ready to take an oath that in the refusal he was actuated by nothing but pure scruples of conscience. The commissioners said that Lords and Commons and Bishops had taken the oath without any scruple at all, and that he was the first recusant; but the prisoner, knowing that no sincere Catholic could take it except with mental reservation, and being determined not to make the pliability of their consciences the rule of his, was not to be moved. He was committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, and on the 17th of April, 1534, the fourth day after his summons before the commissioners, he was sent to the Tower, from which there was now no issue to prisoners except to the scaffold. His friend Fisher was there before him, and although they were confined in separate cells, they contrived to comfort one another by an interchange of messages and notes. His wife Alice, who could no more comprehend his scruples than his wit, was an indifferent comforter to More.* She said to him bluntly, "How can a man taken for wise, like you, play the fool in this close filthy prison, when you might be

* This second wife, by whom he had no children, was Mrs. Alice Middleton, a widow in London when he married her. In his book of 'Comfort in Tribulation,' he calls this second wife "a jolly master-woman," and says that she would oft times rate her husband because he had no mind to set himself forward in the world, saying to him, "Tillie vally, Tillie vally! will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother has often said unto me, it is better to

abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as the bishops have done?" She tried to tempt him into weakness and submission by speaking of his fair house at Chelsea, his garden and orchard, his gallery and library, his desolate wife and weeping children. His affectionate daughter, Margaret Roper, had a nobler soul, and she administered to his moral strength, instead of trying to create a weakness within him. By the savage order of the king they deprived the glorious wit and scholar of the solace of his books, and of the use of pen, ink, and paper. But some commiserating jailor put scraps of paper in his way, and upon them, and with pieces of charcoal, he wrote notes to Fisher and to the daughter that was so worthy of him. Not filthy prison, nor the imminent scaffold, could quench the old spirit in him. His witty conceits flowed from him in that dungeon as readily as Fuller's flowed from his pen when that rich humourist was writing at his ease in happier times in his own pleasant study. When they took his books and pens from him, he shut up his prison-window, saying, "Now the wares are gone and the tools taken away, we must shut up shop." In one of the last letters he wrote with charcoal to his high-minded daughter Margaret, he said—"If I were to declare in writing how much pleasure your daughterly loving letters give me, *a peck of coals would not suffice to make the pens.*" For a long period he was denied all resort of family or friends; and when his dearest child was first admitted into the Tower to see him, it appears to have been in the expectation that her grief and tenderness would soften him. Without any need of the spirit of prophecy, but from a mere reviewal

rule than to be ruled." Possibly this hatching of goslings in the ashes may have had reference to some experiments or amusements of More, who may have learned in Herodotus the process of the ancient Egyptians, and who says, in his political romance, that the Utopians hatch their poultry by means of a gentle artificial heat.

Mistress Alice, however, had many good qualities, and More, whose temper could not be ruffled, seems to have lived happily with her.

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of the character of the king and his court, he could easily foretell the fate that awaited the fair cause of all his misfortunes. On one occasion he asked Margaret Roper how it fared with Queen Anne? "In faith, father," said she, "never better." "Never better, Meg," quoth he; "alas! Meg, it pityeth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she shall shortly come!" On the 2nd or 3rd of May, 1535, when he had been more than a year in his foul and hungry prison, he was visited by Cromwell, the attorney and solicitor-general, and certain civilians, who urged him to recognise the statute which made the king supreme head of the church. More replied, "I am the king's true and faithful subject and daily beadsman. I pray for his highness, and all his, and all the realm. I do nobody harm, I say no harm, I think none harm, and wish everybody good; and if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith, I long not to live. I am dying already, and since I came here have been divers time in the cases that I thought to die within one hour. And I thank our Lord I was never sorry for it, but rather sorry when I saw the pang past; and therefore my poor body is at the king's pleasure. Would to God my death might do him good."* This fruitless visit was followed by another in a few days, when Cromwell was accompanied by Archbishop Cranmer, Audley the chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Wiltshire, the said earl being Anne Boleyn's father. They reasoned and threatened; and Cromwell told him that unless he yielded he must die, for that "his grace the king would follow the course of his laws towards such as he should find obstinate." Cranmer, who too often followed evil counsels with his eyes open to their wickedness, but who often leaned to mercy and justice, without having the courage to risk the displeasure of his tyrannical master by opposing his will in anything—Cranmer, who ought never to have entered upon such business at all, but who had taken a very prominent part in all its stages, as is proved by his own letters, now wrote a persuasive but timid letter to Cromwell, praying

* Roper.

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that the king might be induced to rest satisfied with More's engagement to maintain the succession as voted by parliament.* Bishop Fisher, who had been visited and tormented as his illustrious friend, had given nearly the same answers and had offered to take the same engagement. But more than this Fisher would not do. Cranmer's letter produced no effect.

On the 6th of May Sir Thomas was brought out of the Tower, led on foot through the crowded streets to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned of high treason. He was clad in a coarse woollen gown, and bore about him frightful evidences of a rigorous confinement: his hair had become white, his beard very long and matted, his face was pale and emaciated, and he was obliged to support himself on his staff. But the mind was much less bowed and bent, and some of his old wit and vivacity soon lighted up his sunken eye; and his vile judges—the slavish remorseless instruments of a despot—shrunk from his eloquence, and dreaded the sympathy which the mere sight of the man created. These judges were the Lord Chancellor Audley, the chief justice, six puisne judges, and the *Duke of Norfolk*. They attempted to overpower and confound the prisoner with the length and wordiness of the indictment. But, after declining an offer of pardon upon condition of doing the king's will, More entered upon a clear and eloquent defence, stripping the clauses of their verbiage and false coverings, and exposing them in their nakedness and nothingness. He maintained that neither by word nor by deed had he done anything against the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn; he had, indeed, in his conscience, disapproved of that business, but he had never expressed this disapprobation to any other person than the king, who had commanded him on his allegiance to give his real opinion. He said "that it could never be treason for one of the king's advisers to give him honest advice." As to his having sought to deprive the king of his new title of supreme head of the church, he said that all that he had done was to be silent thereon, and that silence was not treason. Robin Rich,

* State Papers.

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the infamous solicitor-general, who had tried to entrap More by professing great friendship to him while in the Tower, and leading him into familiar and confidential discourse, now said that the prisoner's silence was malicious. To this More replied that "he had a right to be silent where his language was likely to be injuriously misconstrued." As to the charge that he had called the act of settlement "a two-edged sword which would destroy his soul if he complied in it, and his body if he refused," he made answer that "he supposed the reason of his refusal to be equally good, whether the question led to an offence against his conscience or to the necessity of criminating himself." The prosecutors were reduced to the necessity of examining one of their own number. Rich, who was soon afterwards created a peer for these and similar services, stood up and said that he had gone to More in the Tower as to a friend, and had asked him whether an act of parliament could not make a pope as well as a king;—that More had answered another question affirmatively, but had evaded the question about the pope. Rich then went on to swear that Sir Thomas had said in the most decided manner that the parliament could not make the king supreme head of the church, because parliament is a civil tribunal without authority in spiritual matters. The prisoner denied that he had spoken these words; and he remarked upon the character which Rich had borne in the world. "I am more sorry," said he, "for your perjury than for mine own peril. Neither I nor any man ever took you to be a person of such credit as I could communicate with on such matters. For we long dwelt together in the same parish, where, as yourself can tell (I am sorry you compel me to say it), you were esteemed very light of your tongue, a great dicer, and of no commendable fame." Two witnesses, Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer, were now brought forward to prop Rich's tottering evidence; but, in their case, conscience so far got the better of authority, that they declared that when they had gone to the Tower with Rich, and were in More's room or dungeon, they did not pay attention to the words

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that were there spoken. But the judges who had been appointed to condemn and sentence, and who were kept in mind of their duty by the Duke of Norfolk, who sat with them, and by other great men who were sent into court by the king, laid it down as good law that silence *was* treason; and a jury of twelve Englishmen, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty.* Audley, the chancellor, who was at the head of this iniquitous court, or special commission, was for pronouncing sentence at once, but More claimed the common and legal privilege of being heard, to show that judgment should not be passed. When he was allowed to speak, More urged that his scruples of conscience were at least sufficient to free his refusal to take the oaths from the imputation of disaffection, or of what the law calls malice. The chancellor, who was a very impatient listener, asked him again, as the prisoner had often been asked before, how he could set up his scruples against the weight of the parliament, people, and church of England. "Would you," said Audley, "be esteemed wiser or of purer conscience than all the bishops, doctors, nobility, and commons in this land?" More replied, as he had always done, that if the weight of authority was to be thrown into the balance, it was all on his side. "Nine out of ten of Christians now in the world think with me," said he: "for one bishop on your side, I can produce a hundred bishops on mine. Nearly all the learned doctors and holy fathers, who are now dead, agree with me: and, therefore, I think myself not bound to conform my conscience to the council of one realm against the general consent of all Christendom." The chancellor pronounced the frightful and disgusting doom which the statute awarded to treason. When this sentence had been pronounced, More rose to address the court: he was

* These twelve jurymen seem to have been nearly all of superior condition. They were Sir T. Palmer, Sir T. Bent, G. Lovell, esquire, Thomas Burbage, esquire, G. Chamber, gentleman, Edward Stockmore, William Brown, Jasper Leake, Thomas Bellington, John Parnell, Richard Bellamy, and G. Stoakes, gentleman.

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coarsely interrupted. He tried again, and was again interrupted; but on a third attempt he was allowed to proceed. He told them that what he had hitherto been silent upon he would now openly declare; and he did boldly declare that the oath of supremacy was utterly unlawful, and that after seven years' diligent study "he could find no colour for holding that a layman could be head of the church." He regretted to differ from the noble lords whom he saw on the bench, but his conscience would not permit him to do otherwise. He protested that he had no animosity against them, and that he hoped that, even as St. Paul was present and consentient to the death of Stephen, and yet was afterwards a companion saint in heaven, so they and he should all meet together hereafter. "And so," he concluded, "may God preserve you all, and especially my lord the king, and send him good counsel!" As he moved from the bar, his son rushed through the hall, fell upon his knees, and begged his blessing. With the axe turned towards him, and with Sir W. Kingston, the constable of the Tower, weeping at his side, he went back to his dark prison, amid the great wonderment and commiseration of the citizens. On the Tower wharf his dear daughter Margaret forced her way through the officers and halberdiers, clasped him round the neck, kissed him, and sobbed aloud. Sir Thomas consoled her and gave her his blessing, and she collected sufficient strength to bid him farewell for ever: but as her father moved on, she again rushed through the crowd, and threw herself upon his neck. Here the weakness of nature overcame him, and he wept as he repeated his blessing and his Christian consolation. The people wept too; and his guards, though used to sights of woe, were so overpowered by their feelings, that they could hardly summon up resolution to separate the father and daughter. After this bitter trial the anguish of death was passed.

But there was a long and very unusual delay in carrying the sentence into execution. The tyrant still hoped to reduce More to some compliances. Bishop Fisher was still in the Tower and untried; and as he and his friend

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More were universally esteemed the most learned men in the country, and as they were the only two that had as yet refused the oaths, it was deemed expedient to make further experiments on their constancy. On the 14th of June interrogatories were separately administered to them in the Tower by Mr. Bedle, Dr. Aldridge, Dr. Layton, and Dr. Curwen, in the presence of Pelstede, Whalley, and Rice. Among the objects proposed to themselves by the inquisitors were these:—to entrap the prisoners into some confession that they had had communications, since their coming to the Tower, with people who shared in their scruples—to lead More to make use of words that might be turned against Fisher at his approaching trial. The inquisitors were completely disappointed; nothing was to be gotten from More, and Fisher was equally firm. To some of the interrogatories he replied that he would promise obedience, "saving always his conscience: to others he would not speak, desiring that he might not be driven to answer, lest he should fall thereby into the dangers of the statutes.* Three days after these inquisitorial proceedings, Fisher was put upon his trial in Westminster Hall: as a matter of course he was condemned as a traitor, and on the 22nd of June he was dragged out of the Tower to execution. Fisher was in his eightieth year; he was the king's oldest friend. More was left to linger in his dungeon another fortnight. His wit flashed brightly in his last moments. When told that the king had been graciously pleased to commute the hanging, drawing, and quartering into simple decapitation, he said, "God preserve all my friends from such royal favours." On Tuesday, the 6th of July, the eve of St. Thomas, 1535, "his singular good friend" Sir Thomas *Pope* went to him very early with a message from the king and council to signify that he was to die before nine o'clock that morning. The time and the messenger appear to have been selected in cruel mockery by Henry and his creatures, who were much given to this kind of sport. Pope told him that "it

* State Papers, published by government.

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was the king's pleasure he should not use many words on the scaffold." "I did purpose," said More, "to have spoken somewhat, but I will conform myself to the king's commandment; and I do beseech you to obtain from him that my daughter Margaret may be present at my burial." Pope told him that the king had already consented that his wife, children, and friends might be present thereat. He then put on his best attire; but as the lieutenant advised him to put it off, "for he that should have it was but a javel," he composedly changed his suit, and sent the executioner an angel of gold. The lieutenant of the Tower at the time appointed conducted him to the scaffold. The framework was so weak that some fears were expressed that the scaffold might break down. "Master lieutenant," said More, "see me safe up; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Although prohibited from addressing the spectators, he ventured to declare from the scaffold that he died a faithful subject and a true Catholic. The executioner, as usual, asked his forgiveness. "Friend," said More, "thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of man: but my neck is short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for the sake of the credit of thy profession." After prayers said, he placed his head upon the block, but he bade the headsman hold his hand until he removed his long white beard, saying with a smile, "My beard has never committed any treason." Then the axe fell, and the neck was severed at once. His head was picked up, and fixed for some time on London Bridge, by the side of the head of his friend Fisher. This was the common practice in such cases, but two such heads had not often been seen together. After a time his darling daughter obtained permission to take down and keep the head of More; and when Margaret died some nine years after her father, the head was laid upon her breast and buried with her.*

These detestable murders spread a panic through the

* "Her body," says Granger, "is in the Roper's vault, at St. Dunstan's church, Canterbury, near which part of their

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nation; and the expression of the popular feeling, however timid, went with the inward workings of his own conscience to increase the tyrant's suspicion and fear. We are told that Henry himself threw the blame of More's death upon his young wife, who perished on the scaffold on the 19th of May following; that, when an account of that execution was brought to him, he was playing at tables with the queen; that thereupon he looked sternly at her, and, saying "Thou art the cause of this man's death," withdrew, in evident perturbation, to the solitude of his chamber. The story is probable, and quite consistent with the character of the brutal king. In the month of August following the execution, Erasmus wrote to a friend that the English were living in such a state of terror that they durst not write to foreigners or receive letters from them. In Italy, in France, in every country where civilization had made any progress, the fate of Fisher, and still more that of the author of the 'Utopia,' excited universal execration, and *there*, at least, men could speak their minds loudly. No greater mistake can be committed than in believing that this vehement and lasting feeling proceeded from the prejudices of Catholics, or was only a part of the religious feeling of those countries. Men wept for More who would have joined hands with our church reformers (who were not really Protestants until after the death of Henry VIII.). They wept for the wit and scholar, for the friend of humanity and the man of lofty principle, who, whether right or wrong in his judgment, had braved a slow torture and death rather than soil his conscience. The lofty eloquence of Cardinal Pole, the classical point of Erasmus, the writings of

ancient seat is still remaining. In the wall of this vault is a small niche, where, behind an iron grate, is kept a skull, called Sir Thomas More's, which Mr. Gosling, a learned and worthy clergyman of Canterbury, informs me he has seen several times on the opening of the vault for some of the late Sir Edward Dering's family, whose first lady was a descendant of the Ropers."—*Biographical History of England.*

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Paolo Giovio, and other popular authors, recorded the crime, and awakened throughout Europe a hatred and detestation of the tyrant who had consummated it. Wherever Henry had ambassadors, men shunned them as the agents and slaves of a monster. The Emperor Charles V. said that if he had had such a servant as More, he would rather have lost the best city in his dominions than so able and worthy a counsellor. Nor did Charles's rival Francis I. feel a less lively emotion.

More's English writings were collected and printed in the year 1557, at the instance of Queen Mary. The Life written by Roper, the husband of his darling daughter Margaret, was not then ready for the press, and after the death of Mary (in 1558) none durst publish it in England. In fact, this exquisite and thoroughly authentic piece of biography, though copies of it seem to have been known in MS., did not appear in print until the year 1626, in the reign of Charles I., and even then it was printed at Paris. It is a small 18mo. volume, and entitled 'The Mirrour of Vertue in worldly Greatness, or the Life of Sir Thomas More, Knight, sometime Lord Chancellor of England.' It is an exceedingly rare book. Mr. Singer, who edited and reprinted it in 1817, knew at that time of no copy except the one in his possession. There is a copy of it—a venerable and precious relic—in the library of the British Museum; but it is irreverently bound up under one coarse cover, with other old books that have no connection with the subject, and the last page is torn out and missing. The Life of More, by Cresacre More, the chancellor's great-grandson, is little more than an amplified copy of Roper's book, but it contains a few anecdotes and family traditions, which give it a value.

END OF VOLUME II.

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